



J. Carnivicham sculp.



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THE
L I F E
AND
ADVENTURES
OF
I N D I A N A,
THE
Virtuous Orphan.

Illustrated with Copper-Plates.

L O N D O N :

Printed for C. WHITEFIELD, in White-Fryers,
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THE
LIFE
AND
ADVENTURES
OF
FRANKLIN
THE
NATION'S ORPHAN.

Illustrated with Copper-Plates.

Printed for C. Whittaker, in Pall-mall.
First Series.



TO THE
READER.

 *S* this History might probably be suspected of having been purposely made to amuse the Publick, it may not be improper to acquaint the Reader, that I had it from a Friend, who actually found it in the following Manner :

“ Six Months ago, says my Friend, I
“ bought a Country House, some Leagues
“ distant from Rennes, which for these
“ last thirty Years has been successively in
“ the Possession of five or six different Per-
“ sons. As I was making some Alteration
“ in the first Apartment, in a Cup-board,
“ that had been contrived in the Corner
“ of a Wall, there was found a Manu-
“ script, of several Quires of Paper, con-
“ taining the following History, all writ

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*" in a Woman's Hand. It was brought
" to me, and I read it to a Couple of
" Friends, who have continually solicited
" me to have it printed. I the more rea-
" dily agreed to this, because no Body is
" characterized in it. By the Date, at
" the End of the Manuscript, it appears
" to have been written Forty Years ago."*

*I think proper to close my Introduction
of this History with relating what she
herself begins her Life with, which runs
on in Substance as follows :*

WHEN I related some Particulars
of my Life, I did not expect to
make it a Book fit for the Press. It must
be owned, that my History is very uncom-
mon : But writing it myself will be of no
Advantage to it, so defective as I am in
point of Style.

*'Tis true, the World once thought I had
Wit; but, I am of Opinion, that my Sort
of Wit is only fit to be talked, and by no
Means to be printed.*

*We handsome Women, (for I was once
of that Number) let us have ever so little
Wit,*

To the R E A D E R. v

Wit, it will be thought superior to that of the rest of the World: For then the Men do not know the real Value of what we say; whilst they hear us they see us; and our Discourse has the Advantage of being admired, for the Sake of our Looks.

I knew once a handsome Woman, whose Conversation was reckon'd charming and delightful. Her Expressions were incomparable; Wit, Elegance, Delicacy itself. The best Judges were transported when she spoke. She was taken with the Small-Pox, and happened to be extremely pitted, but when she appeared again, the poor Woman's Conversation was mere Prattle and Impertinence; whence you may judge how much her Sense was before indebted to her Face. And it is not unlikely, that on the same Account I got the Reputation of a Wit. I very well remember my Eyes at that Time, and I believe the Wit was theirs, not mine.

How many Times did I catch myself saying Things, which of themselves would never have stood Trial! Had it not been for a little coquetish wanton Air, that accompanied them, I should never have been

been praised so much as I was; and to tell the Truth, I really believe, that, had all my Conceits been reduced to their intrinsic Value by the Small-Pox, they would have suffered very great Abate-ments.

For Instance; some Years since, when the Company were so prodigiously diverted with my Sprightliness, I was a perfect giddy Thing. Nay, I frequently played the Fool, for no other Purpose, but to see how far Men might be our Dupes. None of my Snares were too gross to catch them; and you may be sure, that the very same Extravagancies, uttered by an homely Woman, would have made her pass for One fit for Bedlam. And who knows but the Agreeableness of my Person was necessary to make the best Things I could say, tolerable? but now that all my Charms are vanished, I perceive my Parts are looked upon as ordinary enough, tho' I am far better pleased with myself now, than ever I was.

There are People whose Vanity creeps into every Thing they do, even into their very Reading. Lay before them the
History

History of the human Heart, among People of great Quality, no doubt they will think it an important Matter, and well worth their Attention; but never venture to entertain them with what belongs to People in low Life; for they don't like to see any other Actors on the Stage, besides Lords, Princes and Kings, or at least such Persons as have acted some great Part in the World. The Fancies of such nice and delicate People as these can be satisfied with nothing below themselves: No matter for all the Rest of Mankind. They barely allow them to live, but judge them worth no farther Notice. They would even insinuate, that Nature might very well have spared the Production of such Creatures, and that Tradesmen and Commoners are but a Dishonour to her. You may judge then with what Scorn such Readers as these would have looked upon me.

Mistake not the Picture of these People; for you are not pointed at in what I said of them. I know the Meanness of my Condition will not affect your Judgment, with regard to my History. On the other hand,

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band, my Style is perhaps not worthy to be called by that Name. The Beginning of my Life contains but very few Events; and who knows, but upon the Whole you will be very much tired with my Narration?

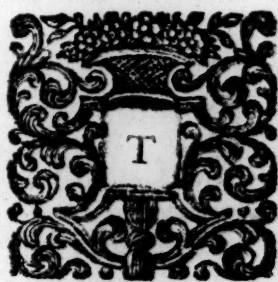


T H E





THE
Life and Adventures
OF
I N D I A N A,
THE
VIRTUOUS ORPHAN.



THE Freedom allowed in the Epistolary Kind of Writing will give me a Licence to set down whatever Ideas occur to my Mind, and, as I shall lie under no Restraint, I intend to follow my own Inclinations, and be at Liberty, either to go on with my Narration, or describe the Situation of my Mind, as best suits with my present Humour.

I WAS absolutely unacquainted with every Circumstance of my Birth, and had never been informed whether I was of a noble or mean Extrac-

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tion ;

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tion; a Bastard or Legitimate. I must confess this looks like the Beginning of a Romance; but I'll assure you, Reader, it is not.

I AM going to relate the first Catastrophe of my Life, and which has been the Source of infinite Misfortunes: But it was happy for me, I was then too young to feel the Greatness of my Loss.

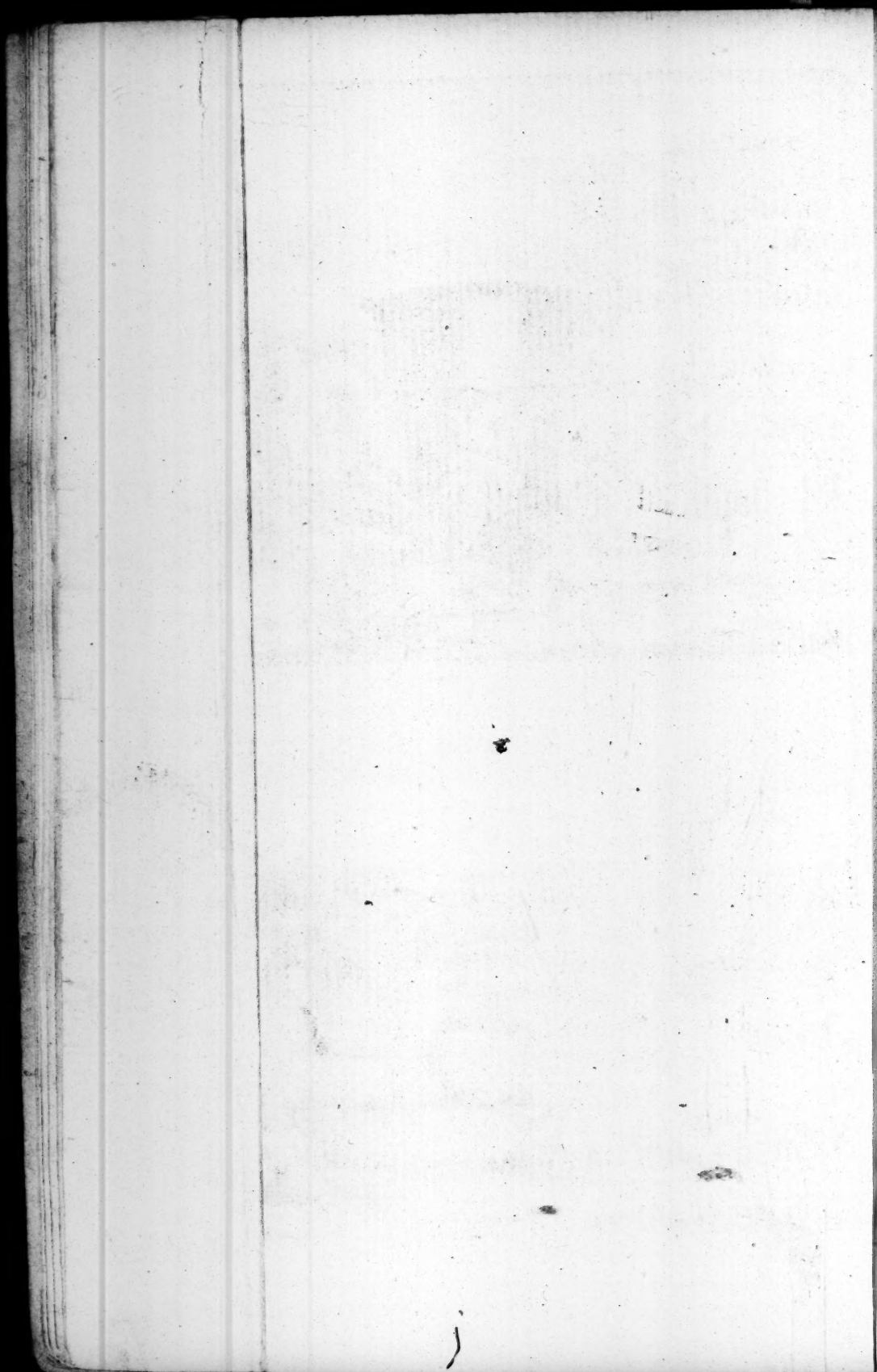
A STAGE-COACH, on the Road to *Bordeaux*, was attacked by six Villains, about fifteen Years ago, in a Place fit for such black Designs. Two Gentlemen Passengers leaped out of the Coach and made Resistance, but being overpowered were soon murdered, after having wounded three of the Assassins. Two Women in the Coach, with the Postilion and Coachman, shared the same unhappy Fate, and there only remained alive a Prebend of *Sens*, a City in *France*, and I, a miserable Orphan, who was then between two and three Years old. The Prebend fled, while I, who was fallen down in the Coach, was screaming and crying in the most dreadful Manner, being half smothered under the Body of one of the Women, who, wounded and unable to support herself fell upon me, and, in her expiring Agonies almost crushed me to Death.

THE Horses stood as still as if they had been dead too, whilst I remained in this deplorable Situation, without being able to disengage myself.

ONE of the Persons killed in the Coach was young and beautiful, of about twenty Years of Age, and dressed like a Person of Quality; the other seemed to be Forty, and had the Appearance of a Chambermaid. — If one of these was my Mother, it was certainly the Lady, because the Likeness between her and me, tho' disfigured by Death, and stained with Blood, was too apparent not to be taken Notice of by the Persons who saw her







her Corpse and compared the Features of our Faces together.

I SHOULD have told the Reader, that a Footman belonging to one of the Gentlemen in the Coach, tho' mortally wounded, fled cross the Fields, till growing weak with Loss of Blood, he fell down at the Entrance of a Village near the Place where he died, without telling to whom he belonged. All they could draw from him before he expired, was, that his Master and Mistress were just murdered.

WHILST I was strugling and crying in the Coach, five or six Gentlemen, who were riding by, seeing some Persons lying dead near it, and hearing the Cries of a Child within, stopped at this terrible Spectacle, either from that Curiosity, which such shocking Scenes are apt to inspire, or from a charitable Design of giving me their Assistance. When looking into the Coach they saw the Bodies of the two Women, and where, by my Cries, they judged I was also.

SOME of them, as they since have owned, were absolutely for going on, but the others, touch'd with Compassion, stopp'd them, and alighting came first to the Coach, while the rest followed. Here they were struck with a new Scene of Horror; the Lady lay with one Side of her Face upon mine, which she had bathed with Blood, one Arm pressed me close to her Bosom, while her Head declining upon mine, seemed as if she had been taking a last Embrace, and was loath to bid me an eternal Adieu. They removed the Body, forced me from her Arm, and took me out of the Coach almost drowned in Blood.

AFTER this, they consulted what should be done with me. They saw at some Distance a small Village, the Place where the Footman had fled to, whom they there found dead of his

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Wounds, where they resolved to take me, and gave me to one of their Servants, who carried me thither, wrapped up in his Cloak. Their Designs was to put me into the Hands of the Vicar of the Parish, that he might seek out a Person willing to take care of me. But this Gentleman, to whom all the Inhabitants were ready to conduct them, was gone to visit another Clergyman, and there was no Body at Home but his Sister, and two Maid Servants. This Lady was a Person of great Piety and Virtue: She was affected with the dismal Story, took me into the House, and promised to persuade her Brother to take Care of me.

THE Gentlemen who brought me thither, contributed to raise a small Sum, which they gave to the Vicar's Sister for my Use, and took their Leave.

IT was from this Lady I received all these Particulars, the hearing of which filled me with great Terror. Sure never did any Person enter upon Life with greater Misfortunes; I had lost those dear Relations from whom I received my Being, at an Age when their Care was needful to support my tender Frame, and sow the Seeds of Virtue in my Heart. But I was insensible of my Loss, and too young to know the dismal Situation I was in.

I NEED not mention what became of the Coach, or the poor murdered Travellers, since that is foreign to my own History. — Some of the Assassins were apprehended three or four Days after, for another Robbery. But what added to my Misfortunes was, that these Villains had found nothing either in the Coach, or the Cloaths of those they had assassinated, that could reveal the Secret of my Birth. In vain the Stage-Coach Register was searched; it could only inform us, that a Gentleman and a Lady, whose Names
founding

foundling like those of Foreigners, had taken five Places in the Coach, three for themselves and a Child, and two more for a Footman and Chambermaid. Thus the Secret of my Birth became impenetrable; and deprived at one Stroke of every Person, whom Nature or Kindred would oblige to assist me, the Charity of Mankind became my only Support.

My Misfortune procured me the charitable Protection of the good Vicar, who consented to keep me. People came to see me from all the neighbouring Towns, for I was become an Object of Curiosity, as well as Pity. The Superstitious were desirous to examine the Features of my Face, the Lines in my little Hands, and foolishly imagined they saw there my sad Adventures writ in legible Characters. Every Body thought me pretty and my Air engaging; and it cannot be imagined how much these natural Accomplishments were to my Advantage; or how noble and delicate it rendered the Tenderness which I inspired. They could not have caressed a little unfortunate Princess with greater Respect; the Ladies, especially, interested themselves in my Misfortunes, and were continually making me Presents of the finest and genteelest Dresses, in which they strove to outvie each other.

THE Vicar has often said, that he never heard those Ladies, amidst all the Favours they heaped upon me, use the Word CHARITY; the Word was too harsh, and therefore shocked the Delicacy of their nice Sentiments — Whenever they spoke of me, it was in the politest and tenderest Terms. — They never called me the poor Orphan, but it was always that lovely Child. — If they mentioned my Parents, they were Foreigners, and without Doubt of the first Rank in their own Country; — it could not be other-

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wife ——— and they were as sure of it, as if they had been Eye-Witnesses of every Thing they were pleased to imagine. ——— There was a Story given out about me, which had been very much enlarged, by the Extravagancies of every one that told it, and of the Truth of which they were afterwards as fully convinced, as if they had not been the Authors of it themselves.

BUT all Things come to an End ; and the finest Sentiments have their Period, as well as every Thing else. As the Nature of my Adventure grew stale, it ceased to strike the Fancies of those who had been the first and most generous Benefactors. ——— A Habit of seeing me dissipated the Imaginations which had been so beneficial to me ; their sublime and generous Ideas were forgot, and the tender Satisfaction they took in seeing, loving, and admiring me, appeared no more in their Countenances. As these Inclinations took their Rise from a Love of Novelty, it is not very strange that in six Months Time, their charming little Creature, their lovely Infant, should lose the generous Term of lovely Child, and become a poor unhappy Orphan ; to whom they no longer scrupled to use the Word Charity, for they said I had a Title to it. The Clergy in the Neighbourhood recommended me to them as a proper Object of their Concern ; but the Religion of the Ladies was of much less Service to me than their Extravagance had been ; for I made little or no Advantage of it : And had not the Vicar and his Sister taken the tenderest Care for me, I must have been miserable indeed ! Their Affections encreased as fast as the others cooled, and I have Reason to be thankful, that though robbed of a Father and Mother, I found in these two pious Persons, all the Affection that could be hoped for from those dear, tho' distant Relatives.

Mr.

Mr. ROBINSON, for that was the Name of my Benefactor, was a Gentleman of a good Family, and formerly enjoyed an Estate which was exhausted by a tedious Law-Suit: However his Living brought him in a handsome Subsistence, and he knew how to be contented without enjoying many of the Superfluities of Life. — His Generosity and the agreeable Gaiety of his Temper, in Spite of his Age, in which he was pretty far advanced, made him beloved by all who knew him; and he knew how to keep up the two Characters of the accomplished Gentleman, and the judicious Divine.

Mrs. ROBINSON, his Sister, was a Lady of good Sense, free from Affectation, and though an old Maid, had such a sweet Disposition, such true Politeness, and undisssembled Goodness, as abundantly recompensed the Want of those Charms, which had been destroyed by the Small Pox, she being extremely scared by it.

THESE are the Persons to whom I owed my Education, and that Virtue which has supported me under all my Afflictions, and has raised me from the lowest and most miserable Condition to my present Station. We lived in the greatest Harmony. Their Affection for me knew no Bounds, and I, in my Turn, honoured and loved them as my Parents. The House that we lived in, was an antient Building, and had for some Ages past belonged to the Vicars of the Place; the Rooms were large, but the Cielings low. We had behind the House a pretty commodious Garden, which seemed rather the Product of Nature than of Art; there was Fruit in Abundance of almost every Kind, which grew promiscuously amongst the other Trees that never bore any, so that they altogether formed a thick and shady Grove; for it was a Maxim with Mr. Robinson,

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that nothing but what is natural can be pleasing to the Subjects of Nature, nor can Art any farther delight than as it resembles it.

OPPOSITE the middle Door of the House was a long shady Walk; which extended itself to the Bottom of a Piece of Pasture Ground behind the Garden, and at the Foot of several of the Trees were raised Seats of Earth covered with Camomile. When fatigued with severe Study, Mr. *Robinson* took Delight with working here, and acting the Part of a laborious Gardener; an Employment he chose to preserve his Health and recreate his Mind. He committed the Management of his Kitchen Garden and Vineyard to a poor Labourer in the Neighbourhood, whom he had released from Prison, by paying a Debt for him, and who, besides, he rewarded for his Labour.

THIS good Man began every Day with paying his Duty to God in Prayer; after Breakfast, the Sister and I worked with our Needles, played upon a Harpsicord, or amused ourselves with Reading; and in the Afternoon we walked in the Garden to see Mr. *Robinson* work, and be entertained with his Conversation, and in the Evening he acted the Part of an Arbitrator of the Differences of his quarrelsome Neighbours, which he was frequently so happy as to adjust to the Satisfaction of all Parties concerned; and after Supper concluded the Day in Prayer as he began it.

THIS worthy Gentleman began early to shew his Zeal for my Happiness, by establishing in my Mind the nicest Sentiments of Virtue and Honour. He represented Religion in a Light, which made it appear all amiable and lovely, and as the highest Happiness of a rational Being: He painted the substantial Pleasures of conscious Innocence, the exquisite Happiness of a Mind that can survey
itself

itself with Tranquillity and Self-Approbation, in such pleasing Colours, as perfectly charmed me.

Mrs. ROBINSON was not behind hand with her Brother in her Care of my Education. She taught me every Thing necessary for a young Woman to learn. She loved me most tenderly, and I remember that many Times I have seen her look upon me, with such a moving Softness in her Countenance, and then burst into Tears, at the Remembrance of my Disasters, that I have felt the same Emotion; and charmed with this Proof of her Friendship, have thrown my Arms about her Neck, and, with the tenderest Embraces, mingled my Tears with her's. — A Country Vicar's Niece, or Sister, is commonly an awkward, untoward, unbred, country-like Woman: But Mrs. *Robinson* was perfectly the reverse; she was polite and virtuous; her Behaviour free and easy; in short, she had good Sense, good Breeding, and abundance of Virtue. She was too much concerned for my Happiness to tell me faithfully of my Faults; and to consult the least painful Way of doing it, she did it always without any Witnesses, told me the Reasonableness of her Request, and, in a Manner, so friendly, as instead of disguising me, heightened my Esteem and Affection for her.

I WAS about fifteen, when one of the Vicar's Relations, who had no other Heir than he and his Sister, writ from *Paris* that he was dangerously ill. This Gentleman had already given them frequent Information of his ill State of Health; but in this Letter he intreated them with the greatest Earnestness to let him see, at least one of them, once more before he died, and to be as expeditious as possible, otherwise it would be too late.

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As Mr. *Robinson* placed his Delight in the Duties of his Function, he determined not to leave his Cure, and therefore, he sent his Sister to *Paris*.

SHE scrupled, at first, to take me with her, but a Day or two before she set out for this Journey, seeing me look uneasy, and observing that I sigh'd, Take Courage, *Indiana*, said she, since you dread so much my Absence, I won't be against your going with me, if I can prevail upon my Brother to consent to it. I have a Prospect in View for you; and have Thoughts of putting you to some Tradeswoman, to teach you a Business that you approve of; for it is Time to think of doing something. Our Lives are uncertain, therefore we ought to look forward to Futurity: As long as we live, we shall be ready to assist you to the utmost of our Power, not to mention what we shall leave you when we die: But that will not be sufficient to maintain you, for we have not much to leave. I don't believe the Cousin I am going to is rich; and we ought to chuse such a Station for you as will be a Settlement. I tell you this, because you are now at Years of Discretion. And methinks, I would fain have the Comfort, before I die, of seeing you married to some honest Man, or at least in a Situation to your Advantage, that will not make our Deaths so great a Loss as it must be, if we are snatched away, before you are provided for.

I WAS so touched with this Discourse, that I threw myself into her Arms; ——— I wept, nor could she restrain the painful Pleasure of sympathizing with me, and accompanying me with her Tears. ——— At this Juncture, Mr. *Robinson* came in, and looking at me with an Air of Satisfaction, What is the Matter, Sister, said he, I believe *Indiana* is crying? Upon this, she told him the Subject of our Conversation, and the Design she

she had to take me with her to *Paris*. With all my Heart, returned he ; but if she stays there, I fear I shall never see her more : I love her, added he, most tenderly, we have had the Care of her Education, and have spared no Pains to fulfil the delightful important Task. Now I am grown old, and my grey Hairs tell me I must not expect to live long ; perhaps we shall part never to meet again in this World.

NOTHING could be more moving than this Conversation : ——— I could make no other Reply, but Sighs and Tears, the natural Rhetorick of an oppressed and afflicted Heart. The good old Man coming up to me, said, You shall go with my Sister, since it is for your Advantage, which I ought to prefer to every other Consideration. But, my Dear, never venture to do any Thing without our Advice ; and if my Sister cannot place you well at *Paris*, you shall return back with her, and we'll try what can be done for you here.

I WILL not repeat all he said to me before my Departure ——— I must abridge, for these little Particulars of my Youth, have, no doubt, tired the Reader ; and besides I have Things of greater Consequence to speak of.

THE Thoughts of seeing the World, and conversing with Men of Wit and Fashion filled my Mind, and displayed my inward Satisfaction in the Vivacity of my Countenance ; blind to the Misfortunes I was soon to be involved in, I was impatient to leave that safe, that innocent and peaceful Dwelling. But before we set out, this Pleasure palled and thickened upon my Mind, and these imaginary Satisfaction vanishes ; I grew dull, and could hardly refrain from Tears. What a strange Contradiction we are to ourselves ! We are frequently all Gaiety and Mirth, when in a Moment the Scene changes, and Grief and pressing Anxieties

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Anxieties load our Spirits. I sighed, and almost without knowing what I did, I left the hurry my Friends were in, we being almost ready to set out, and stepped into the Garden to indulge my growing Melancholy. As I was walking down the Visto, I heard the Vicar call me; when starting from my Reverie, I turned about and saw him coming towards me. Where have you been, *Indiana*, said he, the Coach is ready; however, we may make them wait a little; then desiring me to sit, he uttered himself in the following serious and pathetic Manner: My dear Child, thou art going to leave me, I fear I shall see thee no more! My Heart is full ——— I am all Tenderness ——— I feel the Affection of a Father that is about to part with his only Child. Thy Education has been my greatest Pleasure. And which, though I should never see thee more, I shall always think on with Comfort. I found thee early improve in Sentiments of Virtue, and with Delight embrace it. How vast my Satisfaction! I have endeavoured to make thee know thyself, have taught thee to search thy own Heart in order to form a just Opinion of thy Merit: Value thyself upon thy Purity of Soul and conscious Virtue; esteem a tender Heart, easily moved with the Miseries of others, and apt to take the Impression of their Calamities, as a Blessing infinitely preferable to the greatest Affluence without these humane Dispositions. These Qualifications will render thee truly amiable. ——— Thou art, indeed, lovely beyond Description! But, Oh! take care that these Charms are not a Snare to thee; for if these exterior Accomplishments should betray thee to lose thy Purity of Heart and inward Rectitude, thou wilt have Reason to wish thou hadst been as deformed as thou art now beautiful. Believe me, Austerities can never compensate the Want of moral Goodness; since, as I have often told thee, and now repeat

repeat it, it is all that is amiable in God himself, the perfect Pattern of spotless Purity and consummate Goodness. — Never be ashamed to acknowledge thy Obligations to the Divine Being, nor to love him who is the most Lovely of all Beings. May his Goodness surround thee; may he be thy Guide in the slippery Paths of Youth. When thou art disposed to change thy State, prefer the honest, the worthy Man, who loves thee enough to tell thee thy Faults, but shun the Flatterer; and detest the Wretch that would rob thee of thy Innocence. I intreat thee, my dear Child, never to venture upon any Thing of Moment without our Advice, write often, but never forget to do it when you stand in need of our Counsel. Adieu, my Dear.

AFTER a tender Salute, and many Tears, we parted, and Mrs. *Robinson* and I, endeavoured by a free and easy Conversation to dissipate the Gloom that so affectionate an Interview had occasioned: We soon grew chearful and agreeable Company, and after a pleasant Journey, at last arrived at *Paris*; but were obliged to pass through almost the whole City before we reached the House of her Relation.

As I had never seen a City before, my Surprise at the Sight of this noisy and populous Place, at the Multitude of the Streets, and the Magnificence of the Buildings exceeds all Description. It was to me the Empire of the Moon: I was no more myself — I stared at every Thing with Astonishment in my Looks, but remembered nothing that I saw. — However the Length of the City made me come to myself; and I began to enjoy, with a pleasing Satisfaction, the Objects of my Amusement: And was glad to find myself situated in a World so new, and so different from my Expectations. The Air I breathed seemed to revive my
Spirits;

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Spirits; and there was a kind of Sympathy between my Ideas and the Objects that presented themselves to my Sight: And I could not help imagining, that in this vast Crowd of Varieties was contained an inexhaustible Source of Pleasure hitherto untasted. In fine, I thought every Delight centered here in its highest Perfection.

WHEN we came to the House we wanted, we found the Person we went to see had died about twenty-four Hours before our Arrival. But this was not all; every Apartment in his House was sealed up; and though he had several Offices under the Crown, it was said his Debts far exceeded his Estate. — How they made it appear, I cannot say, for it was an Affair much above my Capacity to understand. All I know of it is, that we were not able to get Admittance into his House; that all his Effects were seized, and that after many Debates in the Compass of three Months, we were at last convinced that there was not a Penny to be hoped for, and that it was a Pity he had not left more for the Discharge of his Creditors.

HAD we not then made a fine Journey of it? Mrs. *Robinson*, however, behaved with her usual Prudence and Moderation: She was concerned at our Disappointment, but it was purely on my Account. She had flattered herself and me with the Hopes, that this Money would contribute to settle me in a Station, which would be an agreeable Support after their Decease. But alas! what Misfortunes were about to befall me! this dear Woman at this Juncture was taken with a violent Fever, her Illness encreased daily; and what at that Time added to our Perplexity was, that the Money we brought with us was almost exhausted, and Mr. *Robinson* (who had nothing but his Living to depend upon) could not supply us with any more, without the greatest Difficulty. Her Sickneſs over-

overwhelmed us both with Care; and was to me a most insupportable Affliction.—What a moving Sight she was! How tender were the Sentiments of her Heart! Never had she shewn so much Affection for me before! for she never had seen me in so deplorable, so wretched a Situation. Though almost suffocated with my Grief, I dried up my Tears, and interrupted her Sighs with a thousand tender Caresses, the natural Transports of a grateful afflicted Heart. My Soul overflowed with Love and Gratitude; and I intreated her, in the most melting Language, to lay aside her Concern for me, and consult only the Preservation of a Life, which then appeared infinitely dearer to me than my own. I sent to Mr. *Robinson*, and informed him of the melancholy News of his Sister's Illness, and the Straits to which we must soon be reduced: But there are Times when unseen Disasters fall upon us without Intermiſſion; and we are overwhelmed in a swift Succession of Misfortunes. Thus it was at present, for this honest old Gentleman, going to see one of his Brother Clergymen, six Weeks after our Departure, had the Misfortune to fall off of his Horse, (a dangerous Accident for an old Man) and was so terribly bruised by it, that he was not able to stir out of his Bed, when he received my Letter. This was succeeded by another fatal Event: This pious Gentleman was obliged to appear before his Superiors to vindicate himself from a Charge of Heresy, which was preferred against him; and though nothing was proved, except his having a fine Collection of the Works of the most celebrated Protestant Divines, he was obliged to resign his Living, and a Successor was named. Thus he was made a Sacrifice to the Avarice and Cruelty of a Priest, who made use of his generous Sentiments, his
universal

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universal Benevolence and Love to Mankind, to ruin him, and get into his Living.

IN this Necessity many of his pretended Friends forsook him, in spite of all the Obligations of Gratitude. But a Set of Gentlemen of his Acquaintance, who delighted in doing Good, embraced this Opportunity to shew their Regard for his distinguished Merit, by offering to contribute to his Support, and entreated he would make use of their Houses, till by their Interest they should be able to accommodate his Affairs, and place him, if possible, in his former Station.

WE had almost lost all Hopes of the Sister's Recovery, when she heard this News from the Brother. — At reading the Letter she gave a loud Shriek and swooned away; whilst I, drowned in Tears, ran to give her Assistance. She came to herself, but did not shed a Tear. From that Moment I observed in her a courageous Resignation to the Divine Will, and her Heart was composed and steady. The uneasy Fondness she before had expressed for me, became instantly a virtuous Tenderness, and she resigned me into his Hands, who can make the most melancholy Events subservient to our Happiness.

WHEN she was come to herself and we were alone, she, with a faint Voice, told me, she desired to speak to me. Give me Leave, gentle Reader, to relate here a Part of her Discourse, the Remembrance of which is still dear to me, for these were the last Words I heard her say:

MY Dear *Indiana*, said she, I have no more a Brother, for though he is not dead to the World, he is so to you and me. His Friends, I doubt not, will contribute to his Support while he lives; for my Part, I shall soon be out of the Miseries of this transitory Life. I have plac'd my Thoughts on a
better

better World. But in what Circumstances do I leave you? Oh! how distracted is the Thought! How many the Cares in which thou wilt be involved! But it is God's Will, and this comforts me under this distressing Circumstance, sad and frightful as it is. His Designs, though impenetrable, are doubtless more to thy Advantage than any I can propose. Perhaps I shall lie a while in this lingering Condition, though, it may be, the first fainting Fit will carry me off. I dare not give thee the rest of my Money, thy Youth and artless Innocence will render thee easily deceived. I will put it into the Hands of the Priest, who visits me, and desire him to dispose of it to your Advantage. He is a Cousin of mine. If he does not come to see me To-day, you shall go to him To-morrow, that I may speak to him. After this single Precaution which I shall take for you, I have only one Thing to recommend, which is to be ever inflexibly virtuous and honest; constantly remember your Education, and be assured you shall possess the noblest Treasure that could be left you, the Riches of the Mind, the proper Happiness of a reasonable Being. 'Tis true, my dear Child, it will not prevent your wanting the Comforts of this Life; nor your being reduced to great Straits even to support it. Tho' it is not improbable, but that God will reward your Virtue here. Virtuous Minds are scarce; but those who esteem Virtue are not; for there are a thousand Occasions in Life, wherein we need the Assistance of it. If a Man marries an honest and prudent, though a poor Woman, no Dishonour attends his Choice. But though she be Beautiful, Rich, and of noble Descent, and yet destitute of Virtue, Shame will be the Portion she brings to her Husband. Men will always be of this Mind. The Love of Virtue is natural to them. It appears amiable, even to those who have not Reso-

lution to embrace it ; besides, it fills the Heart with Comfort, and an inward Satisfaction ; it is the sweetest Repast to those who live in Indigence and Want ; a Repast more sweet than the Luxuries of a Palace. But the Distresses of this Life are but short ! The Scene, my Dear, will soon change, when oppressed Virtue will appear Triumphant ! When immortal Glories and unfading Delight will recompense their painful Sufferings ! The Scorners of Virtue, who boast of their Conquests, always condemn the Women they seduce : They take Advantage of their Weakness ; degrade, despise, and abandon them to Reproach and Misery. It is only for Want of Reflection that any Woman grows lewd ! It will not bear a Moment's Thought to chuse, whether we would get rid of Poverty, at the Expence of our Virtue, or whether we should lose the fading Pleasures of this Life, at the severe Rate of being despised.

Here she began to falter, and somebody that lived in the House coming into the Room, stopped her from finishing her serious and moving Discourse. I was not able to utter a Word ; her Discourse and the Thoughts of her Death had rendered me Speechless : I pressed her Hand with Eagerness between mine, and kissed it a thousand Times, whilst my Eyes streamed with incessant Tears. However, I lost not a Syllable of what she said, for it made such an Impression upon my Mind, that, I believe, I have repeated it Word for Word.

I must now come to the Use I made of it ; how many Follies have I to relate ! How seldom are we Wise till there is scarcely any Merit in being so ! Why do we say, that a Person is at Years of Discretion ; when it is rather the Age of Madness and Folly ? How improper the Expression ! for when first we enjoy our Reason, it is a beautiful
Jewel

Jewel often looked at, and much valued, but of little Use; and its fine Lustre is only fit to be admired.

As Mrs. *Robinson* had told me, she apprehended the next fainting Fit would carry her off, I was too much concerned to go to Bed that Night, and, therefore, sat up with her. She slept pretty well till two in the Morning, when I heard her groan. I ran to her Bed: I spoke to her; but she was no longer in a Condition to answer me: She took hold of my Hand, and seem'd Expiring, with a tender Smile upon her Countenance.

I was then seized with a Fright, proceeding from the Certainty of losing her, and presently lost my Senses, which gave me a momentary Respite from the Agony in which I was involved, but my Reflection and my Misery returned together. Methought the World was a Desert, wherein I was left alone. I then found how affectionately I loved her, and recollected how tenderly she had loved me. Every distressing Circumstance was painted on my Heart in such lively Colours, that I was almost distracted. Oh! how much Grief can enter into the humane Heart! How vast our Capacity for Misery! And how great our Sensibility!

My Cries and Lamentations awakened the Family. The Landlord and his Wife knock'd at our Chamber Door. I opened it without knowing what I did. They spoke to me; but my Tears and Sighs were the only Answer I could make. They soon knew the Cause of my Affliction, and went to Succour, if possible, the dear expiring Woman. She lay motionless, and they thought she was already gone! However, half an Hour after she expired. I fainted again, and when I came to myself, as if astonished with the Excess of my Misery, my Tears ceas'd flowing, and I

was denied the sweet Consolation of venting my Grief, and by those friendly Drops assuaging the Anguish of my bursting tortured Heart.

Now was I left alone, with no other Guide than the Experience of a Girl of about fifteen. As Mrs. *Robinson* had called me her Niece, the Persons of the House gave me a verbal Account of every Thing they pretended was found about her; part of the Linnen was stolen, and some Trifles; besides from four hundred Livres, which I knew Mrs. *Robinson* had left me, they had the Conscience to take above half. I complain'd, indeed, but in such mild Terms, that it availed no more than my Silence would have done. My Grief made me insensible of every Thing else: I had no Friend, and I was destitute of the Consolation of any one to comfort me, or concern themselves with my Affairs, I had no Regard to them myself. This Turn of Mind put me into a State resembling Tranquillity: But, alas! how lamentable is such a seeming Calmness! indeed, the greatest Transports of Rage and Despair are less to be pitied.

Every one of the Family seemed to interest themselves in my Misfortunes, especially the Landlord and his Wife, who came, with a dissembled Compassion, to console me, under a Distress of which they had made their Advantage. A Kind of People the World swarms with; for, generally, none express a greater Desire of alleviating our Troubles, than those who cause, or get any Thing by them.

I consented they should sell Mrs. *Robinson's* Cloaths for me, for which they gave me what they thought proper, and it was about a Fortnight since my dear Aunt, as they called her, (but I would feign Term her my dear Mother, or rather my only Friend, since there is no Title but must yield to that) died, which I had pass'd in her Lodging, without

without knowing or caring what would become of me. When the Priest, whom I have already mentioned, came again to see how Mrs. *Robinson* did, he pretended to be very sorry to hear she was dead; and as I was sensible he was the only Man my dear Friend had thought proper to intrust with the Secret of my Birth, I could not help feeling a kind of secret Satisfaction on seeing him come in.

He was touch'd with my Misfortunes; the little Care I took of myself in these heavy Afflictions moved him extremely. He address'd himself to me in a very affecting Manner, and set before me the Dangers I ran in staying in that House alone, and without a Friend to own or advise me: He told me it was a Situation that expos'd me to their Artifices, who might make an Advantage of me, since I was in the Bloom of Youth, and free from Affectation. In short, he let me know, that, stupid with my Grief, I slept on the Brink of a Precipice, blind to the Dangers that ought to terrify me, and which should have employed all my Thoughts.

His Discourse took Effect; it roused me from my Lethargy of Thought: I saw my Danger, and trembled to think what would become of me. This Inquietude rais'd a thousand Terrors in my Mind. Where shall I go? said I, all in Tears: No Soul on Earth knows me: I am related to no Man living: To whom shall I apply for Help? or who is oblig'd to assist me? What shall I do when I leave this House? My Money will not last long; besides, it may be taken from me, and this is the first Time I ever had a Sum to spend.

The Priest did not know what to answer. He thought I was become a Burthen to him; and these are a Sort of People, who, when they have once given you their Advice, have done all they are

are able to do. To return into the Country would have been a Folly; I could have no Refuge there: My dear Friend Mr. *Robinson* had sent us all his Money, which we received with his last Letter, and had nothing to do but to drag out a tedious Life in dependance. There was then no Resource on that Side; and, indeed, my Perplexity and Terror almost made me distracted.

At last the Priest, after having rack'd his Invention, thought of a charitable and pious Gentleman, who was, he said, entirely devoted to good Works, and to whom he promised to recommend me the next Day. But the next Day would not do — I could not support the Thought of staying any longer — I wept — I lamented my Condition — He offered to go — I held him fast — I threw myself at his Feet — I intreated him to take me with him immediately — I could not bear the Thought of his going without me. Oh! cast me not into Despair! said I: What would you have me do here? They have already taken from me some of my Money; To-night they will take the rest — They may convey me away — My Honour and Life are at Stake — I dread every Thing — Be assured, I can never have a Moment's Repose here — I will fly at all Hazards: And, if you are indeed my Friend, would not this afflict you?

The Priest was terribly embarrassed, and finding he could not get rid of me, paused for a Moment, and then calling for a Pen and Ink, wrote to the Gentleman he had told me of. He read the Letter to me. It was wrote in the most pressing Manner, and he conjured him by all the Obligations of Religion, to hasten to us with Speed. — God, said he, has reserved for you an Act of Charity the most meritorious in his Sight, of any you ever did in your Life. And to excite him
more

more effectually, he mentioned my Sex, my Age and Beauty, with the fatal Consequence they might possibly have, either from my own Weakness, or the Wickedness of others.

When the Letter was writ and sealed up, we sent it as directed; and while we waited for an Answer, I kept the Priest in Sight, being fully resolved not to lie that Night in the House. I cannot tell what it was I apprehended, nor what was the Reason my Fears were so great. All I know of it is, that I took Notice of my Landlord's Face, which I had not observed till then, and in his Aspect I read the most terrible Things: That of his Wife, methought was furly and gloomy, and even the Servants, both Men and Women, had the Look of Villains and worthless Creatures. In short, every Countenance there made me tremble. The most terrible Ideas crowded into my Mind, and I could not think of staying, without thinking too of Swords, Daggers, Assassinations, Robberies, being pursued and insulted by Villains, whilst my Blood froze at the Dangers which my Fancy painted to me.

I was amusing the Priest with these black and melancholy Thoughts, when the Man, whom we had sent with a Letter, returned, and told us, that the Gentleman's Coach was waiting for us below, and that he could neither write, nor come himself; because he was engaged in Business when he received the Letter. I pack'd up my Cloaths, and made haste to save my Life. I ordered my dreaded Landlord and Landlady to be called, and instantly discharged what was due. And, in Reality, their Looks were not the most engaging, and Imagination had little to do to render them perfectly disagreeable. This, however, is certain, that I have remembered their Faces ever since, and could even now, draw their Pictures.

I went

24 *The Life of INDIANA,*

I went into the Coach with the Priest, and we soon arrived at the Gentleman's House. He was between fifty and sixty Years of Age, yet sufficiently Genteel, very Rich, and of a Mild but grave Countenance, which was Predominant over a good Complexion, and a happily Plight of Body. He gave us a kind and free Reception, without Complement, or any other Ceremony than embracing the Priest, and then casting his Eye upon me, desired us both to sit down.

My Heart fluttered; and I was so out of Countenance, that I durst not even lift up my Eyes: Come, said the Gentleman, taking the Priest by the Hand, and pressing it with an Air of Devotion and Reverence, come, let us see what is to be done for this poor unhappy Girl; pray, Sir, relate more particularly her History. He instantly obeyed. Which done, the Gentleman resumed: How strange are her Adventures! How dreadful her Situation! You was much in the right, Father, continued he, when you told me I could not do a more meritorious Action, than the serving this unfortunate young Creature; I am of the same Opinion, and think too that she has a thousand Times more need of Help than any other of her Sex. I am obliged to you for having pitched on me for that Purpose. I bless the happy Moment in which you was inspired with the Resolution of informing me with her Situation and Misfortunes; for I am sensibly touched with your Narration. But let us consider what Method we must take to extricate her out of her Troubles. How old are you, Child? added he, with an affectionate Look. At this Question I could only sigh, being unable to make any Answer. After a short Pause, he resumed, don't afflict yourself; take Courage; I desire nothing more than to serve you: God, the sovereign Lord of all we enjoy, demands that we should

should supply the Neceffitous and feed the Poor with the Substance he has given us: Tell me then, how old you are. I am about sixteen, Sir, said I. Really, resumed he, turning towards the Priest, one would be apt to think her older: At first Sight one can't help observing something to her Advantage; the natural Innocence and expressive Simplicity of her Countenance, give me a good Opinion of the Purity of her Heart; and even shew she is of a noble Extraction: But indeed her Misfortunes are very great. As you have no Fortune, said he, we must know what Sort of Employment you chuse. Pray, had your deceased Friend taken no Resolution on that Head? She had, said I, an Intention of putting me out to learn some Trade. Very well, replied he, I approve of her Design: But do you likewise approve of it yourself; speak freely: There are, perhaps, many Things which may be more agreeable to you. For Instance, I have a Sister that is Rich and of a sweet Disposition, who has just lost a Servant, whom she had a great Esteem for, and who, if she had lived with her till her Death, would have left her something considerable. If you are willing to succeed her, I am sure my Sister will receive you with Pleasure, upon my Recommendation.

This Proposal made me blush: Alas, Sir, said I, though I am destitute of every Thing, and tho' I don't know to whom I owe my Birth, or what Extraction I am of, methinks I would chuse to die, rather than to live with any Body in so mean an Employ; since, if my Parents were alive, to all Appearance, I should have Domesticks of my own, instead of being one myself. Liberty is one of the greatest Blessings that Heaven can bestow; a Blessing that appears to me infinitely dearer than Life itself. My Grief and Confusion here forced

me to stop and wipe my Eyes, and give Way to a Passion too violent to be restrained: However, I endeavoured to compose myself, and with a melancholy Air, resumed, but was frequently interrupted with Sighs; since I am obliged to Work for my Bread, I shall always prefer the meanest Employment, provided I can be free, to the Condition you propose, even tho' I should make my Fortune by it. My Dear, said he, don't afflict yourself; I approve of your Way of Thinking, and am glad to find your Sentiments are not as mean as your Circumstances, and that in spite of all your Afflictions, you retain an Elevation of Mind, which raises you above them: A little of this Pride may be dispensed with, but you ought not to carry it too far; if you do, it will be very unreasonable. Let the Conjectures of your being born of noble Parents be ever so probable, it will give you no Estate, and you ought to regulate yourself according to your present Condition. Consider you have nothing. 'Tis true it will cost more, because your Board must be paid for every Year. But no Matter, you shall be provided for this very Day. I will take you to my Linnen-Draper, who lives but a little Way from this House, and is a very good motherly Woman, and there I know you will be welcome. Now are you satisfied? Yes, Sir, said I, and never will forget your Goodness. Be sure you make your Advantage of it, said the Priest, and let your Conduct recompense this Gentleman, for the Care his Pity induces him to take of you. I fear, replied the Gentleman, in a devout Tone, I shall have no Merit in assisting her, I am so much affected with her Misfortunes. He then got up, and said, don't let us lose Time, it grows late; we will go to the Gentlewoman I have mentioned. You may retire, Father, I shall give you a good Account of the *Depositum* you have committed

mitted to my Charge. Upon this the Priest withdrew. I thanked him for his Kindness with a timorous Voice; for I was extremely troubled; and my Benefactor and I stepped into the Coach that was waiting at the Door.

Young as I was, my Temper was a little lofty. I had been educated with such a tender Indulgence, and had been always treated with such Respect, that a Conversation of this Nature was extremely shocking to me.

The Favours we receive from some Men are accompanied with such an ill Grace, as render them extremely mortifying. They had sifted my Misery for an Hour together; and the Conversation ran upon nothing but the Compassion with which I inspired them; the great Merit it was to relieve me; and that Religion demanded their Care of me, as the greatest Object of Compassion, and the most forlorn and wretched Creature living. At last followed a Cluster of proud, though seemingly charitable Reflections, and all the Airs of Persons puffed up with an ostentatious Affectation of superior Piety. In short, Charity never made a more Pharisaical and stately Parade of its Duties. I was overwhelmed with Shame; and all that Self-Love, which is inseparable from the humane Heart, seemed expiring. What greater Misery can befall us than to be forced to depend on the Help of such Persons, whose tender Mercies are Cruelty: Is that Charity which does not sympathize with the Miserable? Is that Charity which begins with trampling upon our Self-Love, and never relieves the Soul, till it has wounded it in the tenderest Part? Oh! how unlike that Goodness they pretend to practice! How sublime, how transporting is the Pleasure of easing the aching Heart! of diffusing Tranquillity and Joy through the tortur'd anxious Soul! for how can we help sympathizing

in the Delight which we ourselves inspire; but how vastly are they mistaken, who applaud themselves, who strut and swell with their imagined Liberality; who make a boasted Pageantry of a few external Acts of Charity, without the Principle of Benevolence rooted in the Heart? I would say to these Pretenders of this Virtue, when they so unmercifully insist on a particular Enumeration of all my Miseries; when you bring me Face to Face with the whole Series of my Misfortunes, of themselves almost insupportable; when the ceremonial of your Questions, or rather of your burthenfome Examination, precedes the Assistance you are pleased to afford me, you call that Charity; but I say, it is an Act brutal, barbarous and uncharitable, and not the Result of any generous Sentiment.

To return; I was in the Coach going to the Linnen-Draper's with this Gentleman. I remember he was much more inquisitive as we went, than he had been before the Priest; and that I answered him in a Voice low and sorrowful, and was under such Restraint, that I durst not move a Limb; and like a tender Plant blasted by the rude North Wind, I shrunk up, and seemed to take no Room in the Coach.

However, in Spite of the Melancholy in which I was involved, I was astonished at the Subjects with which he entertained me as we went along. Methought his Conversation was very much changed, that he softened and grew mild of a sudden, and that he instantly became more fawning than zealous, more generous than charitable. In short, he was quite another Man.

You seem very much constrained, my Dear, said he, I can't bear to see you so reserved, since, if indulg'd, it would soon grow into an Aversion to me, tho' I am wholly at your Service. Our Conversation

versation with this Priest, has, no doubt, disconcerted you. These Sort of People have a rough harsh Way of expressing themselves, and we are sometimes forced to imitate them: But I have naturally a tender Heart, and wish you would look upon me as your Friend, and as a Man who interests himself in your Affairs, and entreats you, would repose an entire Confidence in him. Do you hear? the only Right I claim, is to give you, when you need it, a little friendly Advice, which, I hope, will not keep you at any distance. Suppose, for Example, I should tell you, that you are young and handsome; and that these two fine Endowments will expose you to the Artifices of the first giddy brain'd Beau that sees you; and that it would be very wrong to hearken to his Impertinence, because it could be of no Service to you, and would not deserve your Attention. Let your Views be only how to raise your Fortune, and neglect nothing that will contribute to this great Design. I know very well, that the pretty Ladies, at your Age, are enchanted with the Thoughts of charming every Beholder. I don't doubt but you will be universally admired, whether you endeavour to make any Conquests or not; but never make it your Business to please every Body: You will find a thousand pert Fellows, whom your Situation obliges you not to mind. What I tell you, I'll assure you, does not proceed from any Excess of Severity in me, continued he with a fawning Smile, and at the same Time taking me with a free Air by the Hand. No, Sir, said I. And then observing I had no Gloves, I will buy you some, said he, they preserve the Hands, and that is worth minding, when they happen to be so perfectly handsome.

Upon which he bid the Coachman stop, and bought several Pair for me, which I tried on, with

his Assistance; for he would, by all Means, help me. I let him do it, tho' I blush'd at my Obedience, without knowing why.

All these little Particulars I mention, because they really are not so insignificant as may be thought at first Sight.

We arrived at last at the Draper's, who seemed to me a good Sort of a Woman, as he had told me, and received me on Terms, which were soon agreed on for my Board. He talked to her a long while in private; but I then apprehended nothing: I did not think myself the Subject of their Discourse. When he went away, he said, he would pay us a Visit in a few Days, and recommended me very earnestly to the Gentlewoman of the House, who, after he was gone, shewed me a little Chamber, where I put my Cloaths, and was to lie with another young Woman.

The Linnen-Draper's Name was *Thompson*; she was a Widow, and did not seem to be above thirty. She was pretty fat, and seemed at first Sight, to be the best natured Creature in the World. Her Family consisted of a Boy about six or seven Years old; of a Maid, and one Miss *Turner* her Journey-Woman.

Sure never a poor Creature looked wilder than I did at this Juncture. Persons whose Sentiments are delicate, are sooner cast down than others; their Hearts are more sensible, and their Souls more tender than the rest of the World: Those humane Dispositions, that make them more sensible of the Superior, the God-like Pleasure of doing Good, here adds an Emphasis to every Misery. A Kind of stupid Melancholy hangs upon their Spirits; and with this Melancholy was I seized, which spread a constant Gloom over my Countenance.

Mrs,

Mrs. *Thompson* did all she was able to disperse this Cloud from my Brow. Come, come, Mrs. *Indiana*, said she, (for the Gentleman that went with me, had told her my Name) don't be so Melancholy, you are with very good-natur'd People, I'll assure you; and I love to see Folks chearful and merry. For my Part, I no sooner saw you, than I took a fancy to you. And if you spoil that pretty Face with crying so, you'll never get a Husband. There is our *Turner*, continued she, (pointing to her) is a very good Girl; you must get acquainted with her; her Company, I hope, will divert you. O lay! Madam, answered Miss *Turner*, Miss and I shall be pure Company; I'll divert her, I warrant you, for really, I don't love to see Folks look uneasy. This was the Chief of our Conversation at Supper; to which I made no Answer, but an Inclination of my Head, and a Look, which sufficiently expressed my Acknowledgment. Their blunt Freedom appeared very disagreeable to me; and their Language was a Kind of Jargon, whose Harshness offended the Delicacy of my Ears. I was already persuaded, that in the *Beau Monde* there was something superior to this, and formed, in some Measure, to fill up the Loss of my generous Benefactors, Mr. *Robinson* and his dear Sister. I sigh'd after the Pleasure of a Conversation intirely unknown to me, and suitable to my own Ideas.

But what strange Whimsies sometimes possess our Minds: Tho' I had scarce seen the Streets of *Paris*, yet I could not help observing the Number of Coaches, and the splendid Ostentation of Grandeur which appeared amongst the Great! and imagining that this new World seemed not altogether unknown to me, and that I should here find what I so ardently long'd for; and methought there was within me a natural Inclination,

which wanted only these Objects to exert itself upon; so that when I saw them, it was just as if I had met with something I look'd for.

Mr. *Chambers* (for that was the Gentleman's Name who brought me to Mrs. *Thompson's*) had not left me above four Days before he came to see me; I was then in my Chamber with Miss *Turner*, who was busy shewing me her fine Cloaths, and who, out of Complaisance, left the Room as soon as he entered.

Well, Miss, said he, how do you do, I flatter myself you like your Situation? I hope, Sir, answered I, I shall like it better when I am become more use to it. I should be glad, reply'd he, to see you contented and happy, for I love you, my Dear, with all my Heart. The first Moment I saw you I was transported with Pleasure, and shall give you all the Proofs of my Tendernefs which lie in my Power. But I must have your Friendship in Return. I should be very ungrateful Sir, cry'd I, not to have a great Esteem for you. No, no, return'd he, it is not for Want of Gratitude that you don't love me; but because you won't take the Freedom with me that I could wish. I am too sensible of the Respect I owe you, said I. Nay, said he, it is uncertain whether you owe me any, since we don't know who you are. But, *Indiana*, continued he, laying hold of my Hand, which he gently squeez'd, can't you be a little more familiar with one who loves like me? You should lay open all your Soul to such a Friend; tell him your most secret Thoughts; hide none of your Inclinations, and be always glad to see and converse with him. I insist upon it, that you shall make me your Confidant, and that you throw off all Reserve; or else I am afraid we shall have a Quarrel. But, hark ye, continued he, putting his Hand in his Pocket, I had like to have forgot to give you some Money; here

here is a few Pistoles. At first I refused them, telling him I did not want Money; I had not yet spent what Mrs. *Robinson* had left me; nevertheless he forced me to accept them, but I could not receive them without Confusion, and a Mixture of Shame and Humility was, I dare say, visible in my Behaviour. But it was not for me, with all my Stock of Pride, to refuse them, from a Gentleman who had taken me, a poor Orphan, under his Care, and to whom he resolv'd to act as a Father. As I received this Present I thank'd him, and made my Acknowledgments with a grave dejected Air. My dear Charmer, said he, no more Courtesies, no more Ceremonies I beseech you; shew me rather that you are pleased. Come, let us see how complaisant you will be for the new Suit of Cloaths I am going to give you. I did not much mind the Suit he promis'd; but he said this with such an Air of Goodnets, that I confess he won my Heart. All my Resolutions vanished and were succeeded by the most lively Expressions of Gratitude, while my Eyes could scarce retain the Tears of Sensibility, that almost overflow'd their Banks. Oh! my generous Benefactor, cry'd I, have I indeed found a Father; has the lost *Indiana* some Room to hope that she may again lift up her Eyes with Comfort, and find the dear Name of Parent reviv'd in you?

Charm'd with this sudden Emotion, he took my Hand, and kiss'd it very passionately, which, notwithstanding the confus'd State of my own Mind, I could not help taking Notice of; but singular as it was, it did not alarm me; and I only looked upon it as a sudden, tho' odd Expression of a good and honest Heart.

However from this Moment my Conversation became more easy from Constraint; and this Freedom gave me Charms, which he had not observed before.

before. He frequently hesitated in his Discourse, and then looked upon me with an Excess of Tenderness, which, though I took Notice of, I only attributed to the Delicacy of a virtuous and generous Soul, pleased with the Pleasure it communicates, and happy in the Reflection of doing its Duty. I began to taste again the peaceful Joy, the inward Tranquility that I had formerly experienced. Tho' I saw him enchanted with Delight, I imagined my Youth, my Wit, and my Beauty might inspire him with a most innocent Affection: It is natural, said I to myself, for Persons to have the most tender Sentiments for one of my Age placed under their Care: They are pleased with every Degree of Worth they observe in them, because it reflects a greater Merit upon their Munificence, by shewing it placed on a deserving Object. In short, my Youth and Inexperience made me blind to his Designs; and though I began to think him an Original, I was not much more surprized at his Behaviour, than I should have been at the Caresses of a Parent. He took my Hand, and with a gay Air kissed it a thousand Times. I admired the Rapidity of his Friendship, and could not help thinking with Pleasure, and a secret Delight, how very unaccountable it was, that his Affection should at once arise to so great a Height; and this touched me more sensibly than all his Favours.

It was the Fashion at this Time to let the Hair hang in Curls upon the Shoulders. Mine was of a bright Chestnut, and fell down with a becoming Negligence. Mr. *Chambers* praised its Beauty, and with a gallant Air took up some of my Locks, and twisted them round his Finger. Nature, my dear *Indiana*, said he, has been profuse of her Favours, and has denied you nothing that could enhance your Charms. That lovely Face would have been the most beautiful in the World without the Addition
of

of those graceful Ringlets; these make your too lovely Form compleat, and leave no Room for Addition. They will not restore me my dear unknown Parents, said I, or let me know to whom I owe my Being, nor revive my ever dear deceased Friend. Very true, returned he, but they will make you be admired and adored by every Body; for my Part, I shall never be able to refuse you any Thing. I make no doubt of it, said I, I depend entirely on your generous and tender Heart. On my tender Heart! said he, laughing, Oh then, my little Charmer, you can talk of the Heart, I find; would you give me your's in Return if I should ask it? Believe me, Sir, replied I, with an ungenerous Freedom, for I had no Notion what Returns he meant, you richly deserve it; and I would sooner chuse to die, than to be ungrateful.

I had no sooner made this Reply, than I thought his Eyes sparkled with Fire; which, like a Plash of Lightning at once alarmed me, and put me upon my Guard; and I began to look upon him as a Man not altogether so disinterested as I had before thought him; and instantly feared all his Generosity and innocent Friendship was degenerated into a criminal Passion.

However I did not take this sudden Suspicion for a Proof of the Baseness of his Views. I resolved to be better satisfied, and to take Notice of the minuteest Circumstance that might give me a Sight into his Designs. I believed, if it was true that he indulged an unlawful Passion, there was no room left for Ceremony on my Part; that it was he, not I, ought to be embarrassed, and as the Guilt, so should the Shame and Confusion be his own. This Reasoning ran from the same Source as the rest, it appeared subtle and refined, and therefore I approved of it, and thought it just.

It is true, that Men, against whom we Reason in this Manner, have little to hope for from us; for it supposes, that with Respect to their prevailing Passions, we are thoroughly averse to them. On this Account Mr. *Chambers* was perfectly indifferent to me, and this Indifference, if he had used me ill, would readily have given Place to Hatred. But I had hitherto only considered him as a pious Man, who had taken the Charge of me out of Charity; and I don't know' any Light we can consider a Person in more unlikely to produce Love. We have none of the tender Sentiments for one who is introduced to our Thoughts in this Manner. The Humiliation, which the Mind has suffered, shuts up all the Avenues of the Heart from the soft Pleasures of the tender Passions, and we can never give a Heart freely, while it is expected from us as a Debt. And thus it was with Mr. *Chambers* and I.

If Men know how to oblige, I believe they might gain all that they could reasonably expect, for can any Thing be sweeter than Sentiments of Gratitude, when they are not opposed by Self-Love? Here the Mind is an inexhaustible Source of Tendernefs. But to gain this, a Person must have two Virtues, which seldom, almost never, meet in the same Person; the one to hinder your being filled with Disgust and Indignation, at the Manner of conferring the Favours you receive; and the other to oblige you to be grateful by a genuine Benevolence, and unconstrained Liberality.

Mr. *Chambers* had spoke of a Suit of Cloaths which he intended to give me, and we went together to buy it, that I might please my Fancy. I believe, I should have refused it, if I had been sufficiently confirmed in my Suspensions; for I should have had an invincible Aversion against making

making any Advantage of his Weakness, because I could not share it with him; for when Love is mutual, all these Affairs are adjusted; and we imagine the highest Degree of Delicacy consists in not being at all delicate about them. But I was still in Doubt what were his inward Sentiments. And supposing it was only Friendship, I concluded it must be a very extraordinary one, and one that deserved all my Pride to be sacrificed to it. Thus I accepted of his Present at all Hazards.

The Cloaths were bought, I chose them genteel and modest, and suitable to a young Lady not very rich. Then Mr. *Chambers* talk'd of Linnen, which I wanted, and it was immediately bought. Mrs. *Thompson* might have furnished us with the same Sort, but he had his Reasons for not buying it of her. He insisted upon having it some of the Finest, and Mrs. *Thompson* would certainly have thought this an extravagant kind of Charity: And tho' it might be expected she would not concern herself about it, because she would have judg'd it was no Business of her's, yet it was better she should lose her Profit by it, than that we should trust her with what she might be censorious enough to put no favourable Construction upon.

I was forced at last to open my Eyes, for his Behaviour relating to the Linnen left me no room to doubt what were his Motives. I wondered that the Cloaths, which were very handsome, had not at first taught me his Sentiments. For Charity is not extravagant in her Gifts. Friendship itself, whose highest Pleasure is to communicate Satisfaction and Delight, is substantially good, but not magnificently so.

I told him with a serious Air, that I could not accept of Linnen so expensive; he only laugh'd, and said, Hold your Tongue, you little silly Rogue; you are young, and don't know what you'd

you'd have: Go to your Glass and see if it is too fine for that beautiful Face; and then without minding what I said, agreed to the Price and paid for it.

I found myself much embarrassed, for I saw he loved me; no, let me rather say, he indulged Inclinations infinitely beneath that noble Passion, which exerts itself in the most ardent Desires after the Happiness of the beloved Object. I saw his Motives were ungenerous, and that his Extravagance was only intended to betray me into Misery. I thought that in accepting of his Presents, I gave him just Reason to think I favoured his Passion; I considered what I should do; I assembled a thousand Reflections, in order to excuse to myself the indeterminate State of a Mind, loath to part with what flattered its Vanity: By this Means I was unable to fix upon any Thing, and thereby both deferred the Rupture with Mr. *Chambers*, and kept his Presents.

However, I was very much ashamed of his Views, and shocked at his Hypocrisy, my generous and kind Benefactors Mr. *Robinson* and his Sister came into my Mind. What a Difference was there, said I to myself, between the Assistance they gave me, and that I now receive! How excessive would be his Concern, did he know the Dangers to which I am exposed, and how great her Grief had she lived to see me in this dreadful Situation! Methought my Behaviour in this last Adventure violated the Respect I owed to her tender Friendship, and unblemished Purity; and that it was a kind of sacrilegious Insult on her Memory. On this Occasion I felt a thousand Sensations, which, though sufficiently felt, were impossible to be described.

On the other Hand, I reasoned with myself that I had no Retreat, and Mr. *Chambers* had procured me

me one; I wanted Cloaths, and he bought them for me; besides they were rich and genteel, and in Imagination I had already tried them on, and found they fitted me exactly: But I did not take Care to stop at this Particular, which was intermixed with my other Considerations; for the Pleasure it gave me glowed in my Cheeks, and I was glad to indulge the delightful Idea, and to flatter myself I might do it without a Crime. What Artifices do we make use of, to seem innocent of Follies we long to commit. Then, said I to myself, Mr. *Chambers* has not yet spoke of his hateful Passion, and perhaps he may not venture to do it for some Time; and it is not for me to search into the Motive of Actions so beneficial to me. I was introduced to him as a charitable Gentleman; and he has been so to Excess. If his Views are bad, it is the worse for him; I am not obliged to examine his Conscience, and I can never be an Accomplice in any of his Crimes till he has explained himself.

Having made my Conscience so far easy, my Scruples vanished, and the Linnen and Cloaths appeared lawfully mine.

We returned back to Mrs. *Thompson's* with the Cloaths and Linnen, and in our Way Mr. *Chamber's* discovered his Passion by Degrees; he unmasked insensibly, and the amorous Lover took Place of the pious Devotee; I could see but half his Face, but I concluded that I ought to see him intirely, in order to know him, and therefore resolved to be very insensible, and not seem to understand him till then. My Cloaths were not yet in a Place of Security, and if I had shewn my Resentment too soon, I should, perhaps, have lost all. Persons governed by such Passions, as that of Mr. *Chamber's* for me, are naturally base and ungenerous, when they have lost their Hopes, and are unable to
make

make an honourable Retreat. He is an unworthy and despicable Lover, whose Desires exceed his Love; and had rather enjoy the Person, than the Affection of his Mistress.

I resolved not to understand the fawning Expressions Mr. *Chambers* made use of in the Way back to Mrs. *Thompson's*. I am afraid I shall love you too much, *Indiana*, said he, and if I should, what would you do? I would be still more grateful, said I, if it were possible for my Gratitude to admit of an Increase. Nevertheless, my dear Creature, said he, I am uncertain what you will think when you know all my Tenderness, for you can't easily conceive how great it is. How, Sir, returned I, can you believe that it is possible I should be insensible of your Friendship? Ah! my little Angel, replied he, don't change my Expressions, I did not speak of Friendship, but my Tenderness. What, said I, is it not the same Thing? Pray, where is the Difference? No, my Life, said he, looking upon me with Eyes that expressed the Difference sufficiently; it is not the same Thing; for I should be overjoyed to see the one appear more sweet and desirable to you than the other. Upon this, I could not help casting down my Eyes; and though I endeavoured to hide my Confusion, I was not able to do it, and it was impossible for me immediately to compose myself in order to make him a Reply. What, my little Jewel, cry'd he, squeezing my Hand, not a Word? don't you understand me? Really I am ashamed, Sir, said I, that I can't find Terms to thank you for such Kindness.

The Coach coming to the Door cut off all farther Conversation for the present; however, when we parted, he whispered in my Ear, go, you lovely Girl, for the future be more apprehensive, and learn to melt that Heart into greater
Tenderness.

Tenderness. I leave you mine to assist you in the Work.

This Discourse was plain and intelligible enough, and I was obliged to seem inattentive, in order to countenance my Simplicity, and that my Answers might the better be dispensed with; but a Kiss that he gave my Ear in speaking to me, drew all my Attention, for it was impossible I should be deaf to that, though I had Art enough to dissemble it: Sir, did not I hurt you, said I, with a natural Air, pretending to take the Kiss he had given me, for a Jog of my Head against his; as I spoke this, I stepped out of the Coach, and I really believe he was the Dupe of my Artifice, for he answered most naturally, No.

I carried the Bundle of Cloaths into my Chamber and locked it up, while Mr. *Chambers* stood in the Shop talking to Mrs. *Thompson*, I was down again immediately. *Indiana*, said he, in a reserv'd Tone, (for it was now his Time to appear religious again) let your Cloaths be made immediately, for I will come to pay you another Visit in three or four Days, when I expect to see you dress'd. Then turning to Mrs. *Thompson*, I have endeavoured, said he, to choose her Cloaths suitable to the fine Linnen she has shewn me, which was left her by a deceased Friend.

Mr. *Chambers* had told me before, he intended to give it this Turn to Mrs. *Thompson*; besides, continued he, I think it proper that Miss should be genteely dress'd, because I have something in View for her, which may possibly succeed, and will be much to her Advantage. He spoke this like a Man of Worth and Honour: He was indeed a Contrast to himself: Mr. *Chambers* alone with me was quite a different Person from Mr. *Chambers* in Company with others: When I saw his devout Countenance I could not comprehend how it was

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possible,

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possible, that he should ever appear in the Character of a Debauchee. He had good Sense, and a great Share of Wit; but then he had Hypocrisy to counterbalance it, and, in particular, had a Design to ruin me, while he pretended to be doing a Work of Charity. Good God! how many Talents hast thou given Men, to make them good for nothing!

He retired after a short Conversation with Mrs. *Thompson* in private, and then she, to whom he had related my History, applauded his Piety, and Generosity. *Indiana*, said she, it was a lucky Moment for you when you first saw this worthy Gentleman, you see he takes as much Care of you, as if you were his own Child; certainly, this Man has not his Equal in the World for Goodness; how very charitable he is! The Word Charity sounded harsh and disagreeable to me, for my Self-Love was too tender not to be sensibly wounded at it, but Mrs. *Thompson* knew no better, her Language was agreeable to her Understanding, vulgar and unpolished, and whatever she said, was always without Thought, so she pleased or displeased without Design. However, I took no Notice of her Expressions, as we had no other Witness than the grave Miss *Turner*, who was much more disposed to envy my new Finery, than think me humbled in receiving it. Oh! Miss *Indiana*, said she, with a jealous Air, was wrapt in her Mother's Smock, she has such Fortune: On the contrary, said I, I was born to be the most unhappy, or else I should have been infinitely better provided for than I am now. So, it is true then, said she, with an affected Toss of the Head, that you have neither Father nor Mother? and that you are owned by no Body living? that is pleasant! Yes, returned I, severely nettled, it is mighty pleasant! a joyful Circumstance indeed! and I wonder you,
Mrs.

Mrs. *Turner*, have not congratulated me upon it. Hold your Tongue you Fool, said Mrs. *Thompson*, who saw I was vexed, she has Reason to sneer at you, thank God for having preserved your Parents. Who ever tells People they are Foundlings? I had as leave be called a Bastard.

Mrs. *Thompson*, touched to see me so affected, imputed it to the Impertinence of Mrs. *Turner*, without imagining that she herself had been in the least instrumental to my Uneasiness. Her Concern made me tremble, for fear Mrs. *Turner* should be again reprimanded, while the Tears trickled down my Cheeks, and I made Haste to divert this Conversation by intreating them to change the Discourse. Mrs. *Turner*, for her Part, at seeing my Tears, seemed quite confounded, for she was not Ill-natured, and, I believe, had no Intention to make me uneasy. To make up the Matter they made me a fine Compliment, and told me, they sincerely begg'd my Pardon: And as I saw they had no Notion at all of my Pride, nor the Delicacy of my Soul, which was *Hebrew* to them, and that they did not suspect the least Part of the Confusion they gave me, I received their Caresses, and the Conversation turned upon my Cloaths, which they were impatient to see, and their Curiosity made me desirous to hear what they would say of them.

I fetch'd the Parcel, and brought it down to them. How giddy and thoughtless are young People! and how hasty was I foolishly to indulge my Vanity, for which I was severely humbled! The first Thing they saw in opening it was the fine Linnen, the buying of which we had been at so much Pains to conceal, and which had cost Mr. *Chambers* a Lie, and me the consenting to it. Mrs. *Thompson* instantly cast her Eyes upon it, and cry'd

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out, Ha, ha, see here is something else, Mr. *Chambers* told us your deceased Relation left you that when, I find, he bought it for you himself! I must tell you, *Indiana*, it was ill done of you not to have it of me; you are not more nice, I hope, than those Ladies of Quality, that have honoured me with their Custom. I find the old Saint has got a Colt's Tooth in his Head; I see how it is, (added she, drawing the Silk from under the Linnen, for her Anger did not put a Stop to her Curiosity). I know the Reason why he deceived me about the Linnen, but I am not such an arrant Fool as he takes me to be, I know better; out upon it, who would have thought it. Away, away with her Things, cried she, raising her Voice, and tossing them from her, with a disdainful Air; marry, come up, this is very pretty indeed; he has the Goodness to put his Mills to me, as a Boarder, but what he buys for her he has elsewhere; I'll assure him! I must have the Trouble, fortooth, and other People all the Benefit.

Good-lack-a day, said Mills *Turner*, who would not be an Orphan! Come be quiet, *Turner*, interrupted Mrs. *Thompson*, I see well enough you only envy the Girl.

Hitherto I had been silent, I felt so much Confusion and Vexation, that I knew not when to begin. It was a Situation entirely new to me, and I could not forbear shewing my Resentment. At last, I began to recollect myself, and my Anger bearing every other Consideration before it, was expressed in the most lively Manner; but it was an Anger frank and natural, and which, as it sprung from my own Innocence, could not have been felt by a guilty Mind.

It is true Mr. *Chambers* had pretended Love to me, but I was conscious I had not listened to his Passion, and was resolved to make no Advantage
of

of it; and though I received his Present, when I knew at the same Time I should never comply with his Views, it was only owing to the little Reasons, dictated by my Wants and my Vanity, and which had not, however, stained the Purity of my Intentions; my Reasoning doubtless was erroneous, though not criminal; and therefore I did not merit the Insults thrown upon me by Mrs. *Thompson*, and I was certain she would not have been so very open in her Discourse, had I been wise enough to conceal the fine Linnen from her Sight. I made a terrible Uproar; threw the Cloaths and Linnen upon the Ground, without knowing why I did it; it was only an Expression of the Violence of my Passion. At last I said, I was very unhappy in being placed amongst Persons who accused and insulted me, without any Reason for doing it; that I would instantly leave them, as soon as I had called a Coach and bundled up my Cloaths and Linnen; that I did not care what became of me; and it was better I should die in Want and Indigence, than live in a Situation so contrary to my Inclinations; that I would leave Mr. *Chambers's* Present with her, since I despised his Love, and abhorred his brutal Passion. In short, I was like a little Lion; my Head was turned; every Thing that could aggravate my Affliction presented itself before me: The Death of my dear Mrs. *Robinson*, and the Absence of her Brother; my being deprived of their Tendernefs and friendly Advice to support me under my Exigence; the fatal Loss of my Parents; the Mortification I had already undergone, and the dreadful Thoughts of being without one dear Companion to listen to my tender Complaints, and teach me to regulate my Passions; unknown to the World, without the least Hint of my Extraction; nothing before me but the Prospect of a Misery which knew no Bounds; for
I had

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I had only my Beauty to procure me Friends ; And what a dreadful Resource is the Vices of Mankind ! and I resolutely resolv'd to lose my Life rather than my Virtué. Which Way soever I turned my Thoughts, how dismal was the View that lay before me !

Mrs. *Thompson* was frighted to see me in such a violent Transport, as it was quite unexpected ; for she only thought to see me out of Countenance, and confus'd with my Guilt : Lord, *Indiana*, said she, when she could find Room to put in a Word, any one may be deceived ; Prithee, Child, moderate your Passion ; I am sorry I have said so much, (since my Rage was too great to proceed from a guilty Conscience) come, endeavour to compose yourself. But I would not hearken to what she said, and at all Hazards was resolv'd to leave her Family.

At last she push'd me into a little Parlour, where she shut herself in with me, and there I gave Way to my Grief ; my Tears, which before were restrain'd by my Anger, now began to flow plentifully, and to give Ease to my bursting Heart, which she seeing, bore me Company, and cried too.

At this Instant Mrs. *Turner* came in to tell us Dinner was ready, and as she was always of every Body's Opinion, she cried for Company : But after this Flood of Tears, being moved at their mild Words, I began to be appeas'd, and all was forgot.

While we were at Dinner, Mrs. *Thompson* address'd herself to me, and said, that if Mr. *Chambers* loved me, as to all Appearance he did, I ought to make my Advantage of it. Hark you, *Indiana*, said she, was I in your Place, I know how I would manage him ; for, since you have nothing, and are a poor Girl, who have lost even the

the Comfort of having any Relations, I would take whatever he would give me; Ods bobs, I would get all I could, but he should never gain my Affections; I would not love him the better for that, I would be hanged first, for our Honour ought to be preferred before every Thing; I am not the Woman that will say any Thing to the contrary of that you see. In a Word, my Girl, for one Word is as good as a Thousand, for certain, there is nothing like being virtuous, and I shall die in that Opinion. But this don't argue, that you must throw away all the Blessings you meet with. These Things may be easily reconciled; for Instance, there is Mr. *Chambers* and you; well, must you bid him be gone? No surely. He loves you, is that your Fault? Let him love you; every Body must answer for themselves. If he buys you Cloaths, take them, Girl, are not they paid for? If he gives you Money, don't be silly, but accept of it freely; it is not for you to be proud and above it. If he asks you for your Love, *softly there*; play cunning with him, and tell him it is not impossible but you may in Time. To give your Word and retract it may go a great Way. First, you must have Time to bring yourself to love him; and then you must persuade him you begin to love him; then you should have Time to augment your Passion; and then when he thinks you entirely his, is not your Honour a sufficient Excuse? Is there not a thousand good Reasons to plead; can't you preach to him of his Wickedness of his Intentions? Mean while the Time passes, and Presents come as fast as ever, without asking; and if he at last grows out of Humour, can't you be as ill-natured as he; let him go and be hanged; marry, what is given is given, and there is nothing like a Present; for when it is once given, it can't be demanded back; as nothing

is more free than a Gift, so nothing can make a Present more secure to the Receiver; but if a Man don't make Presents, he keeps his Riches in his own Possession, and then there is no coming at it. Really, if one of these devout Hypocrites thought fit to pay his Respects to me, he should give to the End of the World, before I would bid him leave off.

Young as I was, I could not hear her Arguments without an inward Abhorrence. And tho' she delivered herself with great Fervency, yet I thought that what she said, suited but very ill with a Woman of strict Honour, as she pretended to be; and, indeed, was a Girl in my Circumstances sure of preserving that inestimable Jewel, her Chastity, yet the Practice of these loose Principles would for ever be a Mark of Infamy upon her Character: For must not she want Honour, who can persuade a Man that she shall one Day forfeit it; nay, the Art of deceiving a Man with these avaricious Hopes, is, in my Opinion, more criminal, than even, in some unguarded Moment, to fall a Sacrifice to Guilt and Shame; for the most infamous Inducement is that which is prompted by Avarice, and terminates in Falshood and Deceit.

For my Part, my Heart was too sincere to behave in a Manner, that appeared to me so detestable. I would neither do ill, nor seem to promise it. Her Discourse made me blush for her, while she gave me Advice for her Advantage and my own. For Mrs. *Thompson's* Part, she would have been extremely glad to have the Profit of my Board continue a great while longer, and pleased herself with the Thoughts of helping me to spend Mr. *Chambers's* Money, in Feasts and Entertainments; and I knew she loved good Eating, and was a
perfect

perfect Glutton when at another's Table ; but was very stingy when at her own.

When we had dined, my Cloaths and Linnen were given to the Workwomen, whom *Mrs. Thompson* desired to be as expeditious as possible. She hoped, without doubt, that in seeing myself well rigged and spruce (for these were her Expressions) I should be tempted to draw out my Adventure with *Mr. Chambers* to a good Length. It is true, I had all the Vanity that can possess a giddy Mind ; a Ribbon well chosen, or a genteel Suit of Cloaths, whenever I met them, were sufficient to make me stop short ; my Fancy glowed, and my Agitation of Heart would continue an Hour after, nor did I fail to imagine myself equipped in all those Trifles : But in Spite of this Disposition, since I was certain *Mr. Chambers* loved me, I absolutely resolved, the first Time he explained himself, to let him know how vain his Expectations were.

Four Days after, my Cloaths and Linnen were brought home, just as I was getting up. At the Sight of them, both *Miss Turner* and I were silent, but from very different Motives ; a sudden Joy fluttered about my Heart, while she cast down her Eyes with a sullen Discontent ; she reflected upon the Difference there would soon be between us, and would gladly have changed her Parents, and have been the Orphan, for the vain Pleasure of enjoying my imagined Happiness. It being an Holiday, I was determined to make my Appearance in them, and began to dress myself to the best Advantage I was able.

I made as much Haste as I could, to finish dressing myself, yet without being over hasty, for I was willing to have nothing imperfect, for all the Perfection of Dress that I was then acquainted with, lay in very narrow Bounds. It is true, I

began with admirable good Dispositions, but that was all.

Indeed, when I knew the World, I was a better Judge of these little Elegancies, which our Sex look upon as necessary to compleat the Charms of Nature, and shew that the Possessor has a good Taste. Men talk of Philosophy and the Study of Sciences, but what is all this Knowledge to that of placing a Ribbon with Judgment, or of deciding what Colour best suits the Complexion, and is most adapted to please.

If we knew what passes in a Coquet's Head, on such Occasions; if we did but observe how delicate and penetrating her Soul is; how sharp in the Judgment she makes, on the Fashions she tries, then rejects, hesitates, and at last, when weary with Uncertainty, and Irresolution, chuses; for she is seldom content, and the Effect always comes vastly short of her Idea. When she has found what pleases, it is but a very indifferent Discovery, for she must find out what is better, in order to carry it on to its last Perfection, and finishing Excellence. And to attain this, she must read the Souls of Men that she may prefer what will please them most.

Charmed with the Power of pleasing, she one Day appears gay and easy, and with an Air that insures Success; the next, with a Countenance soft and languishing, adorned with all the tender Graces; and then with a Beauty, modest, serious, and reserved: Thus with varied Charms, she strives to retain the fickle Sex, and by Turns suits herself to the Inconstancy of her Admirers, by presenting them every Day a new Mistress.

How vain are such Snares, and how unlikely to hold a Man of Sense and Honour: 'Tis Virtue alone that is the universal Charm, to which all Hearts secretly pay an humble Adoration; but when

when united with that sweet Complaisance, and open Freedom of Soul, which triumphs in the Countenance, and sparkles in the Eyes of a Lady of Sense and good Nature, it needs not those empty Embellishments which the vain Part of our Sex are so fond of.

To proceed; I was soon dressed, and really I so perfectly eclipsed poor Miss *Turner*, that I was ashamed of it; Mrs. *Thompson* told me, I looked charmingly; but Miss *Turner* could not forbear finding Fault with my Cloaths, whilst I, out of Complaisance to her, approved of whatever she said; for if I had shewn my secret Satisfaction, she would have been more humbled still; and, I thought, I ought to conceal a Pleasure, that, if discovered, would give another Pain.

I was in haste to go to Church, rather out of Vanity, than Devotion. My Companion, Miss *Turner*, who on Holidays was waited upon by her Sweetheart, went out before me; possibly for fear the Gaiety of my Dress should attract the Attention of her Admirer; for with some People a new Suit has as many Charms as a pretty Face.

I went out alone, confused, and at a Loss how to behave, foolishly imagining, that my Appearance requir'd a particular Air of Distinction with which I was intirely unacquainted. I held up my Head, with the awkward Stiffness of a Country Girl, who endeavours to display all the smiling Graces which had lain concealed in a rustic Retreat.

At the Entrance of the Church I found a Crowd of People, and I passed by them, without much Difficulty, to the upper Part of the Choir, attracted by the splendid Appearance of a great Number of Persons of Distinction, who were sitting with an Air of Indolence, more than Religion. The

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Ladies were extremely well dressed. Some, whose Complexions were very ordinary, attempted to put on such an agreeable Air as might make the Hardness of their Features imperceptible; whilst others, too full of themselves to suspect they wanted those Charms which captivate all Hearts, displayed their Folly by a thousand Airs of Coquetry, in which their whole Souls seemed to be employed.

There were also several gay young Gentlemen of the Sword and Gown, whose Behaviour shewed they were full of themselves, and well versed in all the Arts of the foppish Part of the World. One while they lolled upon their Elbows, then stood upright to shew their Snuff-Boxes, bow'd to the Right and the Left, sigh'd, and put themselves into a thousand different Postures, to shew their good Mien, or display themselves to the best Advantage.

The Place I had taken was in the Middle of this gay Part of the Audience; and I was scarce seated, before I observed the Eyes of all the Gentlemen fixed upon me; but this was not all, the Ladies soon found themselves deserted, and following the Eyes of the Gentlemen, fixed upon me for their Rival, who had taken from them the Regards of all their Admirers. I was convinced that these were their Thoughts by a Glance they cast at me, which I perfectly understood; though they tried to do it with an Air of Simplicity and Negligence; but that Negligence evidently shewed it was designed; for, in spite of themselves it had a Touch of Disdain and Uneasiness. Here my Pride took the Alarm, and I felt an inward Triumph, at the visible Confusion which the Ladies discovered. Oh! Vanity, thou darling Foible of the Sex! When we indulge this strong Propensity, to captivate every Beholder, what Follies are we
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not liable to. I had forgot my Devotions, which doubtless would have engaged my Soul, had I been dressed more suitable to my Circumstances, and was acting a Part very unbecoming the poor, the wretched *Indiana*, who had nothing to expect but either to exchange the gay Trifles I wore, for Want and Misery ; or to preserve them by forfeiting my Peace and Innocence.

Among the Gentlemen, I observed one, who drew from me a more than common Regard, and to whom my Eyes seemed voluntarily to move ; his Air was graceful and engaging, and something in his Mein so charming, that it was impossible to look upon him with Indifference. I took a Pleasure in looking at him, and he, in his Turn, gazed upon me in a Manner very different from the rest ; a modest and tender Respect appeared in his Looks, while by our mutual Glances, a kind of serious silent Intercourse passed between us.

The Sermon being ended, I left the Church with Unwillingness, and I found a Vacancy in my Breast, my Heart seemed to want something, but knew not what, and I was incessantly turning my Head, to see once more the amiable Gentleman I had left behind ; yet could hardly believe it was he that induc'd me to it.

He was talking to some Persons who stopt him, and my Eyes continually met his ; at last the Crowd hid him from my Sight, and dragged me with them : I, with a dejected Mind, took the Way Home, to Mrs. *Thompson's*, without taking the least Care how I went along, and I was so lost in Thought, that I did not hear the Noise of a Coach coming behind me, till alarmed by the Coachman's speaking aloud, *Have a Care ; take Care there ;* which made me start from my Revery, and the Danger I saw myself in, frightened me

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so much, that in endeavouring to escape it by running, I fell down, and with the Fall hurt my Foot in such a Manner, that I was unable to rise; the People about me lifted me up, but it was impossible for me to stand. Judge, Reader, of my Astonishment, when amongst those who expected the greatest Eagerness to assist me, I saw the young Gentleman whom I had left in the Church: The Coach I found was his, he lived just by, and would by all Means have me carried to his House.

I soon perceived that his Concern was alleviated, by the Satisfaction of meeting me again, and that his Grief was mixed with the Joy of having it in his Power to serve me; *take Care of the young Lady*, cry'd he, to those that held me up, *carry her gently ——— take Time ——— there ——— softly*; he forbore speaking to me, on Account of my Condition, which would not permit him to express his Tenderness in any other Manner, than in his Care for my Safety.

For my Part, I likewise spoke to the other People, but not at all to him; I durst not even look upon him, which made me the more impatiently long for it. Sometimes indeed I could not avoid giving him a transient Glance, in spite of all my Resolutions to the contrary: This made me blush, and put my Heart into such a Situation, that I was at a Loss how to act, and which I don't know how to describe: I felt a Mixture of Trouble, Pleasure, and Fear: I say Fear; for a Girl who is unacquainted with the World, don't know how far such an Adventure may carry her; she is involv'd in a thousand Difficulties, which overwhelm her, and possessed by them, ~~she~~ is no more herself; mean while the Novelty of the Situation affrights her extremely. It is true she finds a Pleasure in it; but it is a Pleasure that

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is dangerous and deceitful ; nay, even her Modesty is alarmed, its Delicacy is shocked and frightened at the Apprehensions of an impending Danger. This was the State of the Mind in which I found myself at that Juncture, and, I believe it is the same with all young Girls in the like Circumstances.

I was at last carried to Mr. *Valentine's* House, for that was the young Gentleman's Name, and laid upon a Couch in the Parlour.

I wanted immediate Help, for I felt a great deal of Pain in my Foot ; but Mr. *Valentine*, eager to serve me, had prevented even my Wishes, a Surgeon being sent for, who came in a few Minutes.

I pass over the Apologies I made during this short Interval, and spoke to the Gentleman with an Air of a Person, sensible of an Obligation, who had nothing to do but to make Excuses for a Trouble which could not be avoided ; and he answered in a Manner which prepared me for a more serious Conversation ; even our mutual Glances were a Kind of Prelude to it ; he did not cast one at me, which did not plainly say, *Madam, I love you* ; nor did I know what to do with mine, because they would have told him the same.

We were both in this silent Intercourse when the Surgeon entered, and who, on the Account Mr. *Valentine* gave him of my Misfortune, told us, that my Foot must be examined.

I blushed at this Proposal, out of a Sentiment of Modesty ; however, I composed myself with the Thought of having a very pretty Foot ; and that if Mr. *Valentine* did see it, it was owing to my Misfortune.

I made some Difficulty of shewing it, and was willing to pull off only my Shoe ; but this was not enough : I must by all Means, said the Surgeon, see the Bottom of the Evil, I can do nothing without that : Upon this the House-keeper was call'd,

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who was ordered to pull off my Stocking, while Mr. *Valentine* and the Surgeon retir'd out of Decency.

When my Foot was ready, the Surgeon examin'd and felt it, to find out the Hurt: Whereabouts do you feel the Pain, said the Surgeon to me, touching it with his Finger, is it there? Yes, Sir, said I, just there; I think, says *Valentine*, it looks a little inflamed here, touching it with his Finger. Come, come, added the Surgeon, the Damage will soon be repaired, it is only sitting still To-day; a Linnen Rag dipp'd in Brandy, and a little Repose will cure it. After my Foot was bathed with Brandy, the Compress put upon it, and my Stocking pulled on, the Surgeon took his Leave, and left me with *Valentine*.

As you have conferred several Obligations upon me, said I, may I be so bold as to beg you would add one more, Sir, and order a Chair, or a Coach, to be called to carry me Home? No, Miss, answered he, I can't conduct you Home for some Hours yet; your Fall is but just over, and besides, you are ordered to repose yourself a little; and I must, on that Account, insist on your staying to Dinner: All that is necessary is to let your Friends know where you are, that they may not be uneasy.

This indeed was very necessary, for my Absence would, doubtless, have very much alarmed Mrs. *Thompson*, and besides, what would *Valentine* have thought of me, if I had seem'd to be my own Mistress, and had no Body to give an Account to of my Actions.

Pray don't make yourself uneasy, Miss, said *Valentine*, with a tender and pressing Air, and taking hold of my Hand, let me beg of you, dear Miss, to say but where you live, and a Servant shall fly immediately, and let your Friends know where you are. You are not in a Condition to go yet: Come, it is pretty late, stay but Dinner and you shall go as soon as it is over. Why, my dear

dear Charmer, do you hesitate? You will have nothing to reproach yourself with for staying here. No Body can blame you for it, since your Accident compels you to it. No, Sir, replied I, I intreat you would permit me to retire: None can be more sensible of your Civility than I am; but I can't abuse it. I don't live far from hence; and since I find myself much better, I beg it as a Favour that you will permit me to go. But, Miss, said *Valentine*, what can be the Motive of your Reluctance for staying in so natural, so innocent a Conjunction as this? As for Reluctance, I assure you, Sir, I have none, said I, but it will be fitter for me to be at Home, since a Coach may be had. What! so soon cried he, with a Look full of the most tender Softness. It must be so, replied I, casting down my Eyes with a melancholy Air, which he seemed to understand; for he took my Hand again, with an Air of such undissembled Tenderness, and with such a quick and rapid Transport, that if he had said a thousand Times, *I love you*, he could not have expressed it more intelligibly. It was impossible I should be mistaken. I saw a Lover before me, who shewed himself without Disguise, so that with all my Artifice I could not seem to evade the Evidence of his Passion. He, full of Suspense, waited to see how I received this silent Declaration, and his Looks shewed that he had not much Reason to be dissatisfied. I remained silent and confused, which was a Proof that I was charmed too; for when a Man is indifferent or disagreeable to us, we acquit ourselves more gracefully, and are never put into this Disorder; we know in every Respect how to behave, but it is only Love that softens our Souls, and throws us into this Confusion.

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I was intreating *Valentine* to let me go, with a grave and confused Look; indeed, Sir, you surprize me, said I, you see yourself it is not without the greatest Reason I resolve to retire, and that it is absolutely necessary I should do so. You shall, Miss; you shall go immediately, answered he, I am going to give Orders, that you may, since it is painful for you to continue here; and I am afraid I am become quite disagreeable to you, by a sudden Emotion which I could not help; for I own I love you, and could spend all the Time we should be together, nay, my whole Life, in making you sensible of it. What he had just said, required an Answer, but Joy naturally renders us silent, and this Sensation possessed my whole Soul. I thought my present Situation of Mind not proper to be discovered, and being so little unacquainted with the Art of Dissembling, continued speechless with my Eyes cast down. Why don't you answer, said *Valentine*? won't you favour me with one Word, Miss? sure you do not intend to leave me in this Dilemma? Has the trifling Liberty I have just taken made me so odious to you, that all the Actions of my future Life are incapable of making Reparation?

In the Midst of this tender Pleading, he again took me by the Hand, and with all the Warmth of the most passionate Lover, kissed it every Moment, always begging Pardon for his Presumption.

Will you then give me no Answer, said *Valentine*, must I have the cruel Mortification to think you hate me? To which I answered with a Sigh, No, Sir, I don't hate you: I have no Reason to hate you; for you have never given me the least Provocation. Why don't you answer me then, returned he warmly? I have told you already I love you, I entreat you tell me frankly, whether this Declaration is agreeable to you or not. Though I dread to ask; though

though the Happiness of my Life depends upon your Answer, I intreat you put me out of this cruel, this insupportable Suspense. What would you have me say, Sir, said I, I am as innocent as young, and scarcely know what Love is; and every Person disguises his Heart under that tender Name. While the Virtuous do Honour to this soft Passion, the Vicious make it a Cloak for every Villainy; the blackest Crimes, and the most complicate Guilt, ruined Innocence and bleeding Honour, and all the blackest Scenes that even Hatred and Malice could invent, are hid under this sacred Name, LOVE. But pardon me, Sir, I believe you are incapable of Deceit; at least my Heart persuades me to think so. This, however, I must acknowledge, that I am extremely obliged to you; and though it is probable it will never be in my Power to return the Obligation, I shall never forget the Service you have been to me in so great an Emergency as this was to me. You will never forget it, cried he briskly, but how must I know, Miss, you will remember me, if this is the last Time I shall see you. I beg you will not let me lose you for ever. If it be true you have no Aversion to me, don't make me miserable, by tearing from me the better Half of my Soul. If we part now, perhaps I may never see you more. It was To-day a mere Chance that brought you to me: But how shall I be again blessed if you will not let me know where you live. I own it will be in vain, Sir, said I, with a Freedom and Look that seemed to pity us both. Well, Miss, continued he, putting my Hand to his Mouth (for that was now become a Trifle) let me know who are your Parents, or Guardians, tell me what I must do to make myself agreeable to them; I earnestly beg you will not deny me this Consolation before you go.

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He scarce had finished Speaking, when a Footman came in, order the Horses to be put to the Coach, said he, to carry this Lady Home. Madam, said he, as soon as the Servant was gone, I intend to wait upon you Home myself, attended with my House-keeper. I fancy this Precaution is more than necessary on my Part, after what has happened; this I am bound to out of Civility. It is a sudden Thought I have happily fixed upon, which I hope will be agreeable to you. O Sir, cried I, what do you propose to me? to be conducted Home by you! No, Sir, I can't be guilty of such Imprudence. You don't think what People would make of this inconsiderate Action: The World is very Censorious; it takes a Pride in tarnishing our brightest Virtues by foul Imputations; how careful should we be then of giving the least Room for this ill-natur'd unfriendly Vice to triumph and display its barbarous Eloquence. 'Tho' I have too good an Opinion of you, Sir, to be at all afraid of trusting myself with you, yet, on this Account, I must beg to be excused. I had rather, Sir, attempt to go Home on Foot, and limp thither as well as I can, than accept your Offer.

This Discourse would not admit of a Reply, though it seemed to touch him very sensibly. You shall go, Miss, said he, in his turn, rising up hastily, with a Countenance that expressed the sharpest Grief and Despair. You must be obeyed. You are resolved never to see me more; never to let me know where you may be found: What vain Pretences, what unaccountable Fears do you make use of? No, my dear Insensible, there is not the least Appearance that this can be the Motive of your Refusal. You can't have such a groundless Scruple. You are hurt by a Fall at my Door: I am there myself, and, with a Crowd of Spectators,
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am a Witness of your Misfortune: I order you to be brought into my House in order to send you Home. Nothing could happen more simple and natural; nothing more innocent, than that finding you in these Circumstances, I should carry you Home to your Friends, and take this Occasion of making myself known to them; but you are against it. Doubtless you have Reasons for it. I am either disagreeable to you, or else you are pre-engaged.

Upon this, without giving me Time to reply, vex'd at the silent Melancholy, which I still preserved, he stept hastily to the Parlour Door, and called very loud to one of his Servants, who came in soon after; *Jonathan*, cried he, call a Chair, and if one can't be got, a Coach; the Lady won't accept of mine. Then returning to me, he satisfied, Miss, you shall have your Wishes; you have nothing more to fear from me, for both you and your Parents shall be eternally unknown to me, unless you tell me your Name, and this I have not the least Reason to expect.

To what an Extremity was I reduced! rudely to leave *Valentine*, without Regard either to Gratitude or good Breeding; to banish myself from him, as from one with whom I intended to break off all future Acquaintance; to leave for ever the Man that loved me, and had behaved so very handsome to me in my Want of Assistance! whom I should for ever regret the Loss of, and him too who had taught me to feel I had a Heart, (for we only know we have one when we begin to love.)

Beauty in Distress finds an easy Passage to the Soul, the innocent Sufferer naturally raises Compassion in every generous Mind; but where Love has taken Possession, it adds an additional Charm

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to every Grace, melts every Passion into Tenderness, and every Thought into Love.

The generous *Valentine*, quite disconsolate at the Thought of my leaving him without any Hope of seeing me again, was ready to give Vent to his Despair; but my Tears soon gave a Turn to his Passion, and my Grief in a Moment made him forget his own. Bless me! Madam, what means these Tears, cried he, throwing himself at my Feet, with an Air of Surprise; Why, my dear Charmer, do you weep? Sure I have not been so unfortunate as to offend you? if I have, it is without any Design: Pray speak, and deliver me from this cruel Perplexity: What! silent still, answered he, kissing my Hand, tell me, oh! tell me what disturbs you: Can you hesitate a Moment whether you shall open your Heart to him, who has given you his own; to him who swears to be for ever your's; to him who loves you more than Life; in a Word, who loves you as you deserve to be lov'd. Sure, my Dear, I have a Right to a little of your Confidence; for it is impossible I can see your Tears without impatiently longing to remove your Uneasiness: And would it be just to give me so great a Concern, without putting it in my Power to ease myself of Part of my Anxieties by removing of your's?

If you would know me, cried I ingenuously, Sir, you must send to Mrs. *Thompson's*. To Mrs. *Thompson's*, said *Valentine*, the Linnen-Draper? I suppose, Miss, she is to inform your Parents, who I suppose deals with her for Linnen, where you are. Pray who must the Man say he comes from? At this Question I was again confounded for an Answer: *Valentine's* want of Penetration gave me the greatest Confusion; for I had filily imagined, that the bare naming Mrs. *Thompson* would have informed him that I lived there; and here would have been an End of every mortifying

tifying Question. I made no Answer, but my Silence had such a remarkable Air of Confusion in it, that at last *Valentine* found out what I had not the Courage to tell him.

What, Miss, said he, do you lodge at Mrs. *Thompson's*? Yes, Sir, said I, with a Tone of Humility; I was not born to this State, but the greatest Misfortunes have reduced me to it. Pray, my Dear, returned he, dry up those Tears, presenting me his Hand, with an Air that had something in it so honest and respectful, that it was a Kind of Reparation of the Uneasiness I had just endured.

My Misfortunes, upon which we were entering, would have been the Subject of a long Conversation, if we had not been interrupted by a Noise at the Parlour-Door, where a Lady appeared leaning upon Mr. *Chambers*, (Uncle to *Valentine*) who immediately fixed his Eyes upon the poor *Indiana*, half reclined upon a Couch, her Eyes wet with Tears, and in Conversation with a young Man, whose humble Posture declared the Subject was Love; and that he was saying to me, *Madam, I adore you*; for he was kneeling at my Feet: But what was still more unlucky, was, that at this Moment his Head reclined upon one of my Hands, which it might be thought he was kissing. *Valentine* in rising up, with a low but surpriz'd Voice, cried, O Lord! here is my Uncle.

I could not help blushing at the Sight of Mr. *Chambers*, but his Relation to *Valentine* increased my Confusion. The Looks which I cast at him, shewed a Consciousness of having listened with Pleasure to the Discourse of *Valentine*; for I had the Air of an Accomplice visibly in my Countenance. We were, in Fact, three most fantastic Figures. The Lady, who entered with Mr. *Chambers*,

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bers, did not seem to take Notice of our Disorder; for my Youth and Beauty, and the Posture of *Valentine* took up her whole Attention. She opened the Conversation with an agreeable Air of Gaiety; I can't blame you, Sir, said she to *Valentine*, you are in good Company, but I believe it is a little dangerous; I don't think your Heart is safe. He answer'd with a Smile, for want of having something to say. Mr. *Chambers* smiled too, and his pretended Piety forbade his discovering the least Degree of either Jealousy, or Love; but they appeared in spite of all his Endeavours to hide them; and seemed entirely undetermined what Part he ought to take in the Adventure, whether he should know me or not.

On the other Hand, I being equally at a Loss how to behave to him, I observed his Conduct towards me, that I might conform myself to it; but as his simpering Air could give me no Light to his Intentions, my Manner of saluting him was not more decisive, and left him in as great an Uncertainty as his Countenance had done me.

Valentine observed this equivocal, unintelligible Behaviour; for he afterwards told me that he was struck with it. He had for some Time suspected his Uncle was not that religious Person, that he was willing to appear. He had learnt from his Conduct to question his Religion, and to suspect his Appearance of Piety, to be all a Farce, and put on only to hide the Immorality of his secret Vices:

I forgot to tell the Reader that I seemed as if going to rise, in order to pay my Respects to them more decently. No, Miss, said *Valentine*, pray keep your Place; this Lady, I am sure, won't allow it, when she knows what a Misfortune you had in hurting your Foot; and as for that Gentleman, turning to his Uncle, I believe he will dispense with it, because you seem to know each other.

I think,

I think I have not that Honour, said Mr. *Chambers* immediately, with a Colour which seemed to revenge his Breach of Truth in spite of his Assurance; Pray, Miss, have you seen me any where, continued he, with a Look which begged me to be secret? I don't know, returned I; but; I think your Face is not quite unknown to me. I believe I have seen you, Sir, somewhere. Very likely, replied he; but what is the Matter, has the Lady had a Fall?

To this Question *Valentine* made no Answer: His Inquietude so took up his Thoughts that he did not seem to hear him. Yes, Sir, said I, I had a Fall just by as I was coming from Church, and was brought in here because I was unable to walk Home.

But, said the Lady, you ought to have some Help if you got a Strain, it may be of ill Consequence. Are you alone, Miss? have you no Body with you? Neither your Footman nor your Woman? No, Madam, said I, ashamed of the Honour she did me, for which I reproached my Dress as the Cause; I don't live far from hence: Well, added she, we will conduct you Home after Dinner.

What, said I to myself, Sure the whole World is in League to mortify my Pride; must every Body be for carrying me Home, for no other Reason but because I have no Home but what I am ashamed of.

Mr. *Chambers* and I were at a Loss how to escape the Danger into which this Lady's Civility had cast us, in offering to wait upon me Home. He turned pale, and I remained silent, while his Eyes said, draw me out of this perplexed Affair; mine said, draw us out yourself: And our Silence began to grow remarkable, when a Servant came

to tell *Valentine*, that the Coach, which he had sent for, was at the Door.

This saved us: But the old Gentleman began to be so confident, that he was even bold enough to abuse the Security we were in, and carried his Assurance so far as to say, We don't want the Coach now, you may send it back: No, Sir, answered I, I won't give you so much Trouble, since the Coach waits for me; and if you, Sir, continued I, turning to *Valentine*, will call some Body to help me in, I shall be at Home immediately. I believe these Gentlemen, said the Lady with an Air of Gaiety, will be proud of that Honour; there is one, pointing to *Valentine*, who will not regret the Trouble: Is it not true? said she, looking at him with a Smile; but as we are going too, continued she, I must tell you what brought us hither; have you any News of Madam *Valentine*? (this was the young Gentleman's Mother,) what is she leaving the Country? shall we see her before the Holidays? I expect her here, Madam, this Week, said *Valentine*.

Notwithstanding the Coldness I had observed in *Valentine*, after having answered the Lady's Questions, he came to help me up, and supported me with his Arm; but as he saw Mr. *Chambers* coming to us, he prevented him, by saying, No, Sir, don't attempt to carry this Lady; you are not strong enough; for I question whether she can set her Foot to the Ground. It will be better to call some Body else. Upon this Mr. *Chambers* retired, for a guilty Conscience made him distrust his Assurance; on this *Valentine* rung a Bell, and two of his Servants came immediately. Come hither, said he, and carry this Lady to the Coach.

I had no need of this Ceremony, but I was so confused and disconcerted, that I let them lead me

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as they thought fit, and they judged me worse than I really was.

Mr. *Chambers* and the Lady followed me, and after them came *Valentine*, who, as we passed thro' the Court, I observed, by a side Glance I gave him, whisper to a Servant.

I was soon in the Coach, and the Lady, before she got into her's, insisted upon adjusting me herself, that I might sit easy and not hurt my Foot. I returned my Compliments for her obliging Civility, with an Air of Confusion; but what I said to *Valentine* was with a worse Grace still, and which he only answered by a low Bow, accompanied with a Look that said many Things, which I perfectly understood.

At last I parted, with my Thoughts in a strange kind of Suspense, without either Joy or Grief, Pain or Pleasure. What will all this come to, was all I could say in this Astonishment, which left me unable to exercise any of the Faculties of my Mind.

It was in this Situation I arrived at Mrs. *Thompson's*: I found her sitting at her Shop-Door impatiently waiting for my coming Home, because Dinner was almost ready.

So, *Indiana*, cried she, I wonder how you could stay so long? I did not expect you'd have come Home in a Coach; What, was the Way from Church too far, or too dirty for you? No, Madam, said I, but it was impossible for me to walk, for I have had a Fall and have hurt my Foot; be so good as to help me into the House.

While I was speaking, the Coachman opened the Coach Door; Come, Madam, said he, I'll carry you; I was very fearful that he would hurt me, but he took me in his Arms, carried me into the Shop and set me in a Chair.

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I was no sooner seated, than casting my Eyes cross the Street, I saw at some Distance one of *Valentine's* Footmen, who seemed to have been running to keep the Coach in Sight, and this probably was the Result of his whispering to him as we went out.

The Sight of this Domestic, placed as a Spy upon me, revived all my Sensibility; I blushed to find him a Witness of the Meanness of my Condition; I knew, that as he had seen me treated by his Master like a Lady of Quality, he must be in the greatest Surprize to find me carried into a Shop, and to discover that I was a Servant there. It is true it was only a Footman, but Pride will not suffer us to sink in the Esteem of even the lowest without Pain.

As soon as I was seated, I took my Money out of my Pocket to pay the Coachman; but Mrs. *Thompson*, like a Woman of Experience, said, let it alone, I'll pay the Man myself: Where did you take Coach? Near the Church, said I; Oh that is but just by, returned she; here, hold your Hand, honest Man, there is your Fare. That my Fare! no, Mistress, said the Coachman, returning her the Money; I'll not take it. Here take your Money and be easy; we have known what a Coach-Fare was before To-day. Well, and you may know what it is To-morrow, for what I care; what does all that arguify? give me my Fare, I desire no more, and don't make any Words about it. Can't you mind your own Business? Is it you that I carried? did I ask you for any Thing? Nay! the Duce take the Woman and her Money too! She thinks she is haggling for a Bunch of Carrots. I'll assure you, cried she; I think, Fellow, you grow very impertinent. Must not my Horses live? How damn'd ugly it looks to be itingy.

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Bad Examples are catching, and Mrs. *Thompson*, who had hitherto kept pretty well within the Bounds of that Air of Dignity she had just assumed, could hold out no longer; this last Insult of the Coachman's made her lose all Patience; and she instantly abandoned the Part of a fine Lady, which could be no longer of Service to her, in order to let the Coachman see she was not many Degrees above him. She gave a Loose to her Temper, and fell into her usual Way of Squabbling, repeating all the common-place Raillery of a Shop-Gossip.

A great Mob was was gather'd about the Door, and both their Voices were so very loud and abusive, that to end the Dispute, I took some Money out of my Pocket, and paid the Coachman his Demand, who went away satisfied.

Here has been a fine Uproar indeed, said Mrs. *Thompson* to me, 'tis mighty pretty! The Villain was very lucky not to find *Turner* here: I'll assure you she would not have let you make Ducks and Drakes of your Money as you have done. Truly she is a better Manager than you; but then, poor Girl, she has nothing; but you, thank God, are rich, and have the best of Treasures, provided it does but last.

Oh! Madam, said I, with some Impatience, I know I am poor, but don't rally me upon it, I beseech you. 'Tis ungenerous to insult the Miserable, and betrays a Meanness of Spirit, that every good Person ought to be ashamed of. I am sensible of the Supplies I have had, and of my own Indigence; but I had rather renounce them all, and throw myself, friendless as I am, upon Providence for my Support, than to stay with you exposed to such unkind and grating Expressions. Pray what makes the Girl think I rally her now, said she? Is it because I said People made her
her

her Presents. Well, what if they do, where is the harm of that? They make you Presents, and you take them; you would be a Fool if you did not. Why, are Gifts to be refused? No, to be sure? But well meant, well taken. And when any Body has a Mind to give me any Thing, I shall take it, but I am afraid I shall not have such good Luck; I am sure, however, I meant no harm; but you are very touchy. Come, come, let's go to Dinner; it will soon be Time to go to Church: Upon which we went to Table; and while we were at Dinner, she said, What is the Matter, *Indiana*? What makes you so silent and dull? Does any Thing make you uneasy? Yes, Madam, said I, you have mortified me to the last Degree. What! do you think of that still, returned she? Lack-a-day, how childish you are! What is it that I have said to you? I don't remember any Thing of it: Do you think when Folks are in a Passion they mind every Word they say? Bless my Heart! when People live together, must they be so touchy, and be affronted at every Turn? 'Tis true, I said a Word about Mr. *Chambers*, but should you be uneasy because he takes Care of you, and buys you what you want? I'll lay a Wager, that because you have neither Father nor Mother, you thought I hinted at that: You are really very jealous, and as *Turner* says, are always watching People's Words; and so because you don't know who were your Parents, you persuade yourself that we have nothing else to think on. And so, as we were talking Yesterday, by Chance, with a Neighbour about a Child that had been dropped and found in an Alley, you was in the Parlour and over-heard us; and so, I suppose, thought we had been talking of you all the while? I saw it plainly by your Looks. And now you begin again To-day. But I wish I may never eat another Morfel as long

as I live, if I thought of either Father or Mother any more than if there were never such Persons in the verſal World. Besides, is not a Foundling like other Children? We don't chuſe our Station in this Life before we are born; but ſince God is the Father of the Fatherleſs, Charity is not quite dead. Now is not it a good Providence that has given you Mr. *Chambers*? It is true, his Deſigns are not over good; but no Matter, God has the Care of every Thing: But if the Man's good for nothing, his Money is good; ay, that it is, and better than a good Chriſtian's, who would not give half ſo much. Come, come, Child, I would only make you a good Manager, not that I would have you ſtinty.

While ſhe was in this Part of her Leſſon, ſome Body knocked at the Door. Who is there, cried ſhe? I believe, ſaid I, it is Mr. *Chambers*. Do you think ſo, ſaid ſhe? on which ſhe ſtarted up, and went up and opened the Door.

Dear Sir, cried ſhe, I aſk your Pardon. I ſhould have made more Haſte, if I thought it had been you.

How does your Foot do, Miſs, ſaid Mr. *Chambers*, to me? Pretty well, Sir, ſaid I, I feel hardly any Pain; it is weak indeed, but I hope To-morrow it will be perfectly well. Have you done Dinner, ſaid he? Oh, Sir, yes, replied Mrs. *Thompson*. Have you any Thing to ſay to *Indiana*, Sir? Yes, ſaid he, I want to ſpeak to her in private. Be ſo kind then to walk into the Parlour, Sir, and as *Indiana* and you will be engaged, I'll flip on my Hood and go to Church; Sir, you'll excuſe my going. If any Body, *Indiana*, aſks for me, tell them I ſhall not be long: Do you hear Child. Sir, your humble Servant.

What an everlaſting Talker is Mrs. *Thompson*, ſaid he. Yes, answered I, ſhe loves too well to
hear

hear herself speak; and besides, she, perhaps, can't imagine, that you could have any Thing to say to me, that you would scruple to say before her. What think you of our Meeting at my Nephew's? resumed he sighing. Nothing, said I, but that it was an Accident. You acted very prudently, to pretend not to know me, said he. It was because you seemed to wish I should do so, answered I. But, Sir, why are you glad I did not call you by your Name; and what was the Reason why you pretended you had never seen me before? I always thought a Person of your Character was never afraid of having his Actions examined, and that conscious of his own Merit, he scorned to do any Thing in private, that he was ashamed to do in the Face of all the World.

Why, said he, with an insinuating Air, it is much more proper, both upon your Account and mine, that they should be ignorant of the Engagements that are between us, which will not be soon over; and we should be very much to blame to give them an Opportunity of criticising upon it; for, my dear Child, thou art so very charming, that they could not help thinking I loved thee. Pish! Sir, they could never think of any such Thing, returned I, they know you are a Man of unblemished Honesty. Yes, yes, said he, they know it, and have Reason to think so; but *Indiana*, one is not less honest for loving a pretty Girl. When I said honest, returned I, I meant a good, pious, and religious Man; one who is above being a Slave to Vice, and has learnt to set Bounds to his Passions: In a Word, one who delights in doing Good; who reveres himself, and loves his God. This, Sir, I have been told is the Picture of every good Man, at least, it is a Height of Virtue that he ardently aspires after; but how is this consistent with a vicious——

Hold,

Hold, my Dear, interrupted he, you don't take me for a Saint I hope? I would not have you view me in this Light: You do me too much Honour; indeed I don't deserve it; however, it would be very difficult for a Saint to continue so with you. I have never a Wife to whom I owe my Affections: I have not been able to resist the powerful Force of so many Charms; but we will talk of this by and by. Let us return to your Accident. You fell down, and was carried to my Nephew's, who is a giddy young Fellow, and, no Doubt, was entertaining you with all the fine Things he could say, when the Lady and I entered, but there is nothing surprizing in that; he found you divinely charming, and beautiful as an Angel; in short, what every Body else must think of you: But as I am certainly the best Friend you have in the World, tell me, my Dearest, did not you delight to hear him? methought you seemed to listen with an Air of Satisfaction.

Sir, answered I, vexed and confused, I heard him, because I was with him: I could not possibly do otherwise; but he said nothing to me but what was consistent with the most perfect Virtue.

Perfect Virtue! cried he, repeating my Words, Take Care, *Indiana*, this may proceed from some Prejudice in his Favour. Alas! how much I should pity you, if, in your present Situation, you should be tempted to listen to his delusive Arts, and be cajoled into your Ruin! How irreparable would be the Loss! and what would become of you, do you think? But, tell me, did he ask you where you lived?

Yes, Sir, I believe he did, answered I, blushing. And you, not knowing the Consequence, have, without Doubt, told him, added he: To what Purpose would it have been to have concealed it from him, returned I, since I could not get into a

Hackney-Coach, without giving Orders where to drive me.

I shudder at the Thoughts of this unhappy Event, which may be attended with the most fatal Consequences, if your Prudence don't prevent them: Alas! what a Pity it is, that thus possess'd of all the various Charms and Graces that adorn your whole Sex, you should become the Prey of a young Fellow, who does not love you; for do these thoughtless Fools know what it is to love? Have they a Heart? Have they any solid Sentiments? Have they Honour, or a Character, to support? No, no, his highest Ambition is to gratify his vicious Desires, and then to abandon you to Despair and Misery. This is what you are to expect from him. He will at first amuse you by a passionate Behaviour, and a few trifling Presents: He will make the most tender Protestations, which you will too easily believe; he will delude you by an Appearance of the most ardent Affection; he will be incessantly praising your Face, and by pretending to adore you, insinuate himself into your Affections; in short, he will propose some little Assignations, which you will at first refuse him, but at last consent to, and then you will find, that as soon as you have resign'd up to him the Possession of your Heart, Inconstancy and Disgust will succeed, and he will boast of having made a Conquest of your Virtue, and despise the Sacrifice. This is the natural Behaviour of a young Man; and thus you will infallibly find it, if you listen to my Nephew's pretended Passion. You know, *Indiana*, you are an Orphan, unknown to all the World, related to no Person upon Earth; you know none that will share in your Affliction and sigh with you in your Misery: Without Parents, without Fortune, without Friend, me only excepted, whom you have only known by Chance;

I am

I am the only Person that interests himself in your Affairs, and am indeed tenderly attached to you, as you see by my Manner of speaking to you, and will have infinitely more Reason to think so by my future Actions; for I am rich, and am able, on that Account, to support you in a Manner proportionable to my Affection, provided you know your true Interest, and I have Reason to approve your Conduct; for you are not in a Situation to be scrupulously nice in this Particular. Hold! interrupted I, I am at a Loss to comprehend what you mean. In what must not I be scrupulously nice? Is it not Morality all that is good, all that is amiable, truly noble and great in Man; all that makes the Deity lovely, adorable, and worthy our highest Regards: I am sure I always thought Morality the brightest Attribute of the Divinity. Pish, don't preach, resumed he, pray observe I speak to you as a Man that knows the World, who knows you must live, and that Necessity is a terrible Thing; though I may appear to you as an Enemy to what you call Love, I confess I am not so to all Kinds of Engagements. I don't say you must fly from them entirely, they may be useful and reasonable, as well as ruinous and fatal; as that must be which you might have for my Nephew, since it could have no other End but to deprive you of the Benefit of all the Advantages you are possessed of, which is the being amiable. You would perhaps find some Satisfaction in loving a giddy young Rake with Tenderness, but it would be a Pleasure big with Unhappiness, since the foolish Debauchee, would not love you in Return, and from the first Day would leave you in a Misery, from which you would find it extremely difficult to extricate yourself. Misery indeed! I cannot soften the Expression, since it is my Business to open your Eyes and not to dry

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up your Tears. This Subject, my dear *Indiana*, has employ'd my Thoughts ever since I left you, and has made me so soon leave the Company where I dined.

Yes, Sir, answered I, with my Breast filled with Confusion at the dreadful Picture he had drawn of my Condition, as well as Detestation of that selfish Motive, that had induced him to use me thus, I shall always think it my Duty to follow the Advice of so pious a Man as you.

Let my Piety alone, replied he, approaching me with a free Air, to take hold of my Hand; I throw Religion aside. I am not preaching to you, my Dear; I would only appear to you as a Man of Sense, who knows you have nothing, and must be provided with all the Necessaries of Life, unless you are determined to go to Service; and this you seem to have an Aversion to, and which indeed is not at all fit for you. No, answered I, I hope I shall never be obliged to come to that Extremity.

This would be a sad Resource, cried he, I can't even think of it without feeling a sensible Uneasiness, for I love you, my Dear, most tenderly.

I am persuaded you do, Sir, and I depend upon your Friendship, and Virtue, which you profess, returned I, in order to deter him from explaining himself more clearly; but it was to no Purpose: Ah, *Indiana*, said, he, I profess nothing but Weakness, and perhaps even more weak than any other Person. You know very well what I mean by Friendship, but you are a little malicious Creature, and are willing to divert yourself by pretending not to understand me. You know I love you, and have for some Time been sensible of it. It is not Friendship that you have inspired; at first I thought it was only that, but I was deceived; it was the most tender Love. Do you understand

understand me now? My Love will never change, and you shall have no longer Room to complain of your adverse Fortune; for there is no Friend comparable to such a Lover as I am.

You my Lover! cried I aloud, with my Eyes cast down, you, Sir! I could not have thought it:

No, nor I neither, replied he, I was surprized, my Dear, to find I lost my Heart. I was born with a Heart sensible of the Misfortunes of others; and in rendering you my Assistance, I only thought of being generous, of indulging my Compassion, or Piety, if you please, since you are willing to see in it that Light. I looked on your Distress with a Heart of a Friend, till your Charms melted the Mind that your Misfortunes had rendered soft and too susceptible of tender Impressions. I still preserve the strongest and most ardent Desires of doing you all that Friendship could inspire; and while I felt the growing Passion swell my Heart, I called it by a Name less soft, and less liable to alarm me. Thus I have deceived myself, and have been punished as my Presumption deserved, and, therefore, don't pretend to excuse myself. I own, I am very much to blame: I ought to have secured myself against this Weakness; and I should have been less guilty had I feared you; had I fled from you, and deserted you in this miserable Distress; but on the other Hand, if I had been so prudent, what would have become of you, *Indiana*; to what frightful Extremities wouldst thou have been reduced! See how my Weakness, or my Love, call it as you please, came seasonably to your Relief. Don't you think there is a Providence in it, which has permitted me to love, and you to be extricated from your embarrassed and dreadful Circumstances at my Expence? For if I had taken Care of myself you would have had no Provision, no Retreat to fly to; and this Reflec-

tion consoles me, because it justifies to myself the Impetuosity of my Passion, and makes it necessary, though at the same Time it humbles me. I have only mentioned the Distraction you would be in by my Nephew, or any other young Man's abandoning you, without saying any Thing of the Reproach which will follow. There are few Men, especially young ones, who mind such a Girl as you; when they come to leave her, they boast and glory in the Success of their Amours, and with an impudent Mockery point out the poor deserted Woman to their Companions, who creeps along oppress'd, and almost sunk down with Misery, and cry with an insolent Look, *There she goes*. Oh! my dear Charmer, judge what an Adventure this would be to you, who is the most lovely Person of your Sex, and would, therefore, be the most dishonour'd and disgraced by it; but you would run no Hazard with me; you know my Character, and are sensible that your Reputation would be secure under my Protection. I shall not be desirous that other People should know that I love you; nor that you return my Affection; it is in private that I shall relieve you, and without Noise secure to you a Fortune that may for ever free you from the Necessity of depending upon others, who have not such generous Sentiments. Persons, whether of better or inferior Circumstances, are generally covetous: They are amorous without Tenderness, and would only allow you a small Supply, so that the same Necessity would always oblige you to suffer their pretended Love.

I could not hear this Discourse without being seized with the most piercing Grief; I found myself worthy of the greatest Compassion, in being obliged to hear his shocking Insolence, and bursting into a Flood of Tears, I cried out, *Good God! to what Extremity am I reduced.*

He

He was sensible that this Exclamation proceeded from the Fear with which he had filled my Mind. Softly, said he, with a whining Tone, and taking hold of my Hand; hush, my dear lovely Girl, take Courage; since you have been so happy as to please me, you are out of all the Danger I have mentioned: It is true, without me you could not avoid it; for I must not flatter you, you are not born to be a Linnen-Draper, no, this will never support you; and supposing you had made yourself a Mistress of the Trade, how would you raise Money to set up; you must be for ever a Shop-Maid without having the least Hopes of improving your Circumstances. Amiable as you are, you still want many of the Necessaries and Conveniences of Life; but how will you obtain them, unless these Persons, just mentioned, should help you, and if you receive their Assistance how unhappy will your Situation be.

Oh! Sir, said I, with a deep Sigh, do not speak to me any more on that Subject; have some Consideration for my Youth: You know that I am but just out of the Hands of a Lady of Vertue, whom I am resolved it shall be my Study to imitate: I have received an Education that make such Discourses quite unintelligible to me; and I am surprized to see a Man of your Appearance capable of using me in this Manner, for no other Reason but because I am under some Obligations to you.

No, my Child, said he, squeezing my Hand, you are not; compose yourself; notwithstanding what I have said, I am not willing to give you the least Degree of Fear, but to shew you of what Consequence it is that we should get acquainted with one another, and that I should have taken, without my perceiving it, the most tender Inclination, which attaches me to you, and makes

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our Interests inseparable. It is an Inclination that humbles me, but which I cheerfully submit to, because it is the Effect of an Event every Way surprizing, and the End of your Misfortunes depends on this Affection. I should have behaved as a generous good Man ought on such Occasions, but that would not have been sufficient; your Wants required that I should do something more; they required I should love you, and most passionately too. I find I cannot overcome it, but I am forced to yield, and that it is my Duty to atone for my Weakness, and expiate my Guilt, by removing all the Inconveniences of your present Condition. This is what I have resolved upon, my Dear, and I hope you will not oppose it; for I flatter myself you do not know how to be ungrateful. I confess there is a good deal of Difference between your Age and mine, but in Fact, I am only old by Comparison, that is, because you are very young; for with any other Woman I should be thought pretty tolerable, said he, with a Tone of a Person sensible of his good Constitution: But, let us see, we ought to take our Measures, and fix upon something before Mrs. *Thompson* comes from Church, I believe you think no more of being a Linnen-Draper. On the other Hand there is *Valentine*, a rakish young Fellow, you have told him where you live, and he will infallibly seek an Opportunity to see you again; we ought then to escape his Pursuit, which we shall not be long able to conceal if you stay with this Woman; so the only Method we can take is to remove To-morrow to the other End of the Town, which will not be at all difficult. I know an honest Solicitor, who has the Management of my Affairs, whose Wife is a Woman of Sense, and they keep a very pleasant little House, and have an Apartment to let, which I intend to bespeak

bespeak for you this Night; you will be agreeably situated, and extremely well used on my Account. These People will be pleased to have you there, and think themselves highly honoured, because you will appear genteel, and in such a Manner as to gain Respect. You shall go there under the Character one of my Relations, who has neither Father nor Mother, whom I have brought out of the Country, in order to take Care of; this, joined to a handsome Sum I shall pay for your Board, the Stock of rich Cloaths, and the noble Furniture you will have in two Days; together with the Masters I shall provide for you, such as a Dancing, Singing, and Music Master, and what others you please; to which I may add the Manner I shall behave towards you, when I pay you a Visit; all these, will effectually secure their Esteem, and render you Mistress over them. You must make haste, *Indiana*, and in order to prepare Mrs. *Thompson* for your Departure, tell her To-night, that you find yourself unfit for her Business, and that you will go into a Convent To-morrow Morning: Upon which I will send the Man's Wife, we have been speaking of, who shall take you in a Coach to her House, where you will find me. I hope you will agree to this? And to give you a Demonstration of the perfect Sincerity of my Intentions, you will not be displeased, if, till something better can be thought on, I bring you a small Settlement of forty or fifty Livres a Year. Speak, now my dear lovely Girl, won't you be ready To-morrow? Shall they come for you? Yes, yes, you consent, don't you?

At first I could make no Answer, such an open Indignity confounded me, filled me with Amazement, and took from me the Use of Speech, and I remained without Motion, with my Eyes cast down and beathed in Tears.

What

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What makes you so thoughtful, my dear *Indiana*? continued he, the Time presses us to make Haste: Mrs. *Thompson* will be here presently. Is it agreed? Shall I speak To-night to my Solicitor?

At these Words coming to myself, Oh! Sir, cried I, you are not then known: The Priest who brought me to you was deceived; he told me you was a Man so perfectly honest —

Here my Tears and Sighs choaked my Words, and prevented my saying any more. Lord! my dear Child! returned he, what false Ideas you conceive of Things! Alas! if he himself was sensible of the Violence of my Passion, he would not express any Surprise, nor would he esteem my Character less. He would tell you, that these are involuntary Effects, which may happen to the best of Men: He would tell you, that, all Goodness as he is, he durst not swear to preserve himself free, and that there is no Fault to pardonable, as a Sensibility like mine. Don't believe my Heart less true, less worthy of your Confidence, because it is tender. This does not prejudice my Integrity, as I said before, it is a Weakness, but not a Crime, to which the best Hearts are the most subject, as your own Experience must have informed you. This Priest, you say, presented you to a virtuous Man, this I have been hitherto; this I am still; and if I was less so, I should not love you perhaps at all. It is your Misfortunes and my Virtues that have united their Forces, and inspired me with my present Resolutions; for it is to be generous, and to indulge my Pity for you, that I suffer myself to love; to love you who reproach me for it: You, whom others will love, but not like me: You, who would make them a Return, tho' your Fortune be a Loser, and you who repulse me, your only Friend, who am going to extricate you from all the distracting Cares, and all that Reproach
which

which threaten your Days; me whose Tenderneſs (and I may ſay it without Vanity) is a Preſent Chance has made you; and me whom Heaven, which diſpoſes of all Things to ſubſerve its wiſe Purpoſes, is making Uſe of to change your Condition.

He had no ſooner ſaid theſe Words, but Heaven, whom he preſumed to make an Accomplice in his Guilt, ſeemed to puniſh him by the ſudden Arrival of *Valentine*, who found my old Gallant in the ſame Poſture, in which, two or three Hours before, he had been ſurprized by Mr. *Chambers*, with my Hand in his, which he was kiſſing, and which I endeavoured to ſnatch from him.

I was the firſt who perceived *Valentine*, when my Geſture of Surprize and Aſtoniſhment made Mr. *Chambers* turn his Head and ſee him too.

Never did confounded and abaſhed Hypocrite make leſs Myſtery of his Shame, or more plainly diſcover his Guilt; none could have behaved with a worſe Grace under the Weight of his Iniquity, or confeſs more frankly his own Baſeneſs. But the beſt Deſcription in the World would fall very ſhort of the Original.

For my Part, having nothing to reproach myſelf with, I appeared more ſurprized than confuſed at this Event, and was going to ſpeak, when *Valentine*, who at firſt caſt a Look full of Diſdain at me, and then coolly contemplated his Uncle's Diſorder, ſaid, with an Air of Tranquillity and Contempt, *This is mighty pretty, Madam! Your Servant, Sir; I beg Pardon for my Intruſion*; and then left us, giving another Glance at me, more contemptuous than the former, when Mr. *Chambers* roſe up.

What do you mean, Sir; what is very pretty, cry'd I, riſing with Precipitation: Stop, Sir, ſtop; you are miſtaken ——— you wrong me ———

you

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you don't do me Justice. Run after him, Sir, said I to his Uncle, whose Heart seemed still to be in a violent Motion; run, Sir, would you have me made a Victim to his Scorn? What will he think of me? What will he take me for? Lord, how unhappy I am?

This I said with Tears in my Eyes, and so distracted was my Thoughts, that I was going myself to call *Valentine* back: But his Uncle stopped me: What are you going to do? cried he. Stay, Miss, don't disturb yourself; I know what Turn to give this Affair: Besides, what need you care what such a Fool thinks of you, since you may, if you please, never see him more.

How! What need I care! replied I, in a Rage, not care! don't he know Mrs. *Thompson*; and and won't he freely tell her his Thoughts? Have not I had a Conversation with him for above an Hour? And won't he know me again whenever he sees me? May he not meet me every Day; perhaps To-morrow: Will he not despise me? Will he not look upon me as a lost, abandoned, and unworthy Creature, purely on your Account? I have Reason to be afflicted, and in the utmost Grief that ever I knew you: It was the greatest Misfortune that could happen to me. Let me go, Sir, ——— I will, I am resolved: Speak to Mr. *Valentine* and let him know my Innocence: It is not just that you should secure your Reputation by the Loss of mine. Why do you counterfeit the pious Man if you are not so? It is hard that I must be made a Tool to support your Hypocrisies.

You little ungrateful Creature, replied he, is it thus you repay my Kindness? What do you mean by your Innocence? Where did you Dream that I ever thought of attacking it. On the contrary, you have heard me say, that though I had an Inclination

clination for you, I reproached myself and was sorry for it; that it filled me with Humility; that I looked upon it as a Fault, for which I was self-condemned, and which I was ready to atone for, by turning it entirely to your Advantage, without expecting any Thing from you in return but your grateful Acknowledgments; were not these my very Expressions; and is there any Thing in all this that ought to render me suspected of a Crime, which my very Soul abhors, and thus to blemish the Purity of my honest Intentions.

Well, Sir, said I, since these were your Designs, and you have still so much Virtue, if you are, indeed, the upright Man you profess to be, don't permit me to lose my Reputation through an Accident, which you alone was the Cause of. Lead me to your Nephew directly; undeceive him, and save your Honour as well as mine. You held my Hand fast in your's, and I believe, was even kissing it, in spite of my Endeavours to draw it back. You were at my Feet, and can you think he could take this for a Proof of your Piety and Compassion; will he not rather imagine you are my Lover and I your Mistress? You ought to speak to him, and let him know my Innocence, and prevent Scandal; then, Sir, you will find I shall have the most grateful Heart in the World, that no Body will respect you more; and if, after this, you will not abandon me, expect from me all that a modest and inflexible Virtue may innocently grant: Would you gain my Esteem and Reverence, and my most dutiful and affectionate Regard, delay not a Moment, but carry me immediately to *Valentine*, and say to him, you ought not, Nephew, to harbour an ill Opinion of this poor Girl; she is an Orphan, and on that Account I have taken her into my Care, and am resolved to fill up the Loss of her nearest Relations, by being myself a
Father

Father to her; and though I was willing to seem not to know her when with you, it was only to disguise so remarkable an Act of Charity; say but this, and let your Conduct shew you are in earnest, and I will go with you wherever you will. Do this, I say, and I will atone for all I have said by the most humble Submission possible: We have nothing to do but to stay till Mrs. Thompson returns Home before we go; but if you will not consent to it, I declare I will go by myself.

Get you gone, you little saucy Hussy. ——— I don't fear you. ——— Do your worst. ——— You are not able to throw an Odium upon my Character: But, do you hear, I advise you to take Care what you say, or I'll make you know what it is to affront me. I'll say no more: You shall know how much is sometimes lost for having dared to speak too free. Farewel, depend no more upon my Friendship, for I shall withdraw my Charity: There are other Persons in Distress more worthy of Pity, and to whom it is just I should give the Preference. You may keep the Cloaths, Linnen, and Money, in Remembrance of me, though indeed you don't deserve them.

No, Sir, said I, I won't keep any of them: You shall have them all again: And first, I begin with your Money, which I have happily about me; there it is, added I, throwing the Purse on the Table in a contemptuous Manner; now there only remains the Cloaths and Linnen, which I shall presently bundle up for you to take with you; and, as I have some of your Cloaths on, for which I have as great an Horror as I have for you, I only desire Time to go into my Chamber and undress me, and I shall be with you presently, and pray stay for them, or I will throw them out of the Window.

I insisted

I insisted upon going into my Room to pack up my Cloaths, but he held me fast and would not let me go; at last he stammered out, *Indiana*, are you Mad? Why all this Noise? — Hush, how foolish you make yourself. — Come, be quiet — take Care — hush, *Mrs. Thompson* will come presently.

On this she entered, Hey day! cried she, perceiving us in Disorder, what is the Matter now? I will tell you what is the Matter, said *Mr. Chambers*; it is nothing but a Misunderstanding of her's, that provoked me, for which I shall put a Stop to my Favours. I will pay you for the little Time she has been with you, but I shan't be answerable for the Time she shall stay after To-day.

What! said *Mrs. Thompson*, with an Air of Inquietude, won't you continue to pay for the poor Wretch's Board: How do you think I must keep her then?

Madam, pray don't make yourself uneasy about that, said I, I shall not be at your Expence; and God forbid I should ever more be at his; while I was speaking, he stole away, so I remained only with *Mrs. Thompson*, who was quite astonished, and holding up her Hands; What a Rout is here made indeed! cried she. You have made a fine Piece of Work on it, *Indiana*, have you not? No more Money; no more Provision; no more Maintenance; now are you satisfy'd? What a pity it is for a young Lady in your fine Dress to be turned out of Doors. What a foolish Wench you are.

Oh! let me alone, Madam, said I, you talk without knowing any Thing of the Matter. Not know any Thing of the Matter, said she, that is pretty indeed: Don't I know you have nothing in the World; is not that knowing enough of the Matter? What

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What does the Girl mean by her knowing? Where will you go now? — It is this makes me uneasy; for I speak purely out of Friendship for you, and nothing else: For were I in Circumstances to keep you, you would have no Occasion to mind the Lois of Mr. *Chambers*. Ods bobs, I would say, Come, come, my Girl, thou hast nothing, it is true, but I have more than I want, let him go if he will, never mind him; but, lack-a-day, what signifies Good-nature alone. The Times are hard, Provisions are very dear, Trade is bad, and one has enough to do to make both Ends meet; and it is not without Difficulty that we can do that.

Be easy, answered I, with a deep Sigh, I assure you, I will go To-morrow, let what will follow. I am not without Money, and will give you what you demand for the Expence I shall be to you till I leave your House.

But, Oh! *Indiana*, returned she, in a mild Tone, how happened this sad Quarrel? I instructed you how to manage him, but I am afraid you did not follow my Directions.

Don't mention him any more, said I to her, he is an unworthy Fellow. He would have me leave your House and lodge with one of his Acquaintance, who probably is no better than himself, and whose Wife was to have taken me away To-morrow Morning; so, Madam, if I had consented to every Thing he said, as you advised me, I should not have staid longer with you.

Hah! hah! cried she, was that his Intention? he wanted to take you from me to place you with some Scrubs, I suppose. Really that is mighty good! What a fusty old Fellow it is; what a Dotard, with his up-lifted Eyes and gloomy dismal Devotion: Would not one take him, at first Sight, to be only fit to be put in a Nitch for
some

some Saint; and yet I find he is as arrant a Sinner as the worst of us: Pray, what were his Reasons for desiring you to change your Lodging?

You must know, Madam, said I, that after my Fall, I was carried to Mr. *Valentine's*, and having told him where I lived, he fears he should come to see me here. Oh, there is the Story then at last, replied she, I see the Reason perfectly, and don't at all wonder at his acting thus: It is because he apprehends his Piety will not pass current with his Nephew, who doubtless would, one time or other, have taken Occasion to ask him what he intends to do with you. But, *Indiana*, continued she, has the young Gentleman been here? Yes, Madam, said I, he is but just gone, without entering into any Particulars; and it was after his Departure, that Mr. *Chambers* shewed his Resentment at my Refusal to accompany him To-morrow to the new Lodgings he had provided for me, at the other End of the City, and then reproach'd me as being guilty of the blackest Ingratitude for daring to refuse him, after having received so many Favours from him; for this Reason I am resolved to return all his Presents and never see him more.

You had ill Luck indeed, said she, to fall just by *Valentine's* House. Mercy on me! how came your Foot to slip? you should have taken Care how you walked, *Indiana*? See now what it is to be giddy: But how came you to tell him where you lived? for it was that only that brought him hither. I did not give much Attention to what she said, and answered her only out of Complaisance. In short, Child, said she, I do not know how to direct you; I see no Remedy, not I. Advise with yourself; for after what is past you must make your Choice and think of something, the sooner you come to a Resolution the better. I will have no

Buffle in my House, *Turner* and I both love Peace. It is none of your Fault, indeed, but no matter for that, People always put a bad Construction upon Things; every Body will pretend to be Judges, though they know nothing of the Matter. They all love to out with their Nonsense, and then comes the Tittle Tattle, Who is he? and who is she? and where? and how? and all that. You must needs think this cannot be very agreeable. Besides, we are not related to you; if you were but a Cousin, or ever so distant a Relation, it were another thing; but you are neither a-kin to us, nor any body else.

You afflict me sensibly, Madam, returned I briskly; have I not already told you, I will go To-morrow; would you then have me go To-day? it shall be just as you please.

No, Child, no, answered she, do not mistake me, I am not so unreasonable; and if you knew how much I pity you, I am sure you would not have any Reason to complain of me. No, you shall lie here, and sup with us To-night, if you'll take up with what we have in the House, I will not have any Thing for that; and if I can be of Service to you, through my Acquaintance, do not spare me; but I must give you one Piece of Advice, and that is, to sell the Gown your old Lover gave you, you cannot wear it with any Face now, since you are poor it is too good for you, and the Linnen so fine that it cannot fail to make People ask you where you had it; believe me, Beauty, Poverty and Finery don't look well together in one of your Age; I would advise you to keep only the Cloaths you had when you came here and sell the rest. No, Madam, said I, I will sell nothing, because I have resolved, and even promised to send all to Mr. *Chambers* again, the first Opportunity. To him! replied she, you are a Fool then, I would
see

see him hanged first; give them him! I would as soon give them to the Devil, he should not see a Rag of them any more: Was it not an Alms? and what is given this Way, you know, can never be recalled.

She would not very probably have stopped here, though all she could say would have been to no Purpose, if she had not been forced to it by an old Woman's coming in, who had some Business with her, and, as soon as she left me, I went up into my Chamber.

As to Thoughts, with regard to Mr. Chambers, I shall mention them no more; my Gratitude was all that ever bound me to him, which now he had wiped out; I detested him, and looked upon him as a Monster that was to entirely indifferent to me, that I did not at all regret his being so; however, I pleaded myself with the Thoughts of returning his Presents and never seeing him more.

It may be imagined that my Thoughts, whilst in my Chamber, were taken up with the dismal Situation I was in, which only regarded Life; but what ingrossed my whole Attention was a Subject more important, and that was *Valentine*.

Our Lives are less dear to us than our Passions; if we carefully observe what passes within us, we shall find that our Lives are not necessary to our Existence; that it is in a manner only by Accident that we live, but that to be is natural to us: Thus for Instance, When a Man, grown desperate with the Reflection of his Misery, murders himself, he only thinks of leaving Life to disengage himself from the Cares of it; and it is not himself he is weary of, but only the Burthen he bears.

Valentine, when he surprized me with Mr. Chambers, cried out, *This is mighty pretty, Madam!* judge then how piercing was this short Reflection to me who loved him.

In the first Place, I had Virtue; and while *Valentine* thought so he was my Lover. A Lover that it was impossible to hate, even in Circumstances that seemed to require it: Perhaps he loves me no more, cry'd I; he has already gained a Victory over his Passions! Ah! how unworthy he is of my Affection! But for what is he to blame? Is not *Chambers* rich and old, whilst I am poor and young? Has he not seen him at my Feet a Moment after we had mutually pretended not to know each other? What Opinion can he have of me after this dark and mysterious Conduct? Then what have I to reproach him with? Though he loves me, can he help believing me guilty; could he say less than he did? And is not he sorry that he had placed his Affections upon an unworthy Object, whom he is obliged to despise? Sure his Disdain is the strongest Proof of his own Virtue, and that his Intentions were honourable. — But, does he actually despise me? Does he accuse me of being guilty of every Crime? Does he not hesitate a little to condemn me without hearing what I had to say in my own Defence? And can I excuse such a Man, ought I to see him again? — no; that would only declare my own Weakness, did he only suspect me, did he only shew his Resentment, or been highly provoked, I might, I ought to bear it: But to despise, to disdain, and affront me! to go off abruptly though I called him back, and besought him to hear me; nay, perhaps has turned his Passion into Hate! Oh! why should I think of him more? Why endeavour to justify myself to a Man, who is deceiv'd through his own precipitate Folly, which would not permit him to stay to hear me vindicate my Conduct: Ah! how little does he know me? let what will become of him, the Uncle is gone! let the Nephew follow! the one is a vile and unworthy Wretch,
and

and the other believes that I am so. How unfortunate am I: Good God! why didst thou take from me my Parents? How much Trouble have I upon my Hands: So passing insensibly, from one Idea to another, Father St. *Vincent*, the Priest, that recommended me to Mr. *Chambers*, came into my Mind: Alas, said I, how astonished will he be when he hears from me the Character of Mr. *Chambers*! he looks upon him as a Saint, tho' a Wolf in Sheep's Cloathing! I am resolved I will go to see him, and relate my whole Adventure; there is no Time to lose, I ought to make haste on Account of my Situation, and defer sending away the Cloaths till another Day.

I made haste to dress myself, and going down to go out, I found Mrs. *Thompson* with a Neighbour, who called out, Where are you going *Indiana*? To Church, returned I. This was an Equivocation. So much the better, Child, cry'd she, go and submit yourself to God's holy Will.

From the Departure of Mr. *Chambers*, till this Moment, I had not thought like a reasonable Creature; I had only amused myself with my Dislike for Mr. *Chambers*, whom I could not think on without the greatest Contempt; with my Complaints against *Valentine*, whom my Heart told me I loved; in meditating Projects of Tenderness and Pride against him, and in regretting the Loss of my fine Apparel; but of my Situation I had not taken a Moment's Thought, nor had I felt the least Concern about it.

But the Uproar and Confusion of the Streets, at once scatter'd all these trifling Ideas, and brought me again to myself. The more People I saw stirring and moving in this large City, the more it appeared a gloomy, silent, dismal Desert to me. A Forest would have looked less solitary in my Eyes, and I should have thought myself less lonely,
and

and less a Vagabond in it; for I might have found Means to have got out of the Forest; but how could I free myself from the Desert I was then in? Nay, the whole Earth was a Desert to me, since I had in it no Manner of Relation to any Mortal whatever.

The Crowd of People with which I was surrounded, talking to each other, the Noise they made, the Clatter of the Coaches, and the Sight of so many Houses all fill'd with People, served only to increase my Troubles.

How happy are these People! after a Moment's Pause, said I, they all have their several Lodgings and Retirements. The Night will come when they will all betake themselves to their respective Homes; but for me, I don't know where to go; no Body will wait for me; no Body consider my pressing Wants: I have a Retreat for no longer than this Night, To-morrow I shall have none.

This, however, was going too far, for I had still some Money left, with which I might have hired a furnished Lodging, till Heaven, perhaps, would have found out a Way to settle me; but a Retreat for a few Days may almost be called none at all.

I drew the Attention of many Persons as I passed along, which I observed without any Self-Approbation. Sometimes I heard them say, See! what a charming young Lady there is! But these Reflections, tho' they were not ungrateful, gave me no Satisfaction; for I was then incapable of listening with Pleasure, even to a Subject so sweet and entertaining to our whole Sex, except myself.

I thought of *Valentine*, but it was only to tell myself, that it would be ridiculous to think of him any more; and indeed my Situation discouraged the Ideas I had of him. How becoming a
Passion

Passion would Love be in one of my Circumstances! In an unhappy miserable Creature like me, who wanders unknown over the Earth, where I am ashamed to live, since I must be either the Object of the Contempt, or Compassion of others.

I arrived at last at the Priest's Habitation, in a Situation of Mind not to be expressed; I asked for Father St. *Vincent*, and was conducted into an outer Parlour, where I was told he was with another Person. But, pray Reader, admire this Stroke of Fortune; the Person was Mr. *Chambers*, who on seeing me, blushed and turned pale alternately, whilst I look'd upon him with as great Indifference as if I had never seen him before.

What! is it you, Miss, said the Priest, come, I am very glad to see you here, at this Time, tho' I did not expect it. You were the Subject of our Conversation. Pray, Sir, keep your Seat, said the Priest to Mr. *Chambers*.

No, Sir, replied Mr. *Chambers*, (bowing to him) permit me to leave you; after what has happened it must be indecent for me to stay any longer; I am not angry with this young Lady, I will assure you, Sir; may Heaven forgive her as I do, with all my Heart; and so far from resenting the scandalous Opinion she had conceived of me, I swear to you, Sir, that I am more disposed to serve her than ever; and that with the greatest Humility, I return Thanks to Heaven for the Affliction I have met with, in the Exercise of my Charity to her; but I believe that neither Prudence nor Religion will permit me to see her more.

This said, he took his Leave of the Priest, and bowed to me, and was going to retire, when the Priest stopped him by taking hold of his Arm:

No,

No, Sir, said he, you must stay a little, I have something to say to you. Your Dispositions are most commendable and edifying; you pardon her; you wish her well: Oh, how wondrous good is this! but observe, you don't carry this Goodness to its utmost Extent; since you abandon her in spite of the great Need she stands in of your Assistance, and in Opposition of her Offence, which will render your Relief so meritorious; take care, Sir, and fear lest it should be extinguished in your pious Breast. You return Thanks to God, you say for the little Affliction, he has sent you, thro' her Imprudence: Would you be truly worthy of it, redouble your Care for this poor young Woman, who will acknowledge her Fault; you have told her you liked her, which her Vanity, her Fear, and even her Virtue itself, might engage her to interpret to your Disadvantage. Is it not true, Child? Don't you think yourself to blame for having injur'd, by your unjust Suspicions, this good Man, to whom you are under such great Obligations, and who, very far from looking upon you with carnal Eyes, has been induced by his holy Affections, to engage you himself to fly from whatever might lead you astray. A thousand Times blest be the kind Providence that has conducted both of you here To-day. Go, Daughter, repent of the Folly of your Heart, and promise to make this good Gentleman Reparation by your future Respect and Confidence.

Good Sir, cry'd I, addressing myself to the false hearted Saint; is it I then that am guilty? Can you expect me to hear this with Patience? God, from whom nothing can be concealed, will, I doubt not, do us both Justice: It is impossible for me to have been deceived, and you know it very well. Here my Heart was too full to let me proceed, and I stopped to wipe away my Tears.

Mr.

Mr. *Chambers*, as bold a Hypocrite as he was, could not bear it; I saw the most perplexing Embarrassment painted upon his Countenance, and a Confusion that he could not hide; he feared his Looks would betray him, and that this Disorder would induce the Priest to suspect his Character; this made him at once take the most effectual Means to disguise his Heart, which was to appear still with an ingenuous Confusion, and frankly confess that he was so.

She disconcerts me, said he, with the Air of a modest Disorder, I do not know what to answer; what Insult she loads me with! Pray, Sir, assist me to support this new Trial; this will be spread abroad; she will not spare me! Alas, young Woman, you would do me a great Piece of Injustice, but God forgive you: Farewel, Sir, talk to her, endeavour to make her banish all these unjust Suspicions if it is possible: It is true, I have expressed a great deal of Tendernefs for her, but she has mistaken the Nature of my Affection; it is her Soul that I have loved, and it is that I love still, and which indeed deserves it: Indeed, Sir, Miss has Virtue; I have found in her a thousand aimable Qualities, and I recommend her to you, since it is no longer proper that I should concern myself with her Affairs.

After these Words he retired, with an Air of Discontent, as if he knew not how to behave. After Mr. *Chambers* was gone, the Priest said, Indeed Daughter, you grieve me; I am not satisfied with your Behaviour; you have no Gratitude, and are too obstinate to believe any thing, but what enters your foolish Head; see now what it is all come to: What a Loss you will have of this good Man! What is it that brought you here now? it will be to no Purpose to address yourself to me any more; it will be quite in vain: What Good do you think

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I can do you? I have already done all I am able, if you have not profited by it, it is neither my Fault nor the Gentleman's who I found out for you, he has treated you as if you were his own Child, for he has told me all; he supplied you with Cloaths, Linen and Money; he has assured me that he paid for your Board, and would willingly have continued it, and even had a Design of settling you in the World; but because he did not approve of your seeing his Nephew, who is a giddy Debauchee, you think out of Spite that this good Man loves and is jealous of you. Is not this very strange? he jealous! he love you! God will punish you, Child, for the wicked Thought, remember I tell you so.

I could not help crying while he spoke; Hear me, hear me, replied I, pray Sir; I entreat you to hear me.

Well, what do you say, return'd he, what Business have you with Mr. *Chambers's* Nephew? Why are you so obstinately bent upon seeing him? What strange Conduct! however, I might pass by this Folly, but to carry your Ill-humour and Rancour so far as to be ungrateful to a worthy Gentleman, to whom you are under such great Obligations! What do you think will become of you? What a Misfortune is it to have such a Spirit as your's! How genteely are you dressed! who would imagine you had no Relations? And if you had and they were rich, could you be better taken Care of than you are? nay, perhaps not so well, and all this it is likely proceeds from him: O Heavens! what can you complain of? he has spared no Cost.

Oh, Sir, replied I, you are in the Right, he has indeed spared no Expence, but don't condemn me without hearing me; I hardly know his Nephew, I saw him first by Chance, and have never since been in his Company; how is it possible I should have entered

entered into any Engagements with him? Mr. *Chambers* has abused you, and has given you a false Account, in order to prejudice you against me. You mentioned my Cloaths, they are indeed too fine; pray, Sir, take Notice of the Fineness of this Linnen, I would not have had it so good, and was very unwilling to accept of it, on account of his Behaviour before; I even told him I could not accept of it, but he made a Jest of it, and said, Go, look in the Glass, and see if this Linnen is too fine for that beautiful Face. Was you in my Place, Sir, what would you have thought of this Discourse? be sincere, and tell me if Mr. *Chambers* is so devout, and so sincerely virtuous: What Business had he to take Notice of my Face? What was it to him, whether I was beautiful or ugly? Why did he call me his dear Rogue in the Coach, and say, that I should have a Heart more sensible, and that he would leave me his, to assist me in making it so? To what Purpose could he say all this? When a Person speaks of the Heart to a Girl, and of leaving her his own, can it be Piety that teaches him to make use of such Expressions; Does he squeeze her Hand? kiss her —

A Kiss! Child, interrupted the Priest, a Kiss! you certainly dreamt so, that could never be, and you can't say it; Who can believe you? Go, Child you must be mistaken, it was no such Thing; it is impossible! A Kiss! poor Man! it was only a Jolt of the Coach, some sudden Motion which tost his Head against your's, that must be all; to be sure it was nothing else, and this, in your Passion, you took for a Kiss. When we hate a Person we always put the worst Construction upon every Thing they do.

Pray, Sir, what Reason could I have to hate him? said I; I had not, at that Time, seen his Nephew, who, he says, is the Cause of his Anger

against me, and therefore, could not, on his Account, be prejudiced against the Uncle; but supposing I was deceived with respect to the Kists, which you cannot believe Mr. *Chambers* gave me, he would not, by his Conduct, have confirmed my Suspicions; he would not have renewed them at Mrs. *Thompson's*, he would neither have handled nor praised my Hair in my Chamber, where he was continually seizing my Hand, putting it to his Mouth, and making me such Compliments that I was quite ashamed of.

What is this you tell me? softly, Child, softly, returned the Priest, with an Air more surprized than incredulous, your Hair that he handled, and praised! I cannot believe it, what could induce him to behave thus? It is true he had much better not have done so; these are Absences of Mind that I confess don't look very decent, but to be sure he had no Meaning in it; it was an inconsiderate Action, but not a criminal one. And my Hand too, cried I, which he put to his Mouth, was this too an Absence of Mind?

Your Hand, replied he, I don't know how to reconcile that:—There are a thousand People, you know, who take every Body by the Hand when they speak to them, and, perhaps, it is a Custom that he has got; I am sure I have been served so a hundred Times.

Very well, Sir, replied I, but when you take a Woman by the Hand you don't kiss it; you don't commend its Beauty, you don't kneel before her and talk of Love.

Good God of Heaven! cried he, Lord have Mercy upon us! hold thy Tongue, thou little Viper, it must be false, I cannot bear to hear you; What Devil has inspired you with these Thoughts! Go, get out of my Sight, I will hear no more; I don't believe a Word of what you have told me,
neither

neither of the Hair, your Hand, nor his Discourse, it is all a Forgery. Oh! thou dangerous little Creature! She quite confounds me! How invidious the Reflection! to say, that Mr. *Chambers*, who leads a Life of Devotion, who is wholly given up to Acts of Piety, should kneel before you and talk of Love! Lord! what will this World come to? What an Age do we live in?

Indeed, Sir, answered I, all in Tears, you treat me very ill; it is extremely painful for me to find myself used thus, and loaded with fresh Injuries, where I come to seek for Redress: You are related to my dear Patroness, the good Mrs. *Robinson*, who brought me to *Paris*, and who had the Care of my Education; you have told me yourself that you esteemed her very much; and it was to you she made her Confession at her Death, at a Time when it cannot be supposed she would speak against her Conscience; you know what she said of me; I am sure you must remember it, since it is not long since she died, and I am not conscious to myself that I have done any Thing that can give Cause for such an ill Opinion of me since that Time, as you now seem to have entertained; on the contrary, my Inexperience has excited your Compassion, as well as the dreadful Situation you saw me in, and, is it possible that you could think I am so soon become the most vile, abandon'd young Creature in the World: You seem ready to believe, that in the Grief and Extremity I am in, a Man, with whom I have only been one Hour, and that by mere Chance, has rendered me so fond and passionate, that I have lost all Sense of Goodness, and that I have the Courage to invent Things, which ought to make me tremble, against a worthy Man, who would assist me to live, whose Friendship it was my Interest to preserve; but it is he that is the Libertine, who seeming devout,

gives me liberally in publick, in Hopes of bribing my Virtue, and rendering me in secret a Sharer of his Guilt and Infamy.

Is it Mr. *Chambers* that has done all this? Lord help us, how depraved is human Nature! the Mind, and all the noble Powers of the Soul, are too often Slaves to the Passions, and rebels to Reason: How miserable is Mankind when this is the Case!

Think no more of it Child, I believe you do not deceive me, you are not capable of Falshood, but let us talk of that no more, be discreet, Charity demands you should be so; take Care that you do not please the World by repeating this scandalous Affair, for some People will be too apt to be merry at your Expence as well as his; they will triumph, and from his Wickedness, take Occasion to ridicule the true Servants of God: Endeavour even, to think that your Eyes and Ears have been deceived. This is a Disposition of Mind that will be very agreeable to God, and will draw down his Blessing upon you. Come don't afflict yourself, take Courage, cried he, observing my Tears, continue to be wise and good, and Providence will take Care of you; this Disposition of Mind, this Innocence of Thought, will be most acceptable before God: Farewel, go you home, for I have some Business and must leave you, but give me a Direction to the Linnen-Draper's where you live.

Good Sir, answered I, after having given it him, I am to be with her only this Day, he pays no longer for my Board, and I am obliged to leave my Lodging To-morrow; if you abandon me, I shall have no where to fly to; you, Sir, are my only Friend, you my only Resource.

O! my dear Child, alas, how I pity thee, I am poor and can do thee little or no Service, but God can do every Thing for thee; don't be discouraged,

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we shall see, Child, what is to be done for you; I will think of it: God knows my Good-will; how sensible I am of your Affliction; perhaps he will inspire me, for it all depends on him; I shall pray to him for Direction, do you do so to; tell him, that all your Hopes are in his Mercy. I will be with you by Nine To-morrow Morning without fail, but be sure you do not go out before that Time. It grows late, and I have a little Business to do. Compose yourself: You are good Way from home, and it is Time to be going. Heaven preserve you: Farewel till I see you in the Morning.

I took Leave without being able to utter a single Word and went away, at least as uneasy as I was when I came to him: The pious Consolations he had given me rendered my Condition, even more frightful than it had ever appeared to me before; I was not devout enough to relish them, and it is not strange, that a young Mind should believe that all Hope is lost, and her Condition desperate when she is told, that God alone can relieve her; 'tis a grave and serious Idea that disturbs and alarms her Confidence in all human Assistance; for our Minds are generally too much attached to the Objects of our Senses to dare to arise above them; this makes us too often fly from ourselves, and dread the dull Moments of serious Thoughts and pious Contemplation. O Religion, how much do we wrong thy native Amiability! How do we despise the glorious Privilege of being reasonable and immortal! nor is it strange, since Religion, the Honour, the Happiness of all intelligent Minds, is almost every where represented to the Young as an Enemy to all their Joys; as inconsistent with Gaiety and Delight: And thus our Fancies having cloathed her in all the dreary Pomp of Horror, we shun and fly from the imagined Spectre.

As I was going home in a profound Consternation, very much affrighted at the Prospect that lay before me, and oppressed with the Weight of my Sorrow, I was stopped by a Tumult in the Street, at the Church Door of a Convent; the Church was open, I went into it, and finding it empty, threw myself on my Knees at the Altar: There I abandoned myself to my Affliction and smothered neither my Sighs nor my Groans: I lamented my Misery in the natural Language of an oppressed Heart, and as I did not expect to be heard, I cried out, "Why am I brought into the World? miserable that I am! What can I do here? My God, thou hast placed me in this Situation; thou knowest my Misery; thou knowest my Distress, do thou then relieve me: O thou common Father, thou compassionate Parent of universal Nature, be a Father to me a poor miserable Orphan, the most forlorn and wretched of all thy Creatures! Teach me to confide in thy Goodness, and relieve me from my Distress!"

I was in the Midst of my Exclamations, when a Lady came in unperceived, and who, I afterwards found, was just arrived out of the Country, and had given Orders, that her Coach should wait at the Church Gate, near where some of her Friends had desired her to deliver a Letter to the Governess of the Convent; and, while her Servant was gone with it she stepp'd into the Church, finding, as I did, the Door open.

She was scarce entered, when my moving Complaints reached her Ears, for she saw me in a Posture expressive of the deepest Despair, while my Thoughts were so swallowed up with my Calamities that I even forgot where I was. My Affliction, which appeared to her the most extreme, sensibly touched her; my Youth, my Shape, and, perhaps



too my Dress, contributed to interest her in my Grief.

On these Occasions the Eye recommends us to the Heart; if we are unhappy and make but a mean Appearance, the most generous Minds will be too apt to overlook you, or, at best, will but coolly interest themselves in your Affairs: You will want that Attraction which flatters their Vanity, and nothing can assist you so much in rendering them generous towards you, nothing make them relish the Honour and Pleasure of being so, as the seeing in you an Air of Distinction.

At the Noise she made in retiring I came to myself, and as I heard some Body's Steps, I was willing to see who it was, and our Eyes instantly met.

I could not see her without blushing, at being surprized in my Lamentations; but in spite of all my Confusion, I observed she was pleased with my Looks, and that my Affliction seemed to touch her: This appeared visible in her Countenance, and, in return, mine expressed a Sense of Gratitude equal to my Timidity; for great Souls are capable of this kind of Intercourse.

I staid a few Minutes to dry up my Tears and to revolve in my Mind what I should do the following Day if the Priest did not succeed in his Designs. How much do I envy the Lot of those Girls in this Religious House! said I, how happy are they!

I was taken up with this Thought when the Maid, who look'd after the Church, came and told me, that she was going to shut the Doors. I shall go presently, returned I, being fearful to give her any more than a Side-look, for fear she should see that I had been crying; but I forgot to take care of the Tone in which I answered her, and this it was betrayed me; she thought it so moving, and besides, observed me so young, genteel and agreeable,

able, as she told me afterwards, that she could not help saying to me, Dear Miss, what is the Matter? Pray, what disturbs you, have you lost any Thing of Value?

I made no Answer to these Questions, but began again to cry, which we are very apt to do, when we are told that we have been weeping, and this is a Sort of Delicacy that we cannot easily shake off.

Pray tell me what is the Matter, Miss? I beg of you, tell me freely; shall I go and tell any of our Ladies that you desire to speak to them? Here I could not help reflecting on what she said; 'tis God, perhaps, who sends her to inspire me with that Thought, said I to myself, quite moved with her tender Importunity. Yes, Madam, I should be very glad to speak with the Lady Governess, if she be at leisure. If you please to follow me, Miss, I will conduct you to her Parlour, and she will wait upon you in a Minute.

I followed her up a few Stairs, when she opened a Door, and the first Object which presented was the Lady I have mentioned, who looked upon me in a Manner extremely obliging; and was engaged in Conversation with the Lady Governess of the House: Madam, said my Guide, this young Lady desires to speak with you.

Your Servant, Miss, said the Governess, saluting me, may I know to whom I have the Honour to speak? The Honour is mine, Madam, answered I, covered with Shame, and if I had even told you who I am, I should not be at all the better known to you.

If I am not deceived, you are the young Lady I just now saw in the Church, said the other Lady, with a Smile; and I think too I saw you crying, which sensibly affected me. I am extremely obliged to you, Madam, for your Concern, returned I, and

and then was silent. I was at a Loss how to begin, for the Reception I met with from the Lady Governess, though extremely civil, had quite discouraged me. I immediately lost all my Hopes without knowing why. The first Sight of her struck me, and made me at once imagine that her Goodness was all superficial: She will condole but not succour me, said I to myself. There is no such Thing to be hoped for from this Quarter.

The Governess and the Lady rose from their Seats and stood all the while, which made me blush, because my Dress deceived them, and I was below so much Ceremony. Do you desire to speak with me alone, said the Governess? As you please, answered I; but I should be very sorry to disturb the Lady, or give you the least Trouble; I will wait upon you another Time.

No, Miss, no, said the Lady to me, taking me by the Hand to make me come forward. I beg you would stay; my Visit is over, and I am going, so I shall leave you entirely at Liberty. I have taken Notice that you are very uneasy, and you therefore deserve every Body's Concern; and if I should turn you away in this Disposition, I should never forgive myself.

Yes, Madam, said I, touched with her Discourse, and bathed in Tears, it is true, I am very uneasy; no Body has such Cause for it as I; no Body has so much Reason to complain, nor so worthy of Compassion. You, Madam, shew a Heart so noble, that I will make no Difficulty of speaking before you; you need not retire, for you will not at all disturb me; on the contrary, it is happy for me that you are here, because you will help me to obtain of this Lady what I am come to beg for on my Knees (here I cast myself at her Feet) and that is, that she would be pleased to receive me into her House.

My

My charming Child, how you move me, cried the Governess, stretching out her Arms, as if to receive me, while the Lady was raising me up with all imaginable Affection: How happy am I, that you should make Choice of my House! Indeed, as soon as I saw you, I foresaw that you were to live with us. Your Modesty struck me. Is not this a predestinated Person? I thought with myself; for it is certain your Vocation is writ on your Countenance: Is it not true, Madam? I would lay a Wager that she is an only Daughter, and that her Parents would marry her against her Consent. But tell me, my Dear, is it now that you would enter: We should, however, let your Parents know of it; don't you think so? But to whom must we send?

Alas! Madam, returned I, I can direct you to no Body; my Confusion and my Sighs made me stop here. Well, said she, what must we do then? No, I can direct you to no Body, continued I: You are quite mistaken, Madam, I have not even the Comfort of having any Relation, at least if I have any, I have never known them.

Sweet Jesu! replied she, (with something of a colder Air, and less Affection) that is very strange, Miss: No Relations! how can that be? Who then takes Care of you? It is likely then you have no Fortune. What is become of your Father and Mother?

I was but two Years old, said I, when they were Assassinated by Highwaymen, in a Stage-Coach, in which I was with them; their Domesticss shared the same unhappy Fate, and only I was left alive: I was carried to the Vicar of a neighbouring Village, and by him and his Sister was educated with the greatest Tenderness. But unhappily for me, after having brought me to *Paris*, she died, at a Time when her Brother was loaded with the heaviest

heaviest Misfortunes: Her Death plunged me into the deepest Distress, and all the Prospect that lay before me, was to subsist on the Charity of others; A dismal Situation indeed! But it was the Loss of this dear Lady, the Loss of her tender Friendship, that most nearly afflicted me; not to mention the Value and sincere Respect I owed her Brother, whom perhaps I shall never see more; I regretted their Loss, not the Support I received from them, and I would gladly have given my Life to have saved her's. She died in the Inn where we lodged; I was left there alone, and there I was robbed of almost all the little Money she left me. A Priest she was acquainted with, took me from thence, and put me some Days since into the Hands of a Gentleman, whom I will not name; we thought him a Man of strict Piety and Virtue, but we were both deceived, he was quite the reverse; he placed me with Mrs. *Thompson* a Linnen-Draper, but scarce was I there, before he discovered his wicked Designs, when to seduce me from the Paths of Virtue, he used all his Art, and at last promised to make me a handsome Settlement, and to provide for me with the greatest Magnificence; but I had learnt to chase the keenest Sufferings, rather than to deprive myself of the secret Witness of an approving Conscience. I would have welcomed Poverty, Want, and even Slavery, with all its Train of Miseries, since even then I should have possess'd a Mind free from the Restraints of Vice and the Sting of Infamy. I was shock'd at his Behaviour, and astonished at his Hypocrisy and Deceit: I endeavoured to make him ashamed of himself: Oh! Sir, said I, have you no Sense of Religion? what abominable Thoughts do you entertain, but I spoke in vain, my Resolution to continue Virtuous, was so far from bringing him to himself, and making him repent, that it enraged him
against

against me, and made him treat me as an ungrateful Wretch: He threatened to punish me if I discovered him, he reproached me with the Money he had given me, with my Linnen, and the Gown I have on; I shall send him back the whole, as soon as I return to Mrs. Thompson's, who has given me Leave to stay at her House till To-morrow: I shall not know where to apply for Relief, if the Priest, from whom I am just come, and who innocently recommended me to this vile Man, does not find a Retreat for me To-morrow, as he has promised to endeavour to do. As I came from him, and was passing by, I stepped into your Church to dry up my Tears, which I could not conceal from those that pass'd by me; then, Madam, God inspired me with the Thought of casting myself at your Feet, and imploring your Assistance.

Here I concluded my Discourse, in which my Grief supplied the Place of Art, which had its Effect on the Lady who was with us; I observed her wipe her Eyes, but she made me no Answer, she left that to the Governess, who had honoured my Story with some Motions of her Hand, and Gestures of her Countenance, which she could not refuse me with Decency. But I did not perceive that her Heart gave any Signs of being touched.

Indeed, your Situation is very deplorable, Miss, said she, somewhat coldly, but it is not quite desperate. You must see what the Priest can do for you, replied she, with an Air of Compassion. You say he is to find a Place for you; it is much more easy for him to serve you than for me: I am confined, and don't know how to set about it. We see, and know no Body here, except this Gentlewoman, and some other Ladies, who are sometimes so kind as to pay us a Visit; but we are
very

very often whole Weeks without being honoured with any Company at all. Besides, our House is poor; we are maintained by our Boarders, whose Number are greatly diminished of late; we are in Debt, and so ill provided for, that I had the other Day the Mortification to refuse a very promising young Lady, who desired to be a Lay-Sister, because we can receive no more, tho' we want them much, on account of the Expence; thus on all Sides you see our Inability, which mortifies me extremely; for you afflict me, my poor Girl, (what a difference of Stile! before it was my charming Dear) indeed you afflict me; but why did not you apply to the Vicar of your Parish. We can only assist you with our Prayers: We are not in a Condition to receive you, and all that I can do for you, is to recommend you to the Charity of the young Ladies: I will make a Collection for you, and remit it to you To-morrow, if you will call in the Afternoon for it.

No, Madam, returned I sharply, I have not yet spent the Remainder of the little Sum that was left me by my dear Friend; and I did not come with a Design to beg an Alms. I believe that those who have a Spirit cannot stoop so low, till it is necessary to do it to support Life, and I am not yet reduced to that Extremity; however, I thank you.

Nor can I suffer one with such Sentiments to be ever reduced to it, said the Lady, who had hitherto kept silent. Take Courage, Miss, you may still make Pretensions to one Friend in the World. I will comfort you for the Loss of her you still regret; and it shall not be my Fault, if I am not as dear to you, as ever she has been. Madam, added she, addressing herself to the Governess, I'll pay the young Lady's Board; you may admit her. Mean while, as she is absolutely
unknown

unknown to you, and as it is just that you should be satisfied who it is you receive, in order to remove all Scruples from you, and to prevent my Friendship for her being made a Subject of Ridicule, we need only send your Servant to Mrs. *Thompson*, the Linnen-Draper, and her Testimony in Miss's Favour will justify both your Conduct and mine.

I seized, with Transport, the Hand of this charming Lady, I kissed it and bathed it with the most tender and delicious Tears I ever shed in my Life. Madam, said I to her, do you consent that I write two or three Words to Mrs. *Thompson*; you shall see my Letter, for I think, in the Circumstances in which I am placed, she may fear being deceived, and, being apprehensive of a Trick, may not explain herself freely. Yes, do Miss, answer'd she, you are in the Right; upon which I wrote the following Letter to Mrs. *Thompson*.

M A D A M,

THE Bearer of this Letter applies to you to be informed of what you know of my Affairs; be so good as to tell her, with the utmost Freedom, and without the least Reserve, whatever relates to my Behaviour and Character, as well as the melancholly Misfortunes of my Life, and the Manner in which I was introduced to you: I should be very much displeased if a Regard to me should induce you to impose upon any Person in the most trifling Particular; therefore make no Difficulty of speaking according to your Conscience, without considering whether it will be to my Advantage or not. I am,

Madam, Your humble Servant,

INDIANA.

This

This done I presented the Paper to my kind Benefactress, who, after having read it, smiled and gave it thro' the Grate to the Governess, saying, I believe you will be of my Opinion; that a Person who can write in this Manner, has nothing to fear: Very well, replied the Governess, when she had read it, it is extremely good, nothing could be better expressed; and immediately whilst I was folding up the Letter she rang the Bell to call a Servant to carry it.

As soon as the Servant entered, she paid her Respects to the Lady, who said, "O! I have seen your Sister in the Country, she is very well" "pleased with the Situation I have placed her in," and I have something to say to you, added she, "taking her aside." I could not help fancying that I was the Sister she was talking of, and that she was busy in discoursing about me, and two or three Words dropt, such as, *Yes, Madam, leave it to me,* spoken pretty loud by the Servant who look'd at me, sufficiently confirmed me in my Thoughts.

However she took the Letter, went out, and returned in about an Hour after. I shall pass over what was said between the Lady, the Governess and I, during this Interval: I forgot one Circumstance, which is, that before she entered the ParLOUR another Servant came to tell the Lady, that a Person desired to speak a Word with her in the next Room: Upon this she stepped out, but did not stay above five or six Minutes before she returned, and scarce was she entered when the Maid appeared, (who probably had just left her) and who, with a well-boding Gaiety, and something of the Enthusiasm of Friendship, address'd me in this Manner: *I bid you good-morning!*

Good holy Virgin Mary! said she to me, how much Good have I just heard of you, Miss, but

L

I guess'd

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I guess'd as much before. Madam, you can hardly believe all they have told me, they say she has all the good Qualities that can be possess'd by a Woman; in short, she is the best Girl in the World, she is a Treasure, yet nevertheless she is so unhappy that Mrs. *Thompson* and I have been crying about her; she has neither Father nor Mother, no Body knows who she is, this is all the Fault she has, and if she had not feared God, she would not have been so unfortunate; for a very rich Gentleman that she dismiss'd for good Reasons, like a Rogue as he is, but I will tell you that another Time; I only mention the most material Things: As to the rest, Madam, I did as you order'd me; I did not tell your Name to the Linnen-Draper, so she don't know who it was that wanted Information.

It is very well, said she, to her, and will you, *Indiana*, enter into the Apartments To-day? Have you any Thing to take from Mrs. *Thompson's*; must you go thither again? Yes, Madam, replied I, but I shall return in half an Hour if you will permit me to go.

Do, my Dear, said she, and I will wait for you. I then went out, and as it was not far from Mrs. *Thompson's* I soon arriv'd there.

When I came in, Mrs. *Thompson* was talking at her Door, with one of her Neighbours, I gave her my Thanks in the most obliging Terms, and embrac'd her most affectionately, for I thought she deserv'd it.

So, *Indiana*, cried she, thank God you have had good Luck; how did you bring it about, how did you manage it? and, pray who is the Lady that sent to me?

I must be short, Madam, said I, I am in extreme Haste, and am going to undress myself and
put

put this Gown into the Bundle I have been making up, and which you will be so good as to send to Mr. Chambers's Nephew. Yes, yes, returned she, Mr. Valentine I know, I serve him with all his Linnen.

When I was in the Room I wrote the following Letter to Mr. Valentine :

S I R,

" IT is but six Days that I have known Mr.
 " Chambers, your Uncle, and am still ignorant
 " where he lives: On this Account I am at a Loss
 " how to direct these Cloaths to him, which are
 " his, and which I therefore desire you would send
 " to him, as soon as they are delivered to you:
 " He told me, he gave them to me out of Charity,
 " (for I am poor) and I accepted them in that
 " Light; but, as I find this is not true, and he
 " has deceived me, they are no longer mine, and
 " I therefore return them back, with some Money
 " which he desired me to accept of. I should not
 " have had Recourse to you, on this Occasion, if
 " I had Time to send to a Priest, who, to serve
 " me, had recommended me to your Uncle; and
 " will teach you, when you will, to reproach
 " yourself for the Insult you have cast upon an
 " afflicted, virtuous Maid, and one that is perhaps
 " your Equal.

I am,

Sir, Yours, &c.

INDIANA.

I had no sooner sealed up the Letter, but I took the Bundle and carried it down Stairs. I suppress here a particular Account of a Number of Circumstances that the Reader will guess at; such as

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packing

packing up my old Cloaths, to go to the Religious House, my taking Leave of Mrs. *Thompson*, who promised my Letter and Bundle should be sent within an Hour to *Valentine's*; the repeated Assurances we gave each other of our Friendship, and the Tears she let fall, made me shed some Tears of Sadness at my leaving her. There was something too much for me in the Rapidity of the Events.

I had told Mrs. *Thompson* that I was going to a Religious House, but what the Name of it was I was intirely ignorant of, as well as the Street it stood in, but I knew my Way; a Porter followed me with my Box of Cloaths, and I imagined, that at his Return he would inform her; and if by Chance she should see *Valentine* she might tell him; but I can't say that I wished she might, it was only a Reflection that I made on the Way which served to amuse me.

We soon came to my new Place of Abode; I went in, but much worse dressed than when I went out. My Benefactress asked me the Reason: I told her I left all the Cloaths she had seen me in before with Mrs. *Thompson*, that she might return them to the Gentleman I had mentioned, who had given them to me. My Child, said she, you shall lose nothing by that. After which I entered, and came again to thank her through the Grate of the Parlour. She left me, and I became from that Time a Boarder among the other Ladies.

Two or three Days after I was here, my Benefactress made me be dressed in as genteel a Manner, as if I had been her own Daughter; and provided me with Cloaths, necessary for my appearing in that Character. Judge, Reader, of the Sentiments with which her Goodness inspired me, I never saw her but with Transports of Joy and Tenderness.

They

They took Notice that I had a good Voice and understood something of Musick ; and she was desirous of perfecting me in it. The Governess had a Niece, on whom she allowed a Master of the Harpsicord to attend, and he was appointed to be my Master too. These are Talents, said my amiable Lady, that will always be of Service to you ; if you take the Veil they will give you an Air of Distinction, and make you be taken Notice of ; if you enter into the World, they will be looked upon as the most graceful and innocent Accomplishments, in the Education of a young Lady.

She constantly came to see me every two or three Days, and it was already three Weeks that I had lived there, in a Situation of Mind very difficult to describe. I endeavoured to enjoy a perfect Tranquility, but found, however, that I had it not in my Power. I banished from my Thoughts the intruding Ideas that would hinder my enjoying a perfect Repose, but in vain ; my Reflections and Uneasiness returned together, and a secret Folly, for which I continually reproached myself, tormented me incessantly.

Valentine knew, without doubt, where I was placed, and yet I heard no more of him ; my Heart was at a Loss how to account for such a Conduct. If he had found the Method to let me hear from him, he could have gained nothing by it ; I had renounced him ; but I did not intend by that that he should renounce me.

One Day as I was thinking of this, in spight of my Endeavours to smother it, one came to tell me, that a Footman asked to speak to me. I fancied he came from my Benefactress, and went into the Parlour : I hardly looked at this pretended Domestic, who shewed only one Side of his Face, and, with a tremblidg Hand, presented me a Letter. Who do you come from ? said I. You'll see, Madam,

dam, by the Letter, said he, with some Emotion in his Voice, which my Heart knew again, even before my Eyes did, for I instantly felt myself moved by a kind of Sympathy.

I cast a Look at him, as I received the Letter, and saw his Eyes fixed upon me: But what Eyes were they! How much was I surpriz'd! Our Eyes were fixed upon each other, while we remained some Time without uttering a Word, and it was only our Hearts that had spoke, when a Maid entered and told me, my Benefactress was coming up, and that her Coach was in the Court.

Pray, Sir, retire, cried I, in Confusion to *Valentine*, who only sighed and left me.

I hid my Letter, while I waited for my generous Friend, who appeared in an Instant, with a Lady she brought with her. How do you do, Miss? said my good Friend to me, as she entered the Parlour; here is a Lady of my Acquaintance, who is desirous to see you, for I have been saying something to her in your Favour: Well, Madam, added she, speaking to her Friend, there she is, how do you like her? Is it not true that Miss is genteel?

No, Madam, replied the Lady, with a free Air, she is not genteel; excuse me, Madam, you speak with the Modesty of a Mother; for my Part, I must tell you ingenuously what I think, and that is, that she is very agreeable; and I never saw a more amiable or noble Form.

They both sat down, the Conversation still turning upon me. Is there any Thing in her Look which could presage the Misfortunes she has suffered? said Mrs. *Dawson*, (this was the Lady's Name) but every one have Troubles in this Life, and her's are over, I dare say.

I believe so too, answered I, since I have had the good Fortune to meet with this Lady; I may reasonably

reasonably hope that my Happiness is begun. Yes, my dear *Indiana*, said she, I love you, and from henceforward you shall have no Care to disturb you; I have already called you my Daughter, imagine that you are so, and that I love you as much as if you were really my own Child.

This Answer brought Tears in my Eyes; I endeavoured to kiss her Hand, of which she could only give me two or three Fingers through the Grate.

Upon this Mrs. *Dawson* cried out, what a lovely Creature! Do you know that I am a little jealous of you, Madam, for she loves you with so good a Grace, that I must make Pretensions to her Love too: You will be her Mother, and I must be her Friend. Do you consent to it, Miss?

Madam, replied I, my Respect forbids my saying Yes: I dare not take that Liberty; but if I should be so blessed, I should look upon this as one of the most happy Days of my Life. You are in the right, Child, said my Benefactress, and the greatest Service I can do you, is, to desire this Lady to give her Word, that she will grant you her Friendship. You promise it, Madam, added she, speaking to Mrs. *Dawson*, who with an Air of Condescension, replied, I give it her then, on Condition that next to you, she will love no Body in the World so much as me.

No, no, said Mrs. *Valentine*, (for that was the Name of my Benefactress, and who I afterwards found was the Mother of Mr. *Valentine*) you don't do yourself Justice; I forbid her making the least Difference between us, and I dare say she will obey me.

Here Mrs. *Valentine* look'd at her Watch, said she, I must go presently; I shall make but a short Visit, for I have many others to make. I am very much fatigued, and design to be at home early

early this Evening, for I had not any Rest all last Night, I have been perplexed with so many different Thoughts.

Indeed, Madam, said I, I thought you seemed a little Melancholy, and it made me uneasy; pray has any Thing disturbed you?

Yes, replied she; I have a Son, who has hitherto given me the greatest Satisfaction, but now he has very much displeased me. I was willing to have him married, a very advantageous Match offered; the Lady was rich, amiable, and of a good Family; her Relations approved of it, and were desirous to hasten the Ceremony, and my Son himself a Month ago, consented that the Friends on both Sides should meet to agree upon Articles. He has been introduced to the young Lady; has seen her more than once, but for some Weeks has neglected coming to a Conclusion; he seems to be grown quite indifferent to her. His Conduct afflicts me extremely, especially as I am under a kind of Engagement to a very considerable Family, to whom I do not know how to excuse the shocking Indifference he has lately expressed.

I cannot believe it will last long, said Mrs. Dawson, for your Son is no Fool, he has Wit, good Sense, and Honour; and I am persuaded you have nothing at all to fear; he shall dine with me To-morrow, he will hear what I have to say: Come leave it to me, I will talk to him: For to say that the Girl he found, in returning from Church, has made him averse to the Marriage, I have already told you, is what I can never believe.

In returning from Church, Madam! said I, a little astonished, because of the Conformity this Adventure had with mine.*

* The Reader may please to remember, that it was in my Return from Church, I met Valentine; besides, the diminutive Epithet of Girl suited me well enough.

Yes, in returning from Church, said Mrs. *Dawson*; they came from Church together, but there is no Probability that they have seen each other since.

That may be true, but they represent her so very beautiful, it is that alarms me, said my Benefactors; and you know when she was gone, the Measures he took to find her out. (Speaking to Mrs. *Dawson*.)

O, Madam, for what Reason do you disturb yourself, said Mrs. *Dawson*, she is a pretty Girl, it is true, but what Reason can you have to think that she has turned his Head? for it cannot be questioned but she must be some good Tradesman's Daughter, dress'd in her best Cloaths, because it was a Holiday.

A Holiday! Is it then me, said I to myself, not daring to ask any Questions.

Pray tell me, continued Mrs. *Dawson*, if a Lady of Distinction would have walked alone through the Streets without a Footman, or any one to attend her, as you find she did; and what is more, she herself seemed conscious that she was not a proper Match for your Son, for she would neither tell him where she came from, where she was going, or where she lived: So however enamoured you suppose him, where will he find her again? He has taken every Step for that Purpose you say; his Servants tell you, that he made his Footman run after the Hackney-Coach which carried her away (Oh! how my Heart beat here) but is it possible for a Man to keep up with a Coach? the Servant, indeed, when you examin'd him, told you, he ran after it, but lost Sight of it.

So much the better, thought I here, it is no more me; the Footman that followed me saw me set down at Mrs. *Thompson's* Door.

But the Fellow has, perhaps, deceived you, continued Mrs. *Dawson*; you are sensible he is his Master's Confidant.

Very likely, said I to myself, it is certainly me.

Well, we will suppose that he saw the Coach stop, continued the Lady, and that your Son knows where this young Creature lives, what can you conclude from it? that he has taken such a violent Passion for her, that he would sacrifice to her his Fortune and all the Advantages of his Birth; that he would forget who he is, and what he owes to you and himself. Can you recollect his ever being guilty of such a Piece of Extravagance? You can't suspect it. I will allow that the Girl might be agreeable to him, that she might be formed to please, and a Man of his Age and Condition might have a Fancy to see how far such an Adventure would carry him. This is all that can be in it. I'll promise you we will marry him if we have only the Charms of this little Adventurer to combat with.

Little Adventurer! Shall I never be able to disengage myself from this painful Situation, said I to myself; however had the Ladies left off here, I should not have known what to hope or fear; but Mrs. *Valentine* presently put the Matter beyond all Doubt.

I should have been of your Opinion, replied she, if I was not told that my Son is grown peevish since this unhappy Adventure. You know he is naturally of a gay Disposition; but now I never see him but he looks perplexed and thoughtful; even his Friends take Notice of it; the Gentleman who used to be continually with him is become a Burthen to him, his Company fatigues him, and accordingly Yesterday he was denied to him: Add to this the running about of the Footman I mention'd, who is sent out four Times every Day, and with whom,

whom, at his Return, he has always a long Consultation in private: But this is not all; I forgot to tell you one Thing, and that is, that I have been this Morning to speak to the Surgeon that was sent for to examine the young Woman's Foot.

This was a Circumstance that at once struck me: In this one Article my Picture was fully drawn; now was the poor Orphan humbled to the Ground. I do not know how I did to breathe for the terrible Palpitation that seized my Heart. Oh! it is then me, thought I. Methinks I am going out of the Church, that I find myself in the Street, where I fell, dressed in those hateful Cloaths Mr. *Chambers* had given me, adorned with all the Trifles that had procured me the Title of a smart Girl in her Holiday Cloaths.

What a Situation was I in! the Reflection that the noble Air, which Mrs. *Dawson*, at her Entrance, complimented me with, and which my Benefactress acknowledged me possessed of, would no longer be of Service to me when I should be known: Was it for me to presume to break a Marriage like that in which Mr. *Valentine* was engaged? I might have the Look of a Lady of Distinction, provided I had no other Fault but being unfortunate, and while my Charms produced no Disorder; but when beloved of *Valentine*, and guilty of the Uneasiness he gave his Mother, I might well be reduced to an Adventurer, and a little Creature beneath their Notice, and who had been very bold to presume to wound the Heart of a Gentleman.

I listen'd to Mrs. *Valentine*, who went on while some Hints now and then escaped her that helped to revive my Courage: She was speaking of the Surgeon, to whom she went to ask some Questions.

He told me, said she, that the Person was very young and amiable; that she had the Air of a Lady of Quality; and that my Son, in the whole of his Behaviour, expressed a sincere Respect for her. I do not know how, though you would persuade me to it, to reconcile these Things with the Idea I form to myself of the Daughter of some mean Mechanic, dressed up in all her Finery: If he has any real Love for her, it must be such as will be dangerous and carry him to great Lengths. You must be sensible that this does not agree with her being a Girl of no Education; and his Tenderness for her convinces me, that I shall have nothing at all to hope for from him; this having Sense and Honour are the very Reasons that will prevent there being any Remedy; for the unfortunate Inclination he has conceived for her will render him incapable of a Cure, if he thinks her worthy of his Love and Esteem. If his Passion is built upon a true Esteem for her, his Love is real.

Here I felt a Mixture of Shame, Inquietude and Pleasure; but the Pleasure was excessive: This Idea of being truly loved by *Valentine* had so many Charms in it, that it inspired me with Sentiments quite noble and disinterested; indeed the Heart is in so good a Situation when thus delighted, that the Reader will not much wonder at the Part it made me take, which was a sufficient Proof that *Valentine* had Reason to respect me.

After Mrs. *Dawson* had replied to my Benefactors, in Answer to what she had just said, she got up in order to go, saying, Since he is to dine Tomorrow with you, endeavour to dispose him to this Marriage; and as I cannot shake off my Fears about this Adventure, I am resolved to place somebody near him as a Spy upon his Actions, and I will have him followed wherever he goes; by
this

this Means, perhaps, I shall discover who this Girl is; supposing that he has found her out, it is proper we should find her out too, for that can't be unuseful. Farewel, *Indiana*, I hope to see you again in two or three Days at farthest.

No, Madam, said I to her, letting fall some Tears, it is all over; you must see me no more, I must be abandon'd to the Misfortunes which follow me wherever I go, for God will not suffer me to enjoy a lasting Repose on this Side the Grave.

What do you mean, Child? Why should I abandon you?

Here, my Tears ran in such Abundance that I remained some Time unable to utter a Word.

You make me very uneasy, my dear Child, why do'st thou cry so? O, Madam! said I, you don't know to whom you speak, nor who it is you express such Goodness to: I believe it is I who am your Enemy, and the unfortunate Creature that causes all your Troubles.

How, *Indiana*! replied she, astonished, you she that my Son met as he came from Church and carried home? Yes, Madam, it was I myself, returned I; I am not ungrateful enough to hide it from you, this would be a horrid Treachery, after all the Care you have taken of me; you see I have not merited so much Kindness from you, since you would have been happier if you had never known me or I had never been born: See what Reason you have to abandon me: It is not natural that you should preserve the Character of a Mother to an Orphan Girl, who is a perfect Stranger to you, whilst she afflicts you, and since a Sight of her has taught your Son to disobey you. I am confus'd and ashamed to think how much you have loved me. You should rather have hated and despis'd me. Alas! how much have you been deceived! I sincerely beg your Pardon.

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My Tears continued flowing, while my Benefactress made me no Answer, but looked upon me with an Air of the most moving Tenderness, with Tears standing in her Eyes.

Madam, said Mrs. *Dawson* to her, drying her Eyes, indeed this Story touches me extremely; what she has told you is admirable. How noble her Soul is!

Mrs. *Valentine* remained silent, and continued looking at me attentively.

Shall I tell you my Thoughts, Madam, said Mrs. *Dawson*; you have the most compassionate and most generous Heart; but I put myself in your Place; after this Event you may perhaps shew some Dislike against seeing her again, and may be against continuing her under your Care. Will you give her to me? I will take care of her till this Affair is finished. I don't intend to take her from you, she would lose too much by that; I will return her to you again as soon as your Son's Marriage is concluded, or whenever you demand her from me.

At this Discourse I lifted up my Eyes, and gave her a Look of Humility and Gratitude. I had Reason to express myself sensible of her Goodness, but not to make her think that she gave me any Consolation, as indeed she did not. I accompanied this with a Sigh; after which Mrs. *Dawson* resuming her Discourse, said to my Benefactress, Think of it, Madam, and consult with yourself.

Hold for a Moment, said Mrs. *Valentine*, I will answer you presently; let me first inform myself of one Thing. *Indiana*, said she, have you not heard of my Son since you have been here? Alas! Madam, answer'd I, don't examine me on that Head; I am so unhappy, that I can only give you fresh Cause for Grief, and therefore make you more exasperated against me. It is

is just that you should deprive me of your Friendship, and leave an unhappy Girl, who has the Misfortune to be the Obstacle of your Desires. It would be of no Service to you to encrease your Hatred, which above all Things I desire to avoid. Don't think I refuse to tell you the Truth; I know very well that I am obliged to tell it you, if you desire it; this is the least Part of what I owe you, but what witholds me is the Pain it will give you, the Aversion it will inspire you with, and the Affliction that your Displeasure will occasion me.

No, Child, no, reply'd Mrs. *Valentine*, fear nothing from me; does my Son know where you are? Has he been here? Or have you heard from him lately?

I then drew the Letter I had received from *Valentine* out of my Pocket, which I had not unseal'd, and gave it her with a trembling Hand. I don't know, said I, how he discovered that I was here, but see what he has just given me himself.

She took and opened it, ran it over, then cast her Eyes upon her Friend, who also fixed her's upon her. They both stood for some Time looking upon each other, without speaking a Word. At last, Mrs. *Dawson*, shaking her Head, ah! Madam, said she, I asked you for *Indiana*, but I shall not have her, I find you will keep her yourself.

Indeed, she is my Daughter more than ever, returned she, with a Tenderness that would not permit her saying any more, and immediately presenting me her Hand, which I took hold of as well as the Grate would permit, and kiss'd it on my Knees for a long Time with an inexpressible Eagerness, and I was so softened, that I seemed

almost suffocated with my Tears, which was followed by a Silence among us all.

Mrs. *Dawson* spoke first and said, I never was so affected in my Life as I am now. I don't know which of the two I love most, the Parent or the Child.

Well, *Indiana*, said Mrs. *Valentine*, you must never more, whilst I live, call yourself an Orphan. But let us return to my Son. Without doubt it was Mrs. *Thompson*, the Linnen-Draper, that told him where you are. Very likely, Madam, returned I, for I have not heard his Name mentioned, since I have been here before this Afternoon, when he brought me the Letter, which he could not have given me without a Stratagem.

A Stratagem, returned she, I know what you mean, and I will tell you; as I was stepping out of the Coach I saw a young Man in Livery, coming down from this Parlour; methought he was so like my Son, that I could not help being struck with the Resemblance; I thought of telling you of it, Madam, for I look'd upon it as a Thing pretty singular, tho' I did not give much Attention to it; but now, *Indiana*, I find my Son loves you, I don't doubt but instead of a Man that resembled him, it was he himself. Was it not?

Yes, Madam, said I, after having hesitated a Moment, scarce was he here before you arrived. I took his Letter, without taking Notice who it was that gave it me; and I should not have known him, but for a Look he cast at me: I started with Surprise; we were told you were coming, and he retired with Precipitation.

By what I know of his Temper, said Mrs. *Valentine*, speaking to her Friend, *Indiana* must have made a prodigious Impression upon him. See what it has made him resolve! what a surprising Effect! to put on a Livery!

Yes,

Yes, returned Mrs. *Dawson*, this Action certainly proves he loves her; and those Charms demonstrates it much more strongly.

But, Madam, said my Benefactress, what will become of the Marriage, which is almost concluded? How shall I get rid of my Engagements entered into with his Consent? *Valentine* will never perform them; and to say Truth, I should be sorry he should marry that young Lady, when prepossessed in favour of another. What must we do to cure him of this Passion.

It would be hard indeed to teach him to overcome it, returned Mrs. *Dawson*, but I believe we may reduce it into the Bounds of Reason, and this we may certainly do with the Help of this young Lady. It is an Happiness that she is the Person we have to do with. We have now seen an Instance of the Greatness of her Mind, which proves what her Gratitude and Tenderneſs for ſuch a Mother as you will render her capable of.

To cure him would be no eaſy Task, replied Mrs. *Dawson*, and he can only be prevailed upon by your Daughter, and this would be a Proceeding worthy of herſelf. As ſhe is the only Obſtacle, ſhe ſhould ſpeak to him of it; for no Body elſe will be capable of making him hear or underſtand Reason. I am perſuaded he reſpects you too much to be capable of rebelling againſt you; but you ſay, you will not force him, and nothing can be more juſt than this Reſolution; for by a contrary Conduct you would certainly make him unhappy; nor could he be afterwards conſoled, for having plunged himſelf into Miſery; becauſe he would always reflect, that he might have avoided it. On the contrary, *Indiana*, by a thouſand Reasons that will not admit of a Reply, may poſſibly prevail with him to conſent to his former Engagements; ſhe may perſuade him, in as gentle

Terms

Terms as possible, and even with some Reluctance, that he will love her in vain, and that she is not in a Condition to return his Affection; and by this Means calm his Heart, and convince him of the Necessity he is under to marry the Lady intended for him. Thus he would be induced to marry her himself, and you would not appear to influence his Choice. This is my Opinion of the Matter.

It is a very good Thought, returned Mrs. *Valentine*, I like your Advice, but I shall add one Thing. Would it not be proper, in order to take away all Hopes from him, my Daughter should pretend to be desirous of being a Nun, and to add, that her Situation will not admit of her taking any other Course? But, *Indiana*, said she, interrupting herself, I would not have you concerned at what I say; don't think I insinuate that you ought to quit the World; I am so far from it, that I could not consent to it, without the most visible Proofs of your being desirous of it; since I should be apt to fear that your small Fortune, your Apprehensions of future Want, or the Fear of being a Charge to me, would be your most prevailing Inducement. I would not have you mistake me, I say; I have only my Son in view, and would point out the Means to bring him to my Purpose, which you too well justify, in which I know he would think himself happy, if permitted to cherish it, and with which indeed I myself should be charm'd, if the Maxims of the World, which, on Account of your present unfortunate Situation, will not allow me to consent. For alas! What is it you want? Neither Beauty with all its most pleasing Graces, the most sparkling Wit, nor the unaffected Goodness of a great and upright Soul. These are Endowments the most extraordinary, the most precious, and the most valuable Portion of a Woman in Marriage,
all

all which you enjoy in the greatest Profusion; but you have not twenty thousand Livres a Year; he would make no Alliances in marrying you; nor do we know your Relations, who, perhaps, would be an Honour to us. Reason would certainly choose you for his Wife, but an extravagant Custom rejects you. I mention these Particulars that you might not look upon the Assistance I expect from you to induce *Valentine* to mortify his Passion, as a painful Subject of Humiliation.

Oh, dear Mother, since you are pleased to grant me Leave to call you so, how generous is this! said I, throwing myself at her Feet, to have so much Regard for a poor Girl, whom any Body else, in the same Circumstances, would have treated with Contempt and loaded with Indignities! what would have become of me had not you taken me into your Care? without you, Madam, I should by this Time have had the Confusion of begging my Bread; and, notwithstanding this, you are afraid of humbling me! Sure there is not a Heart like your's upon the Face of the Earth.

Oh, Daughter, cried she, who could help being tender-hearted to you? my Child, you enchant me! O she enchants you at a very proper Time, said Mrs. *Dawson*, with a tender Smile, but pray put an End to this Discourse, I can't bear it, you soften me too much.

We will go to what we were saying, replied my Benefactress. Since we have concluded that you speak to *Valentine*, shall we wait till he returns to see her, or, to be more expeditious, would it not be better that she should write to him to come?

By all Means, said Mrs. *Dawson*, let a Letter be sent; but I am of Opinion that she should know first what he says to her in that Letter in your Hand, which we have only read to ourselves, by that she will judge better how to regulate her Conduct

Conduct towards him. Yes, said I, with an Air of Frankness, I ought to know what he thinks, especially since I wrote to him the Day that I came hither, about an Hour before I entered. Ay! how so, *Indiana*, interrupted Mrs. *Valentine*.

I was obliged to it, Madam, said I; I sent to him a Bundle, in which was a Gown, some Linnen, and Money, the Presents I had received from the Gentleman I have already mentioned, who, out of a seeming Pity, had placed me at Mrs. *Thompson's*, but whose real Designs were base and dishonourable: I wrote to Mr. *Valentine*, who knew where he lived, to desire him to be so good as to send him the Parcel as from me.

Hah! by what Chance said Mrs. *Valentine*, did my Son know this Gentleman.

Madam, you will be still more surprized, returned I, when I tell you he knew him because he was his Uncle. What! cried she, Mr. *Chambers*? Yes, Madam, 'twas he himself, replied I; it was to him the good Priest, I mentioned, carried me, and at your House I learn'd it was Mr. *Valentine's* Uncle, because he entered soon after my Fall had induced your Son to have me carried in; and it was he too that young Gentleman surprized at my Feet at Mrs. *Thompson's* the Linnen-drapeer's, as he was entertaining me with his Love; and it was this Discovery that made him propose to remove me from the Neighbourhood of Mr. *Valentine*, that he might see me in secret without the Dread of a Discovery.

O Heavens, cried she, what do you tell me! what a Weakness was this in my Brother! I beg Madam, said she to her Friend, don't mention a Word of what *Indiana* has told us: If ever an Adventure like this should come to be known judge of the Scandal it would be to him, who passes for a Man of great Piety, and who, I hope, has hitherto deserved it, however he has behaved in this Instance.

stance. What must he think of himself? How will he be able to reflect on this Incident in his secret Moments? Well, we will leave him and proceed to the Thing in Question: Let us see my Son's Letter. Here she opened it again, but said, I have a Scruple that has started in my Mind: Shall we do well to read it to *Indiana*, perhaps she loves *Valentine*? There is a great deal of Tenderness expressed in it, she may be touched with it, and it would only cost her more Pain to render us the Service we require from her. Tell us, my Dear, is there any Hazard? What must we think? Do you love my Son?

No Matter, Madam, answered I, it will not hinder me from speaking to him as I ought.

No Matter! say you? you love him then? replied she, with a Smile. Yes, Madam, said I, 'tis true I do; I at first Sight conceived an Inclination for him, without knowing it was Love: I thought him amiable, and you know I could not be to blame in thinking him so, since I only did him Justice: He is a young Man perfectly agreeable, and so like you, Madam, that I could not help being charmed with him. At this they both burst into a Laughter. I could never be weary of hearing her, said Mrs. *Dawson*, and I shall not be able to avoid seeing her; sure there is not such another Girl in the World.

I own it, replied Mrs. *Valentine*, but however I must chide her for having told my Son that she loves him, for such a Conduct is very imprudent.

Lord bless me, Madam, I never told him so, I never utter'd a Word like it. Dare a Girl tell a Man that she loves him? we may talk of such Things to one another, because no ill Consequence can attend it: But he has not the least Suspicion of it, unless he has guessed so; and if he has it will avail him nothing: You shall see, Madam, I will

not

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not give you any Uneasiness. It is true, he is amiable, and one must be blind not to observe it; but what then, I assure you I will behave as if he was entirely indifferent to me, for I should be very ungrateful to act otherwise.

Oh, my Child, said my kind Friend, it will be very difficult to bring thy Heart to renounce him. The more I see thee, the more I despair of your ever being able to accomplish it. Let us try however, see what he writes to thee.

The Letter was short, and as near as I can remember, it ran as follows :

“ **T**HREE Weeks, Madam, I have sought you and been dying with Grief. I mention no more my Love, it deserves no longer your Attention; I would throw myself at your Feet to shew you the Affliction I am in for having offended you; I ask Pardon not with the Hope of obtaining it, but to give you an Opportunity of revenging yourself by refusing it me. You do not know how much you are able to punish me, but you ought to know it; and I only beg the Consolation of telling it you.”

This Letter penetrated my Soul, and my Heart felt the Force of every Word, which I am persuaded Mrs. *Valentine* took Notice of, for she watched my Looks narrowly. My Dear, said she, the Note is very moving, is it not? I cannot deny it, Madam, for I durst not deceive you, returned I. However, fear nothing, I shall not due my Duty with the less Courage.

But, replied she, what Offence is it that he speaks of? It is the ill Opinion, returned I, he had expressed of me when he found Mr. *Chambers* at my Feet; but since he received my Letter, where I beg him to send the Bundle of Cloaths to his
Uncle,

Uncle, he sees he has been deceived, acknowledges my Innocence, and is conscious of his having offended me.

This, said Mrs. *Dawson*, is as strong a Proof of his Probity as his Love. I am glad to see him do Justice to *Indiana's* Virtue. It is acting like an honest Man; but the more he esteems your Daughter, the greater will be the Difficulty she will meet with in bringing him to Reason, and making him comply with our Desires. Do not you think so Mrs. *Valentine*?

You are right, answered my Benefactress; but it is Time to go Home, let us conclude upon something. We have agreed that *Indiana* shall write to my Son. A Word or two, said I, will be sufficient, and I will write before you Madam. Very well, my Dear, a Line will be sufficient, so I immediately wrote as follows:

S I R,

"I COULD not speak to you this Afternoon; however, I have something to say to you."

But, Madam, when shall I desire him to come? said I to Mrs. *Valentine*.

At Eleven o' Clock To-morrow Morning, returned she.

"And I should be obliged to you," added I, writing again, "if you will come here To-morrow Morning at Eleven o'Clock; when I shall wait for you."

I am, &c.

INDIANA.

After

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After I had directed this Letter, I gave it my Benefactress, who took the Charge of sealing and sending it by one of the Servants of the House.

Farewel, *Indiana*, 'till To-morrow, said she, when I shall see you again. My Dear, said Mrs. *Dawson*, think me your sincere Friend; I shall see you again very soon. I will have her come with you, Madam, and dine at my House; and if you don't bring her with you, I promise you, I will come and fetch her myself. We will both wait upon you the first Opportunity, replied Mrs. *Valentine*, after which you shall have her as often as you please.

I made no Answer to this, but a Smile, and a low Courtesy, after which they went away and left me with a Mind serene and full of Tranquillity. Whoever had seen me, would have imagined that I was melancholy, but I was far from being so; I had only the Appearance of this Disorder, which was the Effect of that Flood of Softness which had just overwhelmed me.

I sigh'd, however, like a Person who was disturbed in Mind, on Account of the Situation of my Affairs; for I loved a Man whom I must think on no more, and this was a Matter of Grief to me; but, on the other Hand, he tenderly loved me in Return; a Reflection full of unnumbered Charms: This alone was almost sufficient to dissipate my Uneasiness; it was a true Honour, essentially necessary to give me Patience to support the rest. Besides I had just behaved with so much Generosity, had shewn so much Reason, and given such Proof of a disinterested Gratitude, that had drawn Tears of Admiration and Pleasure from those two amiable Ladies, one of whom, Mrs. *Valentine*, being the only Person who hoped for the Dissolution of the Match. I looked inward
with

with Complacency and Delight; I approved the Greatness of my own Soul, and amused myself with those pleasing Vanities, and the secret Applause which sprung from every Reflection; this dissipated the Gloom, and presented all within bright and lovely.

But however this was, my Letter was punctually delivered to Mr. *Valentine*, and Eleven o'Clock was but just struck when the Abbess came herself to tell me that he waited for me.

Go, *Indiana*, said she, Mrs. *Valentine's* Son asks for you: She told me Yesterday after she left you, that she would send him to see you, and he is now below.

I went immediately, but with a slow Pace, to get Time to recover and fortify myself from a Disorder his coming had put me into. I was entering upon a painful Scene, and feared I should want Courage to go through it.

In this Confusion I went into the Parlour to Mr. *Valentine*. When I entered the Parlour where he was, he expressed himself in the following Manner:

Madam, I don't know whether I ought to rejoice, or be afflicted, at the Order I have received from you; but I have not obeyed it without an inexpressible Inquietude.

Sir, returned I, pray sit down. Here, I hesitated in order to recover myself whilst he took a Chair. Yes, Sir, replied I, with a trembling Voice, I want to talk with you. Well, Madam, returned he, what is the Matter? What must I think of this Interview? Your Lady Governess, I believe, knows of my making you this Visit. Yes, Sir, said I, she herself calling you by your Name, came to tell me that you desired to speak with me. My Name! cried he, how can that be? I do not know her, nor have I ever seen her; you must have

told her who I was. No, Sir, I have not made her my Confidant; all that she knew was that you were to be here; however it was not I that informed her of it: But, Sir, I beg you would hear me. You would persuade me to think you love me, and I believe it is true that you do; but what Design can you have in loving me?

That of being only your's, returned he seriously, that of being united to you by all the Ties of Honour and Religion; and if there are any Engagements more strong and binding, I will enter into them with a proportionably greater Pleasure. Your Enquiry into my Design gives me no Pain, for I don't see, Madam, how it is possible for a Man to love you with other Views. My Intentions will not bear a Doubt: I have only to know if they are agreeable to you, and if I may hope to obtain what will be the Happiness of my Life.

Sir, said I, you know not yet the Misfortunes I have suffered from my Infancy: I am ignorant to whom I owe my Birth, I lost my Parents without knowing them; and I have neither Fortune nor Relation: We are not made for each other; besides there are insurmountable Obstacles in our Way.

I understand you, returned he, with an Air of Despair and Consternation, your Heart refuses to yield to my Desires, and unite itself to mine.

No, Sir, you are mistaken, that is far from being the Case, said I, without being able to proceed. That is not the Case, Madam, returned he, why then do you mention Obstacles?

We were in this Part of our Conversation when my Benefactress entered: Judge of *Valentine's* Surprise.

How! my Mother! cried he rising, Oh, Madam all this was contrived. Yes, my Son, said she to him, it was, I readily confess it, we would not endeavour to conceal it from you: I knew you
were

were to be here, and we thought it proper I should meet you. But, my dear Child, added she, addressing herself to me, have you informed my Son of every Thing?

No, Madam, said I, fortified by her Presence, and encouraged by the affectionate Manner in which she spoke to me; no, I have not had Time; the Gentleman is but just come, and our Conversation hardly begun when you entered; but I will tell him every Thing before you, Madam.

You see, Sir, said I to *Valentine*, who seemed surpris'd at the tender Names we gave each other: You see in what Manner your good Mother treats me; you ought to know how kind she has been to me, and what Obligations I am under to her; Obligations so great and numerous, that were I to mention them, they would appear quite incredible, and you would be the first that would tell me, that I should be unworthy to live if did not intreat you to think of me no more. Do you be Judge, resumed I, only consider who I am. I lost my Parents, who were assassinated on a Journey when I was but two Years old, and since that Time, Sir, hear what has happened to me. My Education was given me by Mr. *Robinson*, a Clergyman in the Country, who fulfilled that Task out of a noble Compassion. His Sister brought me to *Paris*, here she died, and left me alone without Support. A Priest she knew, and had recommended me to before her Death, presented me to your Uncle, who placed me at Mrs. *Thompson's* the Linnen-Draper, but after a few Days abandoned me. I have already told you the Reasons of his Conduct, when I desired you to return his Presents for me. I went to tell the Priest my Situation, and in returning from him I enter'd into the Church that belongs to this House, to dry up

my Tears, with which I was almost suffocated. Your dear Mother came in after me; she saw me weep at a Confessional: I excited her Pity, and from that Time became a Boarder here; 'tis she that pays all my Expences, has bought me Cloaths, furnished me with every Thing, not only in the greatest Plenty, but Magnificence, and has accompanied these generous Actions, with such an engaging Sweetness, that I cannot call them to Mind without melting into Tears of Gratitude. She comes to see and discourse with me, loves me and treats me as if I was your Sister, and has even made me forget that I am an Orphan; never had a Daughter a better Mother, nor experienc'd such Happiness from that dear Relation. This is the Situation I am in, judge then what I owe to your Mother; speak from your Conscience, Sir, how would you advise me to act after what I have told you? you must think that those unhappy Wretches who beg their Bread, are not so poor as I am; they have at least Brothers and Sisters, or some other Relations; they have a Country, they have a Name to distinguish them from the rest of Mankind, by which they are known amongst their Acquaintance; but I have none of these Advantages, and therefore, am more wretched than they.

Come, my Dear, said Mrs. *Valentine*, pray forbear. No, Mother, let me tell every Thing; I say nothing but the Truth, Sir, and yet, after all this, you ask for my Heart; would it not be a fine Present I should make you? would it not be a Cruelty even to myself? It is true, I am agreeable to you; but you would not attach yourself to me sure, for no other Reason but because you think me handsome; you certainly believe that I have a spotless Character; and if this is the Case, how can you hope that I should ever consent to a Love that
would

would draw upon you the Censure of every Body, which would set you at Variance with your Family, with every one who esteems you, and even with me too, for how severe must be your Repentance, when you would cease to love me, who is the Subject of public Ridicule, whom no Body would see, and who would only bring upon you Shame and Misery. But obliged as I am to Mrs. *Valentine*, how wicked a Creature must I be, should I marry you? If I was capable of it, would you ever think upon me but with Horror? Should I not be the basest and most ungrateful Creature upon Earth, especially as I know your Engagements to a Lady of great Merit? Don't be surpris'd, Sir, I am inform'd of every Thing. Your Mother came to see me Yesterday as usual; she appeared sad and dejected; I ask'd the Cause; she informed me that her Son had displeased her; I heard her with Attention, without knowing that I was the Cause of her Uneasiness. She told me, she had the greatest Reason to be satisfied with your Conduct, till you had seen a young Girl; here she related our History; and the Girl who disturbs you, who induces you to break your Word, who now afflicts your dear Mother, and who has robbed her of the Respect and Tenderness of her Son, I found to be myself, the Pensioner that she supports and loads with Kindness. After this, Sir, see if, with all the Virtues you have been accustomed to preserve, you can wish me to love you, and if you yourself could have the Courage to love such a Wretch as I should be, could I listen to your Passion: No, certainly. I find you are touch'd, Sir, with what I tell you; you weep, it is Tenderness surely for your Mother, and Pity for me. Oh! Madam, you shall be no longer full of Sadness and Inquietude. Mr. *Valentine* will suffer me to be no more the Subject of your Uneasiness, which is a Pain that falls with double Weight

Weight upon myself. I am sure he will no more interrupt the Pleasure you take in succouring me; on the contrary, he will be sensible that he must share in it; he may love me still, but it must be a Passion like your's. I hope he will marry the Lady in Question on his own Account, because he not only owes it to himself, but on your's, who have procur'd so advantageous a Match, and one so proper to compleat his Happiness and mine too, who intreat him to obey you, as the only Proof he can give me that I have been ever truly dear to him. This is a Satisfaction that he will not refuse to a Person that cannot be his, but will never be any Body's else; and who, for her Part, will not scruple to tell him, at this critical Juncture, that if she had been rich, and his Equal, she has so good an Opinion of his Merit, she would choose him before any other Man in the World: This is a Consolation that I am willing to give you, Sir, and which I shall not regret, provided it restores your Content and Peace.

I stopp'd here and wip'd away the Tears from my Eyes, while *Valentine* all this while held down his Head, and was some Time without answering me; at last he broke Silence, addressing himself to his Mother.

You see, Madam, what a Woman *Indiana* is, and she is the Object of my Regard; put yourself in my Place: Am I to blame to love her? Is it possible I should cease to do it? Can what she has just urged disengage my Affections? that very Method she has taken to do it, has rivetted my Heart faster to her than ever. O Madam, how many Virtues has she, and yet I must resign her; you will have me do it; she too desires it of me, and I will quit the dear invaluable Treasure: I will marry another; I consent to be miserable, but I shall not be so long.

Here

Here *Valentine's* Tears broke loose, and his Mother was touched with them, and wept as fast as he without knowing what to say; we all three were silent, and nothing was heard but Sighs.

Oh! cried I, agitated with Love, Grief, and a thousand confused Emotions, not to be described, dear Madam, your Grief is insupportable to me; why did you meet us? you fill me with Despair, I cannot bear to see you thus. Sir, you make my Life quite insupportable. Why, my Dear, do you complain? said *Valentine*, have I not already told you that I will resign you?

Yes, you will leave me, returned I, but tho' you say so, you afflict your Mother; you deprive her of Life; you threaten her with your being miserable. Is this the Consolation you give her? You ask what Reason we have for Complaint, what can you demand more than I have granted? If you are reasonable ought you not to regulate your Desires, and keep them in proper Bounds? you cannot marry me, but you have this Consolation, that I will never engage my Affections to any other, and you will always be dear to me; I shall be a Recluse indeed, but it will be here at *Paris*, and we shall sometimes see each other. We have both the same Mother, you shall be my Brother, my Benefactor and my dearest Friend, the only Man I esteem, and whom I shall never forget.

Oh, my dear Mother! cried *Valentine* again, throwing himself at her Feet, I beg Pardon for the Tears I see you shed, which I am so unhappy as to draw from you, do with me what you please, you are the Mistress of my Actions, though you have undone me: Why did you bring me here to raise my Admiration for this justly dear Creature, and then snatch me from her? Have Pity on my Condition; you tear my Heart with the most cruel Anguish. Take me away——let us go; I had rather
die

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die than afflict you thus ; but you who feel so much Tenderness for me, think for a Moment what will become of your Son.

Alas, my Dear, what would you have me say? returned the Lady, I pity thee, Child, I excuse thee ; you both touch me, and I confess to thee that I love *Indiana* as much as you do : Arise, my Son, this has not succeeded according to my Expectations, but it is not her Fault ; I forgive the Love thou hast for her ; and if the World thought as I do, I should not be so much troubled, nor at a Loss what to resolve.

At these last Words, which *Valentine* put the most favourable Construction upon, he cast himself again at her Feet, from whence she had just raised him ; and, taking one of her Hands, kiss'd it for a long Time without speaking. Well, Madam, said I, will you love me still ? Will you not after this, as the only Remedy, abandon me ?

Heaven forbid, my dear Child, returned my kind Benefactress, why do you talk thus ? come, I desire you will compose yourself. I am satisfied with you, my Son, added she, with an Air of Goodness that transported me ; I will not press you to conclude the Marriage in question, though it will displease a very worthy Family, but I love thee better than them.

You restore me to Life, Madam, said *Valentine*, I am the happiest of all Sons ; but what will you do with *Indiana*, won't you permit me to see her sometimes ? You ask more than I know how to answer, returned she, let me think of it. Consent, at least, that I love her, added he. What would signify my refusing thee that, returned she, pray continue to love her, let what will happen.

I had said, sometime before, that I would take the Veil, and was here, out of an Excess of Zeal, going to repeat it ; but as my Benefactress seem'd
to

to have forgot it, I suddenly reflected, that I ought not to bring it to her Remembrance. I had just exhausted my Generosity, had used every Argument I could think of to dissuade *Valentine* from loving me; but as his Mother had now permitted him to do so; as we had melted her Heart into such Softness, it was only for me to be silent. It would not have been proper for me to say, Madam, take Care what you do; such an Excess of Disinterestedness would neither have appear'd reasonable or natural, I therefore was silent on that Head.

After a Moment's Pause, What a dangerous little Creature thou art, *Indiana*, said she, rising; Farewel, let us go, Son, who still was kissing her Hand, the Reason of which she seem'd perfectly to understand. Yes, yes, added she, smiling, I know what all this Means, do you coax your Mother, Child? I will fix upon nothing yet, I can't bring myself to any Resolution. Adieu, Child, it is late, I will return to see you very soon. I saluted her without making any Answer, and as I had been crying I was wiping my Eyes with my Handkerchief. Why do you cry, said she, I have nothing to reproach thee with, I can't be angry with thee for being amiable; go to Dinner, my Dear, and compose yourself. Give me your Hand *Valentine*, to the Coach.

She immediately went down Stairs, ushered by her Son, who only spoke to me with his Eyes, and took no other Leave but a low Bow, which I returned with an Air full of Diffidence, like a Person afraid of taking too much Liberty, and of abusing that generous Lady's Indulgence.

I was now left alone, much more agitated than I was when Mrs. *Valentine* left me the preceding Night, since here was Matter for many other quite different Emotions. Love her Child, let what will

happen, my dear Benefactress had said to her Son; and then, *We shall see, I don't what to resolve upon*, she added; and from this I inferred, that she had ordered me to hope, which indeed I did, but called myself a Fool to dare to hope on such slender Grounds. On Occasions like these we can't help feeling a great deal of Pain; for it is much better not to have the least Glimpse of Success, than to have one so faint as only to flatter the Soul, to make it tremble with Fear, and to fill it with the most painful Uncertainty. Shall I be so happy as to marry *Valentine*? said I to myself, I cannot believe it possible; but, however, I began to think I should be miserable if I did not.

I could not sleep that Night, and hardly got any Rest the two following, for I passed three Days without hearing any Thing of them: At last the Fourth appeared, and I heard nothing of my Benefactress, but about Three in the Afternoon I was told, that *Valentine* asked for me at the Grate, and I had immediately Leave granted to see him, which however I did not accept. I felt I loved him infinitely more than I had done before; I had an extreme Desire to see him, and the greatest Curiosity imaginable to know if he had nothing new to tell me relating to our mutual Passion; but in spite of all this I restrained myself: I refused to go to him because I was sensible that if his Mother should know it it would add to her Esteem. I sent Word to *Valentine* to excuse my seeing him, except he came from his Mother, and that I durst not presume to do it, since she had not previously informed me of his Visit, as indeed she had not.

Valentine durst not deceive me, and was wise enough to retire. This prudent Piece of Conduct cost me very dear. I began to repent it, when he sent me Word he would come again the next Day with his Mother.

At the Time appointed we were to have a Ceremony, when a young Lady was to take her Vows. On these Occasions all the Religious appear openly, and the Curtain is drawn from the Rails. Here was I seated when Mrs. *Valentine* entered, who with her Family were invited by the young Nun's Relations. As I was ignorant of her being invited, I was agreeably surprized to see her come up the Isle of the Church towards the Rails, supported by an elderly Gentleman. A Throng of other Persons followed, but I did not take my Eyes off of this Lady, who did not yet see me; at last she took her Seat with the Gentleman by her Side; I then look'd on those that followed, and perceived Mr. *Chambers* and his Nephew.

What! Mr. *Chambers*, said I to myself, with a Mixture of Astonishment and Trouble. I could not help being sorry to see him there, though I knew not whether his Presence would be of any Consequence to me or not; I looked upon him as a wicked Man whom my Presence was sufficient to disconcert: But this was nothing in comparison of the mortifying Circumstances that must attend his seeing me, which I foresaw would cover him with extreme Confusion.

Valentine saw me first, and instantly bowed with an Air of Confidence, which seemed to presage that our Affairs were in a happy Situation: Next my Benefactress cast her Eyes at me, and at last her Brother followed them with his Eyes, and saw the little Linnen-draper, who did not appear to have lost any Thing by casting him off, and whose Dress was such, as not to allow her to regret the Bundle of Cloaths she had sent back to him by his Nephew.

This poor Man, (for the Time is coming when I must soften my Expressions for him) to whom, by a kind of Fatality, I was to be ever a Subject

of new Alarms, lost all Countenance at seeing me, and had not the Confidence to look in my Face.

I in my Turn blushed too, but like an Enemy who had the Advantage of a good Conscience, and who could not but confound a guilty Mind inferior to its own: I doubted whether he would take Notice of me or not, but I found he avoided it, and I imitated him out of Pride, Prudence, and even out of a kind of Pity for him, for I had a Mixture of them all in my Mind.

The Ceremony being over, Mrs. *Valentine* came to the Parlour with her Son, and asked for me, while Mr. *Chambers* retired. Good-morrow, *Indiana*, said she, how do you do my Dear? I am only come to speak a Word to you, my Company wait for me below, except my Brother who is gone. Here is my Son, who loves you with the utmost Tenderness; he continually persecutes me with his Passion, and is perpetually on his Knees before me, to obtain my Consent to the Accomplishment of his Desires: He tells me, I shall render him miserable if I oppose his Happiness; that his Passion is unsurmountable; that he must ever love and adore you, and make your Felicity inseparable from his own, and that it is his Destiny to love thee and to be thine. I cannot blame his Choice, thou art worthy of his Affection, and that is enough for a Man who loves thee, and who is rich; therefore love each other; I permit you to do it; any other Mother besides me would not suffer this: According to the Maxims of the World, my Son acts a very foolish Part, and I shall not be reckoned more wise to suffer him to do so; but on this, he says, depends the Repose and all the Comfort of his whole Life; and it must be a Heart very different from mine that could resist the Force of such an Argument: I am persuaded that he in this does not act contrary to true Honour; that he only deviates
from

from an established Custom, and only injuries his Fortune by refusing to augment it; he assures me that he can't live without thee, and I am sensible of the Merit he finds in thee: Nothing here oppose you but the Prejudices of Mankind, God nor Reason don't do it. Sir, turning to her Son, you are of a considerable Family, and as we don't know that of *Indiana*, Pride and Avarice would not have you marry her, but you do not listen to them, you only attend to your true and disinterested Love. I must act either as thy Tyrant or thy Mother; but I choose, and shall always glory in being the latter. May Heaven bless the Motives that induce me to give my Consent; but whatever happens, I should rather choose to blame my Indulgence, than an Inflexibility, which will be of no Advantage to thee, and which might perhaps be attended with the most fatal Consequences.

Valentine on hearing his Mother's Discourse wept with Joy and Gratitude. As for me I was so moved I could not speak a Word; my Hands trembled, and I only expressed my Thoughts by frequent Sighs.

Thou sayest nothing, *Indiana*, said she, but I understand thy Silence, and, indeed, can't help being sensible of the Joy I give you both: Heaven might have destin'd me a Daughter-in-law that would better please the World, but not one more agreeable to my Heart's Desire.

Here I broke into a sudden Transport. Oh, my Mother, cried I, you kill me with Excess of Kindness, I shall never have that Gratitude such Goodness demands. My Tears forced me to stop here unable to proceed. I cast myself at her Feet, and put some of my Fingers through the Grate to take hold of Mrs. *Valentine's*, who presented her's, while *Valentine* seized both our Hands and kissed them alternately.

Hear me, my dear Children, said my Mother, after having looked for some Time with Transport on her Son, you must use some Prudence on this Occasion. While you stay in this House, my Dear, you must not expect *Valentine's* coming to see you alone: You have related your History to the Governess; she, suspecting that my Son loves you, and that I consent to it, may tell the young Ladies, and they again may speak of it to others, and this, if possible, I would avoid. It is not even proper, *Indiana*, that you should be long here, you shall stay but about three Weeks or a Month at farthest, mean Time I will look out for a Convent, where they will know none of the Accidents of your Life; where I will place you under a feigned Name, whilst I take Measures to prepare the Minds of the People for the Marriage, to prevent its surprizing them.

Valentine upon this was going to renew his Thanks, and I the Testimonies of my Respect and Tenderneſs, but she arose up. You know they wait for me, said she to her Son, conceal your Joy, I will dispense with your shewing it to me, I am sensible of what you feel: Come let us go.

But, Madam, replied her Son, you tell me that you will not permit me to see *Indiana* without you, does not that imply that I shall wait upon you sometimes when you come here? Yes, yes, returned she, to be ſure, two or three Times perhaps, but not more. Come, do you conduct me. There is one thing that I did not think of, which is, my Brother knows *Indiana*, and where she is, perhaps we shall be obliged to marry you privately: You are his Heir, Son, and for this Reason you shall not disoblige him. It is true, that after his Adventure with *Indiana*, we may bring him over, and make him hear Reason, for he loves me, and I will take Advantage of it, and endeavour to ma-
nage

nage him. After a tender Adieu she left me, more overjoyed than I can exprefs.

I have already faid, that for three or four Nights my Inquietude would harly permit my taking any Repofe, but now a contrary Paſſion had the ſame Effect; nothing keeps us ſo much awake as extreme Joy, or the delightful Expectation of a great Happineſs; and ſince this was the Caſe, judge if I was in a Diſpoſition to ſleep.

The two firſt Days I was perfectly enchanted, then my Satisfaction was daſhed with a Mixture of Impatience. Yes, I ſhall marry *Valentine*, ſaid I to myſelf, my dear Benefaſtreſs has promiſed it me: But when will this happy Moment arrive? I am to ſtay a Month longer here, and then be placed in another Religious Houſe, that Meaſures may be taken to bring about this Marriage; but will theſe Meaſures draw out the Time to a great Length, or ſhall I be united to *Valentine* ſhortly? I cannot tell what to think; no Time is fixed for it, and it is poſſible they may change their Minds; and theſe Thoughts extremely alleviated my Satisfaction.

There had paſſed five or ſix Days ſince I had ſeen my Mother or her Son, when one Morning a Letter was brought me from her, in which ſhe informed me that ſhe would come at One o'Clock with *Valentine*, to take me to dine with Mrs. *Dawſon*; and her Note concluded with theſe Words; "And eſpecially uſe all your Art, and neglect nothing in Point of Dreſs: Do you mind? I would have you put on all your Charms."

This order methought was a Proof that Mrs. *Valentine* perſiſted in giving me the Heart of her Son; if ſhe had hesitated upon it, ſhe would not have expoſed him thus to all my Charms.

Theſe were my Thoughts while Dreſſing, and the exquisite Pleaſure I felt in reflecting, that he

would be sensible of the Graces I put on gave a fresh Lustre to my Countenance, and more Fire and Vivacity to my Eyes. At One o'Clock I was ready, and while I waited for my Benefactress, I amused myself with walking backward and forwards in my Room, and from Time to Time looking in my Glais to re-touch my Head-Dress, which, though very well before, I could not help endeavouring to add something improving.

At last my Door opened, and I was told Mrs. *Valentine* waited for me: I went down and met Mr. *Valentine* at the Gate, who conducted me to the Coach, where I found my Benefactress.

Mr. *Chambers* is not well, said *Valentine*, in our Way to the Coach, he has had a slight Fever these two or three Days. I am sorry for it, reply'd I, I bear him no Ill-will; I hope it will not be attended with any bad Consequence; here we got to the Coach. Come, my dear *Indiana*, said my Benefactress, let us make haste, for it is very late. You look incomparably well To-day, said she, as soon as I was seated. Yes, Madam, said *Valentine* smiling, it is impossible to avoid being ravished at the Sight of so many Graces as are united in this charming Girl.

Indiana, said Mrs. *Valentine*, you know we are going to dine with Mrs. *Dawson*, and there will be a pretty deal of Company, we have therefore resolved that I should introduce you as the Daughter of one of my best Friends, who died in the Country, and has recommended you to my Care; remember this Child; I should have loved thy Mother had I known her, and I now think of her as a Friend I have lost.

Dear Madam, returned I, extremely touched, forgive my Want of Expression to thank you as I ought; your Goodness has daily augmented since I have had the Happiness to be known to you;
every

every Word you have spoken has been a fresh Benefit, and has laid me under a new Obligation to you.

Indeed, said *Valentine*, as there is no Mother like ours, so it is not strange that we can't tell her how much we love her. Yes, returned she merrily, I believe you love me very well, but you coax me a great deal better.

When we came to Mrs. *Dawson's*, we went into the Parlour, and found four Persons with her; they all immediately arose and paid their Respects, in a very genteel Manner, to Mrs. *Valentine*, her Son, and myself. We all sat down, and enter'd into a long and general Discourse, in which every one discover'd their Eloquence; and I must own that I never heard so much true Wit in so short a Time before; but notwithstanding the Company were all People of the best Sense, yet Mrs. *Dawson*, to whom they generally address'd themselves, surpass'd them all, as much as the Sun does the Moon in Brightness. The Dinner, which Mrs. *Dawson* had provided, was quite seasonable, nothing either superfluous or sparing, but the whole conducted with good Oeconomy, worthy of that amiable Lady, which made the Time pass very agreeable.

After Dinner we fell into a second Discourse, chiefly concerning the good Fortune that was observ'd generally to attend the seemingly Unfortunate of both Sexes; several Persons were mentioned that were Men of great Reputation; this was my own Case, and consequently I could join with in them this Discourse, which I did, and held it some Time to the general Satisfaction of all present, but the Time stealing on apace, and some new Company coming in, Mrs. *Valentine* took that Opportunity to retire; *Valentine* and I followed her, and Mrs. *Dawson* waited on us to the Door, where she embraced me,

me, and after Compliments on both Sides we set out for our respective Habitations.

As we were in the Coach, Mrs. *Valentine* said to me, Well my Dear, does the Company we have been in please you? It appears to me that you were very agreeable to them; we shall make something of you in Time. Ay, ay, said *Valentine*, there is Room to hope *Indiana* will render herself agreeable to them all one Time or other. I don't know what may happen, answered I, laughing, but if I don't, it shall never be for Want of Endeavours on my Side; it is you, Madam, must take care you don't repent choosing me for a Daughter. This was our Discourse till we came to the Religious House I lived in.

I hope it will not be long before we shall see her again, said *Valentine* to his Mother, as he presented me his Hand to help me out of the Coach? I believe not, said she, I believe we shall dine once more at Mrs. *Dawson's*, as she seemed pleased with our Company, but don't be too hasty: Come, hand *Indiana* into the House.

On this he rung the Bell, the Door opened, and he had only Time to say with a Sigh, You are now, my Dearest, going to shut yourself up, and in a Moment I shall be a Recluse too, tho' in the Midst of the busy World, 'tis you alone will employ my Thoughts; after which he retired.

Amongst the Boarders, there was one near my own Age, and who was agreeable enough to make her think herself a great Beauty, but her high Value for her dear Person rendered her whole Conduct ridiculous; nothing was the Object of her Contemplation but her own Face, the Charms of which were the Subject of every Reflection; she was never weary of this Idea, and all her Actions discovered a Mind extremely vain and full of the most consummate Affectation; besides, she was a
Lady

Lady of Quality, and therefore expected a great Deference should be paid her.

The Reader may remember, the Discourse I had with the Lady Governess when I presented myself to her before Mrs. *Valentine*; I then mentioned the Misfortunes of my Life, and my Benefactress was so touched with them, that she forgot to desire her to keep them secret, when she took me under her Care, and placed me with her; for few People attend to every Thing at once. I however had thought of it soon after I had entered her House, and entreated her not to divulge what I had told her. Alas! my Child, said she, I shall be very far from it; fear nothing; do you think I don't know the Consequence of such Things? But whether I was then too late with my Request, or that desiring her to say nothing had rendered my Secret burthensome to her, I cannot say, but it was scarcely Nine o'Clock the next Morning, before I was the common Talk of the whole House; I observed every where the Ladies whispering to each other, and staring at me wherever I went: I soon knew the Cause, but unable to help myself, I cast down my Eyes, and seemed to take no Notice of it. However there was hardly one amongst them that did not express a great deal of Friendship for me by their Caresses, which I think at first they did out of a Curiosity of hearing me speak. A Person of my Age that enters a Convent, is at first a kind of Sight, and the whole Discourse for some Time consists of such impertinent Questions as these, Is she tall? Is she little? What Sort of an Air has she? What does she say? How is she dress'd? Is she handsome? In short, to this inquisitive Disposition, nothing that she has appears insignificant, nor too trifling not to engage their Attention.

However

However I soon found their Curiosity was of the greatest Service to me, all the Ladies loved me, but never told me what they had learnt of my Misfortunes, but their Commendations of my Person, and that Air of Sweetness and Modesty they complimented me with, were uttered with such a lamentable Tone, that you would have thought they were weeping over me, and saying, *Poor little Orphan, how deplorable is your Situation, thus to be reduced to live on the Charity of others.*

This young Boarder, so puffed up with her own Charms, was the only Person who treated me with Contempt, and who had not indeed condescended to speak to me. Scarce could she resolve to return with a slight Inclination of her Head, the low Courtesies which I constantly made her whenever we met; and it was easily seen, that even this was attended with Reluctance.

One Day as she was walking in the Garden, with some of our Companions, I happened to pass by her, as I was talking with a Lady, when casting a negligent Look at me, I heard her say, with the Tone and Air of a Princess, Yes, the Thing is genteel enough, it is a Lady I think that has the Charity to pay her Board: Don't you think she resembles my *Jenny*? (this was a Servant she had to wait upon her, and who indeed favoured me a little) I observed that those that were with her made her no Answer, whilst I blush'd very much, and the Tears came into my Eyes: The Lady with whom I was walking, had conceived a particular Regard for me, which I returned with an undisssembled Friendship; she shook her Head at this Speech, and said nothing.

I could not forbear saying with a Sigh, Oh! how cruel, how barbarously cruel are some Persons!

Don't

Don't mind her Miss, said the Lady, taking hold of my Hand, you have Advantages which greatly revenge you of this impertinent Creature; you would have greater Reason to be vain than she, tho' you had not had more Sense, and a better Understanding to set you above her. You are very obliging, Madam, said I, with a Look of Acknowledgment.

This Treatment I was exposed to from this haughty Lady, who could not forgive my being perhaps as handsome as herself; however, I went into the House, dressed as I was, that I might have an Opportunity of disconcerting my jealous Rival.

I have already mentioned that I was not hated in the House; my engaging Behaviour had drawn upon me the Good-will of every one, except this Lady, and made them love to do me Justice. I had no sooner entered, than the Eyes of every one were fixed upon me; they expressed a general Surprise, attended with an Air of Friendship.

She no sooner saw me, than I observed she smiled with an Air of Contempt, and held down her Head; a Behaviour she probably thought most proper to maintain her Vanity.

When Supper was over, we Boarders went into the Garden, and were followed by some of the Nuns, amongst whom was one I have already mentioned under the Character of my Friend. We were no sooner there, but my Companions came up to me. One asked where I had been, that she had not seen me To-day, another took Notice of my Gown, and admired its Beauty, while another seemed delighted with the Fineness of my Head-Dress, and observed that it became me extremely. I had many Remarks made upon these Trifles, which were expressed with a great deal of good Nature. Mean while, my Friend came up to us, and maliciously addressing herself to the Lady that looked

looked upon me with such Contempt, Is it not true, Miss, said she, that this would be a lovely Victim to offer up to Heaven? What a fine Sacrifice would it be if this charming young Lady should renounce the World, and become a Religious!

Lord, Madam, the Creature is well enough, said she, I think it is the best Step such as she can take. Then turning to me, *Indiana*, continued she, your Gown is mighty fine, and every Thing I think is answerable to it. — Was you ever so fine before? — Why it must cost a good deal of Money — The Lady that takes Care of you is mighty generous — What Age is she of? is she old? Does she think of securing to you something to live on? for she can't live for ever, and it would be a Pity should she not put you in a Condition to be always as well dressed, one is soon used to it, and I advise you to tell her so.

I kept Silence, till my Friend replied to her sharply, What do you mean, Madam, by this fine Discourse? What Business have you to interfere in this Lady's Concerns? I find I must inform you, that your assuming Behaviour humbles no Body here but yourself: We are not ignorant, Miss, of the base Motive of those haughty Airs you give yourself: The Lady, your Mother, when she placed you here, informed us that an unsufferable Pride was your favourite Vice, warned us of the Effects of it, and entreated us if possible to cure you of it; and I will assure you my Endeavours shall not be wanting for that Purpose, and I desire when you speak to Miss, that for the future you call her no more *Indiana*, as you have just done, since she always uses you with Respect, and there is none but you amongst us who take the Liberty to use her otherwise. But what Reason have you, Miss, to be afflicted, continued she, looking at me with
Compassion

Compassion in her Eyes ? is there any Thing to be ashamed of in the Misfortunes that have stripped you of your Parents.

No, Madam, returned I, I have nothing, God has taken every Thing from me, and I ought to behave myself accordingly ; but I had much rather be as I am, than to have all those Advantages Miss has above me, and be capable of insulting the Afflicted. This Discourse touched the Hearts of all my Companions, and made them interest themselves in my Uneasiness.

Lord ! who thought of insulting her, cried the jealous young Lady, blushing with Shame and Spight ? What hurt is there, pray, in advising her to take care of herself ?

No Body made any Answer to this ; my Friend was gone, and drew away the greatest Number of the Boarders, while only two or three stayed with my Enemy, amongst whom one was her Relation, and another her Friend.

This little Adventure, which I thought might be instructive to those young Ladies that may read my History, caused me to redouble my Modesty and Politeness to my Companions, who in their Turn increased their Friendship for me. But to proceed.

Mrs. *Valentine* came to see me the third Day after our dining with Mrs. *Dawson*, and some Days after I received a second Note, which desired me to get ready to pay another Visit at Mrs. *Dawson's*. At the Time appointed I was told my Benefactress waited for me ; it was eight Days since I had seen *Valentine*, and I confess I thought it very long. I was received by a Footman, who conducted me to her Coach, and was immediately stunned at seeing her ; my Face was not made to dissemble, my Mien betrayed me, and Mrs. *Valentine* perceived my Trouble, in spight of my Endeavours to
hide

hide it: I approached her with such a disordered Air, that she could not help smiling as soon as she saw me. This Smile a little revived my Courage for I thought it a good Sign. Come in, my Dear, said she; I placed myself and we drove away.

There wants somebody here, cried she laughing, does not there? Who is that, Madam? said I, seeming to know nothing of the Matter, Who, Child! replied she, sure you know better than I, though I am his Mother; Oh, it is Mr. *Valentine*, returned I, but I thought we should find him at Mrs. *Dawson's*. No, no, said she, it is better than that, he waits for us at one of his Friends, from whence we shall take him in our Way; I was not willing to bring him here, but you shall see him by and by.

A little while after the Coach stopped, and Mrs. *Valentine* said, What! my Son here already, you are willing to improve every Moment. See what it is to have a Mother, returned he, whose Tenderness makes her conceive all that passes in our Hearts. Hold your Tongue, said she smiling, suppress this sort of Language; let you Love-Discourses alone, if you please, 'till I am gone. You cast down your Eyes, added she, addressing herself to me, I shall teach you better Manners; I saw you turn pale, Miss, because he was not with me, your Mother's Company was not enough for you.

Oh, Madam, don't be displeased with her, said *Valentine*, would it be agreeable to you that she should be insensible of the Absence of a Man to whom you intend to marry her? If you will turn away your Head, Madam, I have a great Desire to kiss her Hand to thank her for it. Here he seized my Hand, but I snatched it from him hastily, at the same Time hitting him a Tap over the Fingers, and immediately taking hold of my Bene-
factress's

factress's Hand, I kiss'd it with an Emotion expressive of the greatest Affection. O ye Hypocrite return'd she, squeezing mine, you both abate the Respect you owe me: Come be quiet, let us talk of other Things. Have you seen my Brother, Son? How did he do this Morning? A little better, Madam, returned he, but continues sleepy, as he was Yesterday. This Drowsiness of his disturbs me, said Mrs. *Valentine*, we must not stay so long as we did the other Day, I must go see my Brother.

We were at this Part of our Discourse when the Coach stopt at Mrs. *Dawson's*; the Company there was the same I had seen before, with the Addition of two others, who did not appear superfluous, and whose Behaviour seem'd to say that they waited to see me, and had been entertained with some Discourse to my Advantage.

We dined, and about an Hour after we were risen from Table, Mrs. *Valentine* was told, that one of her Servants wanted to speak to her: It was to tell her, that Mr. *Chambers* was in Danger, and that they were endeavouring to bring him out of an Apoplectic Fit, into which he had fallen two Hours before.

She entered the Room in a terrible Fright, and told us this melancholy News, took Leave of the Company, left me at my Apartment, and hastened to visit the sick Gentleman with *Valentine*, who appeared touched with the Condition of his Uncle, as well as uneasy at the hasty and abrupt Manner in which he was snatched from the Pleasure he seemed to enjoy in my Company.

If Mr. *Chambers* dies now, said I to myself, *Valentine*, who is already rich, will be still much more so, and, Oh! how do I know but this new Acquisition of Wealth may be of Prejudice to me? Is it possible that the Heir to such an immense Fortune should marry me?

A Moment after I reasoned thus, *Valentine* I am sure has a great deal of Tenderness for me; but it will fortify him against the Ambition of making an Alliance with a Family much greater and more powerful than his own? Will he resist the Allurements of Honour, and the noble Employments that they may procure him? There are Degrees of Generosity superior to the Reach of the most generous Minds; Hearts capable of sustaining themselves under such trying Proofs are so very rare, that it is almost too much to hope to meet with one, with sufficient Fortitude to bear it; and that Mind must be looked upon as deserving the Epithet of Great, that cannot be overcome by any Temptation.

I had no Reason to fear on this Account, for it was not Ambition that could rob me of the Heart of my *Valentine*, yet nevertheless, my Inquietude deprived me of all Repose.

The next Day, as soon as I was out of Bed, a Lady entered my Chamber, who told me, that the Governess desired me to dress as quick as possible, and that she had just received a Letter from Mrs. *Valentine*, in which she desired her to permit me to go immediately; there is, added she, a Coach waiting for you in the Court.

This was another Subject of Uneasiness; send for me so early! said I to myself; Oh! what has happened? I have no other Resource here than the Protection of Mrs. *Valentine*, and will she take that away? My whole Reliance is upon a generous Mind, who may, when she pleases, withhold her Favours and abandon me to Misery, without giving me Cause to complain of her; and to effect this she need only listen to the ill Report of an Impostor; this alone might enrage her against me. These Thoughts I revolved in my Mind whilst I was dressing myself.

I was

I was soon ready; I went out dress'd very plain, stept into the Coach, and I imagined they were carrying me to Mrs. *Valentine's*, but I was quite mistaken, the Coach stopped at Mr. *Chambers's*, I at first knew the House again; but judge what was my Surprise! I at once thought all were lost; now I see what is done, said I to myself, I see that I am ruined; this wicked Man has recovered and will revenge himself; I expect to be loaded with a thousand Calumnies that he has invented against me; he will give every Thing what Turn he pleases; he passes for a good Man, and in spite of all my Efforts to vindicate myself, and make my Innocence appear, he will impose upon Mrs. *Valentine*, and make her believe all his horrid Falshoods. Oh! my God! how wicked is this abandoned Wretch!

There was Reason to fear what I apprehended, the Menaces he gave me, when I left Mrs. *Thompson's*; the Scene that past between us before the Priest, to whom I had been to make my Complaints, and before whom I had been obliged to vindicate myself, against whatever the most villainous Hypocrisy could suggest to his Advantage and my Prejudice; the Marks of Friendship Mrs. *Valentine* had expressed when he saw her salute me at a Distance; the fear that I should reveal, or had already revealed his Baseness to that Lady, to whom he was sensible I was known, all this added to my being obliged to go to him, without being previously acquainted with the Visit I was to make, which had the Appearance of something sinister in it, was enough to make me imagine, that I was going to suffer some new Affronts, and receive fresh Cause of Inquietude from him.

Who knows but he may say that it was I who tempted him, in order to engage him to serve me,

said I, but this Account would be very different from that he had told the Priest; he there only accused me of being willing to believe that he loved me, and this good Man, who heard us both, will not sure refuse his Testimony to a poor Creature unjustly loaded with such black Calumnies.

As I entered the Hall I observed two Saircafes, and ask'd a Footman, which I was to ascend, he told me that on the Right-Hand, down which I instantly saw *Valentine* coming to meet me with Precipitation.

He appeared sad and dejected, but in a manner that intimated nothing against me, and he address'd me with the most tender Air: Come, Miss, said he, come, my Dear, no Time is to be lost; my Uncle is dying, and desires first to speak with you. Me! Sir, said I, what would he have with me? We don't know that, returned he, but this Morning he asked my Mother, if she was particularly acquainted with the young Woman, that she saluted in the Convent some Days ago; my Mother replied, that she was, and even told him in few Words, in what Manner you became a Boarder in the House, without concealing that it was she who placed you there. Upon this, you can prevail with her then to come here, answered he, and I desire she may be sent for; I must see her, for I have something to say to her before I die; and my Mother, in Answer to his Request, wrote to your Governess to permit you to come. This, Miss, is all I am able to tell you.

Alas! returned I, his Desire of seeing me has very much disturb'd me; I imagined that he had some ill Intention against me. You were mistaken, replied he, he appears at least to have Dispositions very far from it. This was our Discourse upon the
Stairs.

Stairs. My Mother, added he, desired me to inform you of this before you saw my Uncle.

It was a strange Visit I was going to pay, and there were a Variety of little Reasons that contributed to render it painful.

When I entered the Chamber, the first Person I saw was Father *St. Vincent*, the Priest, sitting at his Pillow; and next him sat Mrs. *Valentine*, with her Back towards me.

At the Sight of the Priest, whom I surprized at least as much as he did me, my Inquietudes renewed; I feared that our meeting there presaged no Good, and that there was too much Reason for all my former Suspicions.

The Priest had not learnt the Name of my Benefactress, and Mr. *Chambers* had said nothing to him of this Project, he therefore did not know what to think on seeing me in the Midst of this Gentleman's Family, introduced by *Valentine*, whom he saw enter with me, and who, out of Regard to his Uncle, kept a respectful Distance, as not being willing to let him know that we entered together.

Who is that, said Mr. *Chambers*? when we entered the Room; it is the young Woman, Brother, that you desired to see, said Mrs. *Valentine*; Come near, *Indiana*, added she immediately. Ah! Miss it is you then? said he, with a troubled Voice, I am obliged to you for coming; pray sit down.

Where is *Valentine*, said Mr. *Chambers*? I am here, Sir, returned he, who advanced to shew himself: Stay here, said he; and you, Father, added he, addressing himself to the Priest, do you be so kind as to stay; but not mentioning Mrs. *Valentine*, who took Notice of the Exception his Silence made to her, said to him, Brother, I am going to give some Orders;

Orders; and immediately retired into another Room. As you please, Sister, said he, as she went out. Mrs. *Valentine's* going was followed by a short Silence. When after a deep Sigh, he began.

I desired you, Father, said he, turning to us, to be here this Morning, but I have not yet told you the Reasons that induced me to send for you: I was desirous too that my Nephew should be present, and he ought to be so, because this young Lady is chiefly concerned.

Here he stopped to take Breath, whilst I blush'd and trembled; after which he went on thus; It was you, Father, who introduced her to me; she was in a Situation that greatly expos'd her; you came to me to seek some Assistance for her; you fix'd upon me to give it her; you thought me an honest and upright Man; but, Father, you were deceived; I was not worthy of your Confidence.

As the Priest seem'd desirous to stop him, by a Motion he made for that Purpose; Oh! Father resum'd he, addressing himself to him, in the Name of that Being, whose Justice I would soften and disarm, don't oppose the Resolution I have taken to set myself in a true Light. You know the Esteem with which you have sincerely honoured me; you know the Reputation I have publickly enjoy'd; that I have been revered as a Man of Virtue and Piety, and that I have enjoy'd the Advantages due to Goodness alone; but alas! I have not deserv'd them; I was only in Shew and Appearance what I now sincerely, and from the Bottom of my Soul wish I had been in reality; the Recompences of Virtue which I have received, I now look on as a Theft that I have committed, an Insult on that Divine Goodness I only seem'd to imitate. Suffer me then to expiate my
Guilt,

Guilt, if possible, by a Confession of that base, that hypocritical Behaviour that has deceived you and all the World; and let me take that Shame and Humiliation to myself I have deserved; let me inspire all that Horror that I should formerly have raised in every Breast, had the black Marks of my secret Guilt been discovered.

Praise be to thee, O my God! O thou Saviour of our Souls! cried aloud this good Priest.

Yes, Father, resumed he, after a Moment's Pause, with Eyes bathed in Tears, and with the most moving Tone, this was the Man whom you came to intrust with this young Lady; you made Application to a vile wicked Wretch, and all these good Actions you have seen me engaged in are so many Crimes which enhance my Guilt, Masks under which I have committed the blackest, the most infamous Actions.

Enough, Sir, here is enough, returned Father *St. Vincent*, come, let us praise God for the Sentiments with which he inspires you. What Obligations have we to adore his Goodness! how great, how incomprehensible his Mercy! how infinite his Favours! Yes, Sir, you are very guilty, you have Reason to renounce our Esteem, and the favourable Opinion the World has conceived of you, to despise yourself and be covered with Shame; but we are not at a Confessional, therefore compose yourself: It is not the Sinner, the Man involved in Guilt and Misery that we esteem and value, but the Man whom God regards and pities, and on whom he pours the Plentitude of his Mercies: May we end our Lives in the same pious Disposition as you do. Mention no more your Crimes, you have said enough on this Subject; for if your Repentance is sincere, that Being who delights in Mercy will forgive you.

The

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The good Priest accompanied this Discourse with his Tears, in which *Valentine* and I joined.

I have not yet said all, Father, returned Mr. *Chambers*. No, Sir, no, replied the Priest, pray have done, you need not go any farther, satisfy yourself with what you have already said, for the rest will be superfluous, and would be perhaps a Piece of Indulgence: It is sometimes sweet and comfortable to abandon one's self to a Disposition like your's: Well, Sir, deprive yourself of this Consolation, mortify the Desire you have of owning more of your Faults, God will accept both of what you have said, and what you desire to say.

Ah! Father, continued he, pray don't stop me, it would be a Comfort to me to be able to bury my Guilt in eternal Silence, for I am far from taking the sweet Satisfaction you describe, God will not grant me so great a Favour, who have merited nothing but Indignation; it is enough if he gives me Strength to support the deserved Confusion with which I am covered: Yes, Sir, this Confession of my Villainy loads me with Shame, every Word of it pierces my very Soul, and I thank God for enabling me thus to sacrifice my detested Pride; permit me then to improve a Shame that punishês me: Oh that I were able, if possible, to proportion my Humiliation to my Guilt, and the Falsity of those Virtues with which I have been honoured. I am sorry I have been obliged to send Mrs. *Valentine* away, for I ought to have blushed before a Sister, who is not yet perhaps undeceived: I know she would have interrupted me, her Affection and too great Tendernefs would not have permitted her to hear what I had to say: But do you, Father, repeat it to her: This I desire as an Instance of your Piety and Regard for me.

This young Lady, no doubt, told you the Truth, in relating of my Behaviour to her; and,
indeed,

indeed, my whole Design in relieving her was only to seduce her, thinking that her Misfortunes had depressed her Mind, and taken from her the Courage of daring to remain virtuous amidst such complicated Distress, I offered to secure her something to live upon, on Condition that she would become unworthy of Life. But, Father, since I have given a sufficient View into the Baseness of my Designs, which now fill me with Horror, which affright and terrify me, and give double Gloom to the dreary Prospect that lies before me, new Terrors more insupportable than all the Agonies of Death. I beg Pardon, Miss, and conjure you, if possible, to forget this wicked Adventure, and never stain your chaste Mind with the Remembrance of my Folly; accept of this Acknowledgement as a Reparation for a Crime that has justly offended both God and you: When I left you, I had the Baseness to reproach you with the small Presents which you returned me, I insulted you with the dismal Situation to which I abandoned you, and threatened you with Revenge if you dared to complain of me.

I gave Way to my Tears, while he was making me this generous Satisfaction, and was so touched that I could not smother my Sighs. *Valentine* and the Priest wiped their Eyes and remained silent: After a short Pause he resumed: You know, Miss, I then offered you a Contract to pay annually five or six hundred Livres; I have now, in my Will, given you twelve hundred: You refused, with Horror, the six hundred Livres when I proposed them as the Recompence of a Crime, accept now freely of the twelve hundred, as a Reward for your Virtue and Prudence; it is just that I should afford you, in my Repentance, a greater Assistance than I offered you when involved in Guilt. My Nephew there is my chief Heir, he is generous,

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and I am persuaded he will not at all regret what I have left you.

Ah! dear Sir, cried *Valentine*, with Tears in his Eyes, and a Look expressive of the highest Satisfaction, this is an Action entirely worthy of yourself; all that afflicts me is, that you do not do this in perfect Health: As for me, I shall regret nothing but you, and the Loss of that Tenderness you express for me, which I would gladly preserve at the Expence of the richest Treasures; and if God would grant my Request, I should only desire the Satisfaction of seeing you live as long as myself.

And I, Sir, said I, in my Turn, with a deep Sigh, am so sensible of your Kindness, that I am at a Loss to know how to express myself. I assure you, were I poorer than I am, the Present that you make me would not console me for your Loss, which I shall always look upon as a great Misfortune. I see, Sir, that if your Life was preserved you would be a sincere Friend to me, and I should esteem that an incomparably greater Advantage than what you so generously leave me.

My Tears here stopped my Voize, and he appeared sensibly touched at my Discourse. What you say, Miss, returned he, after some Moments Silence, answers the good Opinion which I have always entertained of your Heart; and indeed, if God would prolong my Life, I should endeavour to deserve the Opinion you now entertain of me: I feel myself decay, and am entering upon a State unknown, from which there is no Return. Let me intreat you to supplicate that Being in my Behalf, whom I have offended in offending you, express your Forgiveness by petitioning his, and shew that I have left no Taint upon your Mind, by continually adhering to those Principles, which have supported you under my Attacks; be virtuous in
spight

spight of all Opposition, and you will find that *to be good is to be happy*; it will raise you above many of the Miseries of Life, give you Charms that Time will not be able to efface, and render you for ever lovely and blessed. Adieu, Miss! Adieu, Father, added he, addressing himself to the Priest, I recommend her to your Care. You see, Nephew, why I have detained you, you have seen me at her Feet, and may have suspected that it was agreeable to her, she, you find, is innocent, and I thought myself obliged to let you know it.

He stopped here, and we were going to retire, when he said, Nephew, pray go to my Sister and desire her to come in: And then addressing himself to me, Miss, said he, Mrs. *Valentine* has told me how she came to know you; in the Recital that you made her of your Sufferings and unhappy Situation, you might naturally introduce into your mournful Story, an Account of the fresh Injuries you had received from me: Tell me freely, did not you inform her of it? did you name me?

I will tell you the Truth, Sir, returned I, a little embarrassed at his Question: When I left Father *St. Vincent*, I entered into the Parlour of the Convent to beg Assistance of the Governess; Mrs. *Valentine*, who was there, observed my Despair, was moved at my Tears, and pressed me to tell her what afflicted me; I did not think of prejudicing you; I had nothing else to do but to raise her Compassion, and for that End it was sufficient to relate my Misfortunes; however, I did not mention your Name at that Time, not that I omitted it out of a Regard to you, but because I thought it unnecessary; and she would never have known more, if some Days after, speaking of the Cloaths I sent back, I had not by Chance named Mr. *Valentine*, to whom I sent them, as the Nephew of

the Person who had given them to me. Thus, Sir, you see how unhappily she came to know it, and I am very sorry for my Imprudence, I protest I had no Malice in it; I might, indeed, deceive you, but I am too nearly affected, and too grateful to hide any thing from you.

Well, said he, addressing himself to the Priest, my Sister then knows it, I did not think it, this is a new Encrease of Shame for me before I die, a Confusion, Father, that I am extremely sensible of. Miss, added he, I thank you for it, pray don't reproach yourself with it on any Account, it is a Piece of Service you have done me, my Sister knows me, and I am going to blush before her.

My Benefactress entered with *Valentine*, and was surprized at my Tears and Sighs which her Brother took Notice of. Come, Sister, said he, I should have desired you to stay here, had I not apprehended your Tenderness would have prevented what I had to say; I know you would not have been able to bear it; however, Father *St. Vincent* will be so good as to repeat it to you, and, thank God, you know the principal Part of it already: This young Lady has given you a just Opinion of me; Father *St. Vincent* trusted her to my Care, but she could not have fallen into worse Hands; I resign her now into your's.

Ah, dear Brother, pray forbear, returned Mrs. *Valentine*, who wept almost as much as I, pray let me intreat you to forbear, I am not able to hear more: Yes, I will take Care of *Indiana*, she will always be dear to me, you need not doubt it; you give her a Right to command my Heart, which is disposed to be eternally her's. But come, let us hear no more: Pray how do you find yourself?

Like one that must live no longer, said he; I am going Sister. Adieu, Father, remember me
in

in your Prayers, you know the Need I have of them.

Scarce had he finished these last Words when he fainted away, and we thought him expiring ; two Physicians were called who were waiting in another Room, the Priest retired immediately, and *Valentine* and I were desired to leave the Chamber while they endeavoured to assist him. Mrs. *Valentine* being resolved not to go we went into the Parlour, where we found an intimate Friend of Mr. *Chambers's*, and two Ladies related to the Family, going into the sick Gentleman's Room. *Valentine* prevented them by telling them, his Uncle was senseless, and that they must stay and wait the Event, for none went in but a Clergyman, his Confessor.

Valentine, who was sitting by me in the Parlour, told me privately who these three Persons were, I mean Mr. *Chambers's* Friend, and the two Ladies, his Relations, one of whom was the Mother, and the other the Daughter. The Gentleman was a Magistrate and about sixty Years old. The Mother of the young Lady might be about fifty or fifty-five, she was short and thick, of a dark Complexion and very ordinary; had a Face large and bloated, with small black Eyes, which at first appeared lively, but indeed were only curious and busy, always in Motion, incessantly prying, and seeking out something to amuse an empty indolent Mind, that has nothing in itself to entertain it.

She no sooner saw me but her Eyes rushed upon me and instantly ran over me ; I say, rushed, at the Hazard of speaking improperly, to describe the greedy Curiosity with which she examined me. Sometimes she examined my Countenance, sometimes my Shape engaged her Attention; then my Cap, then my Gown. I happened to cough, this redoubled her Attention to observe how I coughed ;

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I drew my Handkerchief out of my Pocket; this was a very interesting Spectacle for her, a new Object of Curiosity.

As *Valentine* sat pretty near her, she suddenly turned to speak to him, and asked, Who is this young Lady? I heard her, for Persons of her Disposition never talk so low as they think they do. She is the Daughter of a Country Lady, one of my Mother's most intimate Friends, returned *Valentine*. Hah, hah, a Country Lady! cried she: Is her Mother in Town? No, replied he again, this Lady is in a Convent in this City. Hah! in a Convent! what has she a Mind to be a Nun? And what Convent is it? Upon my Word, said he, I don't know the Name of it. Perhaps she has some Relation there, pursued she, she is very pretty; very pretty indeed, added she, interweaving each Word with an earnest Examination of my Person and Dress. At last she grew tired of me, and sat herself to survey the Magistrate, who, however, she was no Stranger to, but whose Silence and Melancholy appeared to her worthy of Consideration.

It is very shocking, Sir, said she to him immediately, that the Gentleman should be dying already, he was very well a few Days ago; who would have thought it; it is but ten Days since we dined together, but tell me, Mr. *Valentine*, is he very ill? he has a good Constitution, I hope he will recover it; what do you think of it? How long has he been sick? I have been in the Country, and truly I did not hear of it before Yesterday. Is it true that he is speechless and has lost his Senses? Yes, Madam, returned *Valentine*, it is but too true. Mrs. *Valentine* I suppose is here? replied she, poor Woman! she must be very disconsolate, is she not? they were very fond of each other. He is a mighty worthy Man, and all the Family must be sensible of his Loss. Here is my
Girl

Girl has cried all Day long for him, and I too indeed: The young Lady really looked very much dejected, but said not a Word. Our Eyes met sometimes as if by Stealth, and she seemed to have as much Friendship for me in her Looks, as she might have discovered for her in mine. I fancied she liked me; and, for my Part, I was charmed with her, and had great Reason to be so.

Nothing could appear more engaging than this Lady; nothing more charming than the Sweetness and smiling Vivacity of her Looks; she had a Form embellished with every Thing lovely; an Air graceful, delicate, and easy; every Charm triumphed in her Face, and adorned her Person with unalterable Beauties. Her Shape was perfectly genteel and finished; her Behaviour engaging, natural, and attended with something inexpressibly pleasing. She was but eighteen, and Youth never appeared in greater Perfection; and I never read of *Flora* or *Hebe*, but I think of *Miss Fancourt*, for that was her Name.

She had a Form tall, free, and sprightly, and an Air and Walk so light, that you would have thought she weighed nothing. In short, she was surrounded with the Graces in all their various Characters.

Notwithstanding the Delicacy and Sprightliness of her Wit, she voluntarily held her Tongue in Company; she thought much, spoke little, and was so attentive that nothing escaped her Notice. I hardly ever heard her say any Thing but what was *à propos*, and full of Taste and Sense. When with her Friends she expressed herself with the Frankness of Persons of the most blunt Disposition, though with all the Delicacy of the most Polite.

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We had been there a considerable Time, when Mrs. *Valentine* came from her Brother and told us, that he was much better, and had perfectly recovered his Senses.

I wish he knew that I am here, said the Magistrate, for I have a Desire to see him. And I too, said the Lady, would it not be proper to let him know it? If he is better, he won't perhaps be sorry to see us: What do you think of it, Madam? The Physicians then have greater Hopes of his Recovery; I am sincerely glad to hear it. Alas! no, Madam, we have no such flattering Prospect, said Mrs. *Valentine*, he is not quite so bad, and that's all; but I will go to him immediately, to know if your coming in will be attended with any Inconvenience. She scarce had left us, when we saw her returning with the Physicians from the Chamber. Gentlemen, said she, may this Gentleman and these two Ladies go in to see my Brother? Is he in a Condition fit to receive them? He is weak still, returned one of them, and he wants Rest; it would be much better to stay two or three Hours first.

Oh to be sure, we will wait then, said the Magistrate, I will return in the Afternoon. It will not be worth your while to go, reply'd Mrs. *Valentine*, you had much better stay Dinner here. No, Madam, said he, I am very much obliged to you; but I can't stay, I have some Business to do.

As for me, said the Lady, I have none; and I think it best to stay, am not I in the right, Madam? Well, Gentlemen, continued she, tell us then what you think of Mr. *Chambers*, it runs in my Head that he will recover, won't he? don't you think his Illness might proceed from some Disorder in his Breast? Six Months ago he had a Cold which lasted a great while; I desired him to take
Care

Care of it; but he neglected it a little: Is his Fever high?

It is not the Fever that we are most afraid of, Madam, said the other Physician; we can give no certain Judgment yet, but we think him in a very dangerous Condition.

After this Discourse the Physicians left us, the Magistrate followed, and Mrs. *Fancourt*, and Miss, Mrs. *Valentine*, her Son, and I stayed in the Parlour.

It was pretty late, when a Servant came to tell us Dinner was ready; Mrs. *Valentine* and we sat down to Table something less disturbed than we had been in the Morning. I sat by Miss *Fancourt*, and imagined by her graceful Behaviour, that she was glad of this Occasion to commence an Acquaintance with me. We looked upon each other with the sweetest Complacency; and as Love has its Rights too, I sometimes cast a tender Regard at *Valentine*, who, on his Side, according to Custom, had his Eyes almost continually fixed upon me.

I believe Miss *Fancourt* took Notice of our Regards. Miss, said she to me very low, whilst her Mother and Mrs. *Valentine* were talking together, I would not be mistaken, but I don't think you will leave *Paris*.

I don't know what you mean, Miss, returned I; (and really I did not understand her at all) but I fancy, I may, without any Risque, venture to affirm that your Thoughts are always just; will you please to tell me your Meaning?

It is, returned she, whispering, that as my Lady your Mother is one of Mrs. *Valentine's* dearest Friends, you may perhaps marry my Cousin; tell me now, am not I in the right?

I don't know what Answer I should have returned, if her Mother had not extricated me out of this Perplexity. It was then happy for me that she

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she was one of those Women, who observe every Thing. She perceived that we were talking to each other: What is that, Daughter? What Subject are you upon? You smile and Miss blushes, (for nothing escaped her) may we know what you are saying? I shall make no Secret of it, returned she, I should be charmed to have Miss stay at *Paris*, and I was saying that I wished she might marry Mr. *Valentine*.

Hah, hah, cry'd she, that is very good: I have been just thinking so myself; besides I have observed that neither of them seem as if they would be sorry for it; but how do we know but it is their Design, it looks very like it.

And why not, said Mrs. *Valentine*, my Son will have no Reason to complain if it should happen so. Oh! Madam, every Body must be of your Opinion, replied Mrs. *Fancourt*, we ought to congratulate him upon his Happiness; and I shall make him my Compliments upon it beforehand; I'll assure you I think no Body can be more agreeably united. And I am sure I shall envy no Body's Lot, returned *Valentine*, with an Air free and easy, whilst I bowed to thank her for her Civility without saying any Thing; for I thought I ought to be silent, and give my Benefactress an Opportunity of speaking for me, before whom I imagined that on this Occasion I ought to preserve a modest and respectful Silence. I could not however avoid giving her a Look full of Tenderness and Gratitude.

I must take my Leave as soon as I have seen Mr. *Chambers*; and then we will conduct your Daughter-in-Law to her Convent, said she to Mrs. *Valentine*. But hold, I have a Thought something better than that: I shall not lie To-night in Town, I must return to my Country-House, which, you know, is but about a Mile from hence: I think if
you

you can spare Miss, you may write or send to the Convent that they may not wait for her, and we will take her with us: These Ladies ought to become a little better acquainted; and I am sure you will give them both a very sensible Pleasure.

Miss *Fancourt* entered into the Conversation, and joined her Intreaties to those of her Mother with such Success, that Mrs. *Valentine* told them, she consented to it, and that I was my own Mistress; It is true, said she, you have no Servant with you, but you will find enough at Mr. *Fancourt's*. Go, I'll call at your Convent, and Tomorrow, if my Brother's Illness will permit me to leave him, I'll come about Five in the Evening, to bring you back, or else send for you. Since I have your Permission, Madam, said I, I will make no Difficulty of going.

Here we arose from Table. *Valentine* appeared charmed with the little Party we had just made, and interested in our Favour; I easily perceived the rising Joy which spread over his Face, and sufficiently expressed his inward Satisfaction. Was it possible to behave more agreeably, than thus to put it in a Manner out of her Power to disengage herself!

But let us leave Mr. *Chambers*. Mrs. *Fancourt* could not obtain Leave to see him, because he was inclined to dose, and was willing to take some Rest. When we were ready to go, *Valentine* artfully dropped in his Discourse to this Lady, some Hints which obliged her to ask him to follow us, and sup with us at her House. The Weather, Sir, said she, is extremely fine and delightful, and you may if you please, return To-night, or stay till To-morrow if you like it better. But will you, Madam, permit me to go, said he, laughing, addressing himself to his Mother, whose Approba-
tion

tion he was willing to gain to all his Actions. Yes, Son, said she, go if you desire it, for I shall not leave my Brother till it is pretty late. Upon this we took our Leave and parted.

We soon arrived at this Lady's Country-House, which was a stately Building, adorned with every Thing that could render it grand and magnificent. *Valentine* was there almost as soon as we, and after resting a little, went into the Garden with Miss *Fancourt*, and spent our Time in walking. Every Thing here contributed to inspire me with Satisfaction and Delight; the Walks, the Fountains, and painted Alcoves were very beautiful, but what rendered all these charming was the Company of my dear *Valentine*; for without him the shady Groves would have appeared gloomy and solitary, and all this pleasing Scene, perhaps, have been passed over unregarded.

How agreeable was my Situation! on the one Side *Valentine*, who almost idoliz'd me; on the other Miss *Fancourt*, who sought every Occasion to inspire me with Friendship; and on my own Side, a Heart full of Love for both. We all three walked into a Wood which surrounded the House, and left Mrs. *Fancourt* busy in receiving two Persons who came to sup with her; and as *Valentine's* Tenderness frequently interrupted this amiable Lady's Conversation, we, out of a Frolic, ran away, that we might have him at a Distance, and threw at him Handfuls of Leaves, that we snatched from the Trees; he pursued us; we ran; he seized me; she came to my Assistance, and my Soul gave itself up to an innocent Joy too exquisite to last long.

We were thus diverting ourselves, when a Servant came to tell us Supper was ready, and they waited for us; on which we went in immediately.

There

There the Conversation passed upon the News they heard from Mr. *Fancourt*, who was an Officer in the Army; at last they spoke of me, and the Company loaded me with the most obliging Compliments; for Mrs. *Fancourt* had already informed them of my intended Nuptials, and they congratulated *Valentine* on his approaching Happiness.

The Supper being over, and the Company gone, Mrs. *Fancourt* invited *Valentine* to stay till the next Day, which he consented to.

I lay in Bed till Eleven o'Clock in the Morning; about a Quarter of an Hour after Mrs. *Fancourt's* Woman came to dress me, and had scarcely done when I heard the Voice of Miss *Fancourt*, who was coming to me, talking with another Person, that was with her; I imagined it was *Valentine*, and was thinking to meet her, but she did not give me Time, for she instantly came in. But, Reader, guess with whom. I was immediately shocked as if I had been struck with Thunder; how inexpressible was my Surprise and Consternation, when I saw it was Mrs. *Thompson*, the Linnen-Draper, with whom I had lived as a Shop-Maid.

Miss *Fancourt* ran to embrace me, with an Air of Gaiety, but this fatal Object, this unwelcome Shop-keeper, had already struck my Eyes, and turned me into a Statue; I received her Embrace with a Countenance more pale than Death, and was so overwhelmed with Surprise, that I knew not where I was. Ah my Dear, what is the Matter? why don't you speak to me, cried Miss *Fancourt*, astonished at my Silence and Want of Motion.

Odds my Life, sure I am dim sighted; is it you, *Indiana*, said Mrs. *Thompson*? even so, the same positively; how Folks meet! I came here to shew some Linnen to some of your Neighbours that sent

sent for me; and so as I was about to return Home, says I, I'll even call at Madam *Faucourt's* to see if she wants any Thing; sure it was my good Angel that inspired me with the Thought of coming to your House. Here she cast her Arms about my Neck: What good Fortune have you had? How pretty and well dressed you are! really I am glad to see you so spruce and fine; lah, how it becomes you! I think indeed you have a Waiting-Woman; pray tell me how all this came to pass; 'tis very wonderful; how, my dear Girl, did it happen?

Here *Valentine* enter'd, smiling with an Air of Gaiety, but he no sooner saw Mrs. *Thompson*, but he blushed, and stood immoveable as well as I.

Speak softly, Mrs. *Thompson*, said the young Lady, you are mistaken, you don't know who you speak to; it is not that *Indiana* you mean. Not her! said the Linnen-Draper, not her! why you may as well tell me I am not Mrs. *Thompson*; marry, ask her yourself if I am in the wrong: Well, why don't you speak Child; is it not true that you are she? did not you lodge a few Days with me to learn my Business? was it not Mr. *Chambers* that put you to board with me, and did not he abandon you one Holiday? the better Day the better Deed; lack-a-day, how the poor Creature cried about it. Why I found her with her Hair hanging about her Ears like one mad, her Cap and every Thing littered about; lah, how I pitied the poor Thing!

Pray take care what you say, Madam, said Miss *Faucourt*, quite astonished; I tell you it cannot be. Well, I don't say that it *can be*, continued Mrs. *Thompson*, but I say that *it is*, and that is as well; and I will tell you more than that, it was to Mr. *Valentine* that I sent the Bundle of Cloaths Mr. *Chambers* had given her. However,

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one Word is as good as a hundred, and as I am none of those that are given to talk, and such as that, look'ee, I tell you once for all that it is *Indiana*, that is the Name she went by when she was with me, and if it is not her Name still, she must have changed it, for I never knew she had any other, nor she neither; it was a Country Parson's Sister that gave it her; for poor Girl she don't know herself who she is; she told me of it, and I can't see what Reason there is to make such a mighty Secret on't. Heaven knows I respect the Girl, and would not do her an Injury for the World. Surely I may be allowed to know Folks again when I see them, as well as another, especially my own Shop-Maid, pray where is the Difficulty of that? but marry-come-up, if she is grown proud, and above owning her old Acquaintance, what care I; I can't answer for that; I only rub up her Memory a little: I have nothing to say against her, I always thought her very honest and good, and I am sure no Body can speak more handsomely of her than I do, if she were a Countess.

At these last Words, Mrs. *Fancourt's* Woman smiled, and left us with an Ill-natured Pleasure in her Looks; as for me I was ready to faint, my Knees trembled, and I sunk into an Elbow-Chair that stood near me, where I was only able to weep and cast forth the most bitter Sighs. Miss *Fancourt* held down her Head and said nothing. *Valentine*, who had not yet opened his Mouth, at last drew near to Mrs. *Thompson*, and taking her by the Hand, Madam, said he, let me persuade you to retire immediately; be seen no more here, but expect from me, in return, all the Service I can render you.

With all my Heart, returned she, I am very sorry that I have said any Thing to displease you,
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With all my Heart, returned she, I am very sorry that I have said any Thing to displease you,
but

but I thought no Harm: What would you have of me, I am no Witch, put yourself in my Place. Well, well, Madam, you are in the right, said he, interrupting her, but pray be gone; go, I intreat you. Your Servant, Sir, returned she, I beg Pardon. Miss, your Servant, turning to Miss *Fancourt*. *Indiana*, farewell Child, I wish you no more Harm than I do myself, good Luck attend you. But, Miss *Fancourt*, if you would look at what I have got, perhaps you may buy something of me, added she. No, no, I tell you, I shall buy all you have, and pay you for it To-morrow, returned *Valentine*, pushing her back till she left us.

Mr. *Valentine*, said Miss *Fancourt*, pray explain to me what all this means? In the Name of all that is most dear to you, Cousin, save my Life; it is nothing less I beg of you. It is true, said he, the young Lady was a few Days at Mrs. *Thompson's*; she lost her Father and Mother in her Infancy; it is believed they were Foreigners, and an undoubted Matter of Fact that they were assassinated in a Stage-Coach, with a Number of their Domesticks; their Retinue only proved they were Persons of Quality; this Lady was drawn from under the Body of her Mother, was educated by a Clergyman in the Country, brought up to *Paris* by his Sister, who died there, and left her quite destitute; a Priest presented her to my Uncle: I came to know her by Chance, and I love and adore her. If I lose her, I lose my Life: I have already told you that her Parents travelled with Servants of both Sexes; she is a Lady of Quality, no Body has ever doubted it; her Person, her graceful Behaviour, and her amiable Character are additional Proofs of it; perhaps her Extraction is superior to mine. My Mother knows all I have told you, and much more, that I have not Time to relate. She is
ravished

ravished with her, she placed her in a Convent, she consents that I should marry her, and you deserve to be acquainted with it too; you have a Soul too great to render you capable of making an ill Use of the fatal Accident, which conceals her Birth; you can't look upon that Misfortune as a Crime; a Misfortune accompanied with such Circumstances as I have related, ought not to deprive a Lady so lovely of the Rank to which it plainly appears she was born; nor of the Regard and Respect she merits from every honest and worthy Person: Preserve then your Esteem and Friendship for her: Preserve me my Wife; preserve to yourself a Friend, worthy a Place in your Affections; a Friend, whose innate Goodness and unsported Honour will ever render invaluable; a Soul which you will make eternally your's, besides mine, whose Gratitude shall know no Bounds: But it is not enough not to divulge our Secret; you had here a Servant just now who heard all, we must gain her over to our Party, and we must be expeditious.

I was thinking of that, said Miss *Fancourt*, who interrupted him to ring the Bell: Compose yourself, Sir, I shall remedy that immediately, trust all to me, and fear nothing; I have always had a very high Esteem for you, but you have now given me a thousand times more. My Dear, added she, turning to me, wipe away your Tears, and let us think of nothing but of being united by a Friendship which will last as long as ourselves. Here she presented me her Hand, I took hold of it, kissed it, and bathed it with my Tears, with a supplicating Air, mingled with Gratitude and Affection, but without any Appearance of being humbled. I only desire to live for you and *Valentine*, replied I, intermingled with Sighs, which my Tenderness forced from me.

Miss *Fancourt* wept as she embraced me, and was seen in that Posture by the Servant I have mentioned, who was come to know what she wanted.

Come hither, *Fanny*, said she, you have seen what has passed between Mrs. *Thompson* and us; observe what I say, I will certainly ruin you, one Time or other, if ever you mention a single Word of it; but, on the other Hand, I promise to make your Fortune, as a Reward of your Silence. And I promise, on that Condition, said *Valentine*, she shall partake of mine.

Fanny assured us she would hold her Tongue, but it was too late, she had already disburthened herself of the Secret to Mrs. *Fancourt*, but durst not indeed confess that she had done so; Miss *Fancourt* spoke to her in such a Manner that made her tremble, and prevented her being sincere enough to confess it. I observed that she coloured, and, notwithstanding my own Confusion, I could not help dreading that that was the Cause she left us, in a Manner that shewed she was very much disconcerted, and Miss *Fancourt* began again to console me; I held her Hand whilst she returned this tender Action with the most affectionate Caresses. Oh! my Friend, why do you weep thus? said she, what can you fear? I am persuaded she will not mention a Word; we have just engaged her by the most powerful Motives to be silent. I have told her, that her Indiscretion will ruin her, that her Silence will make her Fortune; and after the Threatnings, with which I have intimidated her, after the Rewards I have promised her, can you imagine that she will dare to open her Mouth to your Prejudice? Is there the least Appearance that she will ever betray us? Compose yourself then; give me this Mark of your Friendship and Confidence,

dence, or shall I believe that I am the Cause of your Tears.

Pray, my dear *Indiana*, forbear, said *Valentine*, some Body may come in; Mrs. *Fancourt* may surprize us, and what must she think if she finds you in this Condition? Why do you afflict yourself so? It can have no ill Consequence, take my Word for it, added he, with a more passionate Air, than I had ever discovered; he had just done speaking when Mrs. *Fancourt* entered the Room.

Her Daughter and *Valentine* placed themselves on each Side me, and I had just Time to wipe away my Tears before she appeared; but every Impression of those Emotions with which I had been agitated, remained still on my Countenance.

Pretend to be sick, said Miss *Fancourt*, and we will say, that you were suddenly taken ill. Scarce had she said these Words before we saw her Mother. I only saluted her with a Bow, because of the sudden Illness we had agreed I should affect.

What, is she indisposed? said she, to *Valentine*, with an unconcerned Air. Yes, Madam, returned he, we have had some Difficulty to recover the Lady from a fainting Fit, with which she was seized; she is still extremely weak, added Miss *Fancourt*, who seemed much surpris'd at the little Ceremony her Mother used in speaking of me. But, returned the Lady in the same unconcerned Tone, without ever calling me Miss, if she has a Mind we will send her back to *Paris*; I will lend her my Coach. Madam, said *Valentine*, roughly, we don't want your Coach; she shall return in mine, which is come for me. You are in the right, said she, it is equal to me. What now! Madam, said her Daughter, I did not think she was to go so soon; I think she should stay a little longer. No, Miss, said I, in my Turn, leaning upon *Valentine's* Arm to arise; no, let me

go, I give you a thousand Thanks for your Care of me; but indeed, I had better retire, since I find I can't stay here much longer. Let us go down, Sir, I shall be glad to take a little Air, till your Coach is ready. But, Madam, said Miss *Fancourt* to her Mother, pray consider a little, should we let the Lady return home alone in the Coach? and, since she is absolutely resolved to leave us, should not we wait upon her, or at least I should have one of your Maids with me, to conduct her to her Governels, or to Mrs. *Valentine's*, who committed her to your Care? or else there will be none to accompany her but my Cousin, and you know that would not be very proper. No, returned her Mother smiling; Mr. *Valentine*, I expect Company, and as neither my Daughter nor I can go, will not one of my Maids do? She may have her that dressed her; it is but a Step to *Paris*; won't that do, Child? said she, turning to me.

Valentine enrag'd at her blunt and rude Behaviour, made no Answer. I want no Eody, Madam, said I, fully persuaded that the Woman she offered me, had told her every Thing. This I said, as I was leaving the Room with *Valentine*. At the same Time Miss *Fancourt* cast down her Eyes with an Air of Astonishment, that was not to the Honour of her Mother.

Madam, said *Valentine* to Mrs. *Fancourt*, the Lady shall take my Coach; you have offered her your's; you need only lend it me to follow her. The Condition she is in disturbs me; so that if any Thing happens, I shall be near enough to give her some Assistance.

What need you leave us? said she smiling; I don't see any Necessity for that, since I offer to send one of my Servants with her. Perhaps, she may like better to stay; you know that at Five o'Clock

o'Clock your Mother is to come and take her away in her Coach; and as she is indisposed, and I have Company, she may dine in her Chamber here.

Yes, said he, the Expedient is commodious enough, but I don't think it can be agreeable to her.

Your Seriousness is very diverting, returned she; but, however, if there is no Way to keep you, my Coach is at your Service. *Benjamin*, added she, immediately speaking to a Footman, who passed by the Chamber-Door, order them to put the Horses to the Coach. I think I see Company coming. Farewel, Sir, but 'tis very ill-natured of you to leave us; my pretty Child, your Servant; you will soon recover; make her stay Breakfast before she goes. On this she took her Leave of us; then turning to Miss *Fancourt*, Come, Daughter, said she, come, I want to speak to you.

Madam, I am coming, returned she, looking upon *Valentine* and I, with a melancholy Countenance. I don't know what to make of this Behaviour; it don't at all resemble what past last Night. What can be the Cause? has that impudent Wretch already told her? I can hardly believe it.

You need not doubt it, returned *Valentine*, who had given Orders for the Coach; but no Matter, Mrs. *Fancourt* knows how much my Mother interests herself in all that concerns this Lady; and whatever she has been informed of, it can't make her dispense with the Regard and polite Behaviour she ought always to preserve for her. Besides, what Advantage can she propose to herself by behaving ill to a Person, for whom she sees both my Mother and I have such a sincere Respect? Might not this Linnen-Draper, whose Discourse she has heard repeated to her, be mistaken, and take this

Lady for another? I would only say that Mrs. *Fancourt* ought at least to suspend her Judgment, and not report upon the Word of her Maid, who may have heard Things wrong; who may have added to what she has heard, and who has only learnt it from another Woman, who, as I have already said, may have been deceived by a Resemblance.

Valentine uttered this with great Spirit, adding, that if Mrs. *Fancourt* had your Way of Thinking, Miss, I should readily have confessed every Thing to her; but I forbore to do it: It would be a Confidence, you will permit me to say, which would not be fit to repose in a Mind like her's. However, Miss, she loves you, so pray endeavour to prevail upon her to be silent. In short, my dear Cousin, tell her how much you are interested in our Happiness, and what Uneasiness she will give you, if she does not keep it secret.

Don't be uneasy, Sir, returned Miss *Fancourt*, she shall be silent I will promise you, I am going to throw myself on my Knees to beg it of her, and I hope I shall not do it in vain.

The two Coaches arrived in the Court-Yard: Miss *Fancourt* embraced me; she held me for a long Time in her Arms, from whence I could hardly disengage myself; I got into *Valentine's* Coach with Tears in my Eyes, turned out as it were with Contempt from a House in which I had been treated the Day before with the utmost Respect.

The Coach drove away; *Valentine* followed me in the other; we were sometimes a-breast, and then we talked to each other; he affected a Gaiety which he was far from having, and as soon as his Coach was pretty near to mine, Do you think still of what has passed? said he to me very low, and putting out his Head; for my Part, added he,
nothing

nothing makes me uneasy, but the Trouble it gives you. No, no, Sir, returned I, you are not so indifferent as you pretend to be ; you know it is an Affair of Consequence, and the less you are sensible of it, the more it merits my Concern ; we can't continue the Conversation, returned he, but would you go to your Governess directly ; don't you think you should see my Mother first ?

No, I had better not, said I, you know the Condition in which we left Mr. *Chambers*. Mrs. *Valentine* is now perhaps overwhelmed with Affliction ; so I think it better to go immediately home.

I think said *Valentine*, I see my Mother's Coach at a Distance ; he was not deceived, Mrs. *Valentine* had sent it much sooner than she had promised, to inform her Son that Mr. *Chambers* was dead.

He received this News with a visible Concern, and it affected me extremely ; the last Actions of his Life had rendered him dear to me, and I wept very sincerely.

I then got out of *Valentine's* Coach, to whom I left it ; he sent back Mrs. *Fawcourt's* and I stepped into Mrs. *Valentine's*, and ordered the Coachman to drive me to my own Apartment, where I arrived very much dejected.

I was three Days without seeing any Body from Mrs. *Valentine*, the Fourth in the Morning a Servant came to tell me that she had been indisposed, but that I should see her the next Day ; and just as this Domestick was going, he drew the following Letter out of his Pocket, which *Valentine* had ordered him to deliver to me, and which I went to read in my Chamber.

INDIANA,

“ I Have not told my Mother the Accident that
 “ happened to you at Mrs. *Fancourt's*, perhaps
 “ that Lady will be discreet if it be only to oblige
 “ her Daughter, who will use all her Interest to
 “ prevail upon her to be so; and with these Hopes
 “ I thought I ought to hide from my Mother an
 “ Adventure which she had much better be ignorant of, if possible, since the Discovery would
 “ only serve to disquiet and make her uneasy: She
 “ tells me she will see you To-morrow. I have
 “ spoke to Mrs. *Thompson*, and engaged her in our
 “ Interest; nothing has yet been divulged, pray
 “ take Care on your Side not to mention a Syllable of it to my Mother.”

VALENTINE.

This Letter I read, shaking my Head at the Article which recommended me to be silent.

I was not yet determined how to act; that unfriendly Reserve *Valentine* advised me to make use of to my dear Benefactress, was very contrary to my apparent Duty to her, so that I remained till the next Day very much disturbed, and without taking any Resolution upon it. At Three in the Afternoon I was told Mrs. *Valentine* was come, and I went to her into the Parlour, with an Emotion which sprung from several Motives.

Shall I be silent, said I to myself as I went? it is certainly the safest Way, though not the most honest; I can't help thinking it base and ungenerous: My Case was very urgent, I ought immediately to have fixed upon something, but I was in Mrs. *Valentine's* Presence before I had come to any Determination.

It

It is sometimes difficult to chuse between our Inclinations and our Duty. On the one Hand, I was in danger of robbing my Heart of the Affections of *Valentine*, and all that Happiness I should experience in being united to a Man I loved so tenderly: And on the other Hand, my dear Benefactress had a Right to be informed of a Thing, in which she herself was so much concerned, and which might possibly be attended with many Inconveniences.

My Dear, said she, as soon as she saw me, I have brought you a Deed of twelve hundred Livres a Year that belongs to you; it has all requisite Forms, take my Word for it; my Brother has left it you: My Son, who is his Heir, will lose nothing by it; since he is to marry you he will have it again; but no Matter, take it, it is your's, and I had rather a great deal he should receive it from you than his Uncle. This was a charming Beginning!

Dear, Madam, said I, how many are the Obligations I am under to you? You know, my dear Mother, I love Mr. *Valentine*, but still my Heart is more your's than his; my Gratitude to you is dearer to me than my Love. Here I began to weep. Thy Gratitude, my Dear, said she, gives me a deal of Pleasure; but I shall never desire any other from thee, than such as a Daughter owes to a tender Mother; such is the Gratitude I expect from thee: Remember, it is not a Stranger but my Daughter that I love; thou wilt soon be perfectly so, and I confess I now wish it more than thou dost: I grow old; I have just lost the only Brother I had left; I find I become every Day more indifferent to this Life; and all the Happiness I propose to myself here, is to have thee near me; and, indeed, Child, I can't tell how to live without thee.

My

My Tears began again to flow at this moving Discourse. In a few Days I shall take thee away from hence, added she, for I have already provided a Place for thee in another House. Are you satisfied with Mrs. *Fancourt*? I have not seen her since you were at my Brother's; she came to visit me Yesterday, but I was indisposed and saw no Company. Was there any Thing more said upon thy Marriage with *Valentine*?

No, Madam, there was very little said of it, returned I, and I can't presume to hope they will speak of it any more in such an agreeable Manner as they have done. How! what do you mean, replied she? Why do you talk so? Do you suspect my Coachman's Discretion? it was not in his Power Child, to betray us. Has Mr. *Valentine* then told you nothing, Madam, returned I? No, said she, what has happened pray? All my Hopes are lost, I am undone Madam, Mrs. *Fancourt* knows who I am, replied I. Hah! who told her, cried she? How did she come to know it? By the most unlucky Accident in the World, returned I, the Linnen-draper, with whom I was some Days, unfortunately came thither to offer some Goods to Sale, and there she found me. I am very sorry for it, said she, nothing could have happened worse: But did she know thee? Pray, Child, make haste to tell me what passed? O yes, she knew me immediately, returned I, she embraced me with that Familiarity which she thought she had a Title to; appeared surprized to see me so well dressed; called me nothing but *Indiana*; and when she was told that she was mistaken, and took me for another Person she insisted upon the contrary; and, to support what she said, mentioned a great many Circumstances, which must intirely discourage you, hinder you from concluding our Marriage, and deprive me of the Happiness of having you for my Mother.

All

All this happened in my Room; Miss *Fancourt* was there, and to her Mr. *Valentine* told every Thing; she has shewn me neither less Respect nor Friendship; on the contrary, she has promised to keep it an eternal Secret, and neglected nothing in order to console me. But I am born to be so unhappy, Madam, that her Generosity can be of no Service to me. Is that all? don't afflict yourself so, said she, if it is only known to Miss *Fancourt* I am easy; we may safely confide in her, and you were to blame to say her Mother knows it; I dare say her Daughter will never mention it to her; and she is the only Woman I should have been afraid of. But, Madam, returned I, Mrs. *Fancourt* does know it; her Woman was in the Room and heard all that Mrs. *Thompson* said, and has repeated every Thing to her, and that Lady who came into the Room presently after, did not treat me with such Respect as she had done before. I am obliged to confess this to you, Madam, I could not be so perfidious as to hide it. You have been so kind as to say, that I am the Daughter of one of your most intimate Friends in the Country, but you can no longer make use of that Expedient. Mrs. *Fancourt* knows that I am only a poor Orphan, and that it was out of meer Charity that Mr. *Chambers* placed me with the Linnen-Draper. This is what you must regulate your Designs by, and what I thought my Duty to inform you of. Mr. *Valentine* has not told you of it, but the Reason is, because he loves me, and fears that this will make you withdraw your Consent to our Marriage; and this is a Liberty that he has a greater Right to take with you, because no Body is so nearly concerned in this Adventure as himself; he would suffer most indeed, as he would be my Husband: But I, who would reap all the Advantages of it, ought not to be prevailed upon to obtain

obtain it by any Means, which will be prejudicial to you. I imagine it would be unpardonable in me to use any Deceit with you, and to conceal from you a Circumstance, which, to all Appearance, will dissuade you from the Resolution of marrying us; a Happiness too great for me reasonably to expect. You were desirous of taking such Measures as would have prevented my being known; but now these Precautions are useless. Probably Mrs. *Fancourt* will tell every Thing, in spite of all that her Daughter can say to her. See, dear Madam, what would be the Case of your Daughter-in-Law, if I should marry your Son.

Mrs. *Valentine*, after a Sigh, said, My dear Child, you both afflict and charm me; I must confess that thy ill Fortune is very obstinate. Is there no Way to engage Mrs. *Thompson* to say she was mistaken, without my appearing in it? Pray tell me what Answer you made her. None at all, Madam, returned I, I was unable to speak; my Tears stopped my Voice, while Miss *Fancourt* continued telling her that she did not know me. Poor Child! returned Mrs. *Valentine*; no, no, I knew nothing of all this; my Son would have been far from informing me of it; and, perhaps, has even desired you not to mention it to me. Yes, Madam, returned I, he loves me, and that is his Excuse; it was but Yesterday that he desired me to be silent. How, Yesterday, said she, did he come to see you then? No, Madam, returned I, but he wrote to me: I beg you would not let him know that I told you of it. The Footman you sent Yesterday brought me this short Letter from him; and I immediately gave it her, and she read it.

I can't blame him, said she, after she had read it; but then thou art a surprizing Girl, and he
has

has Reason to love thee. If Men were wise enough to value Persons according to their real Worth, there would not be one who would not envy his Conquest; our Pride makes us pique ourselves upon what is little and detpicable in Comparison of what thou dost now: Thou wast never more worthy of the Consent I have given to *Valentine's* Love, and I can't recal it; whatever it costs me, I am resolved to keep my Word. Leave the Management of every Thing to me. If Mrs *Fancourt*, who is one of the most silly Women I ever knew, has divulged nothing yet, which is hardly to be believed in a Person of her Character, I will write to her To-night in such a Manner as shall engage her to be silent; however, as she is only weak, not ill-natured, I'll pay her a Visit, and relate your whole History to her. She is of an inquisitive Disposition; she loves to be made a Confidant; I'll make her ours, and so much oblige her by it, that she will be the first to commend my Attachment to thee; and will conceive as high an Opinion of thy Extraction as I do. And supposing she has already been indiscreet, you have no Reason to make yourself uneasy about it; we may think of an Expedient to remedy it. *Valentine* is young, and much in Love, and thou art extremely amiable, and capable of captivating the Hearts of the most Wise and Prudent. If then my Son marries thee, and the World can be convinced it was against my Consent, he alone will be blamed, and his Youth and your Beauty will plead his Excuse: It is pretty well known I am good-natured; I shall not fail to appear very angry; but at last I shall be reconciled and forgive all; you know what I mean, *Indiana*, added she, smiling.

So much Goodness deprived me of the Power of answering her in any other Language but that of
Ecstasy;

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Extacy; I seized her Hand; I wept for Joy; transported with Gratitude and Tenderness, I seemed beside myself; my dear, my kind and indulgent Mother, said I, how ravishing, how transporting is this Instance of your Affection! Oh! why have I but one Heart! ——— Is it possible that there is a Mind on Earth so generous, so disinterested!—

My dear *Indiana*, said she, could you think, that that laudable Sincerity, which makes you so very charming, could prejudice you in the Opinion of a Mother like me? Come, my Dear, calm your Transports. Dear Madam, returned I, is it possible to form an Idea of such Goodness, such generous Sentiments as your's. If I was not accustomed to such surprizing Marks of your Regard for me, I should hardly believe the Evidence of my Senses. Come, Child, said she, take Care of this Parchment here; (this was the Deed she had been speaking of) thou knowest not, that according to the Date of this Donation, the first Quarter is due, and that I have brought it with me; here it is, added she, pulling a Purse of Pistoles out of her Pocket, which she forced me to take, tho' I refused it. It will be much safer in your Hands than in mine, said I, what should I do with it? do you let me want any Thing? Pray take it however, returned she, it is your own, and 'tis Time you should be used to have Money.

We heard the Parloûr Door open, and immediately entered my Governels; I heard you were here, said she to Mrs. *Valentine*. (for I had told her of Mr. *Chambers's* Death) and I am come to have the Honour of your Company a Moment: I intended to have sent to your House this Afternoon, as I told Miss. In fine, they had a very serious Conversation; which being ended, Mrs. *Valentine* arose: It will be some Time before I see you again, *Indiana*, said she, farewell. Then saluting my Governels,

ness, she left me with a Mind full of the highest Satisfaction. What had I to fear? By what Means could my Happiness be wrested from me? Could there be a greater Disaster than what I had just suffered, and from which I was come off victorious? No, certainly, for since Mrs. *Valentine's* Kindness to me had been Proof against the most powerful Motives that were possible to cool her Affection, and make her averse to our Marriage, methought I could defy my averse Stars to hurt me. Her Goodness had exhausted the Source of all my Troubles, and nothing could disappoint my Joy, but the Death of my Mother, her Son, or myself. I swam in Delight, and said to myself, all my Disasters are finished. Methought, that as my first Misfortunes were excessive, my Happiness began in the same Manner; I have not lost, said I, perhaps more Happiness than I now recover; the Mother, to whom I owe my Life, would not have appeared more tender than that Mother, who has adopted me her Daughter, nor would have left me a greater Name, than that I shall now receive.

Mrs. *Valentine* kept her Word, ten or twelve Days past without my seeing her; but she sent almost every Day to me, and I received two or three Letters from *Valentine*, who had his Mother's Consent to write to me: It would be needless to repeat them all; what follows is all that I can remember of the first.

Dear Miss,

“ Y O U have betrayed me to my Mother, but I
 “ will punish you for it, for instead of one
 “ or two Letters, which I might perhaps have
 “ wrote to you, you may expect to receive a great
 “ many; in short, as many as I please. I
 “ desired

“ desired you to mention neither the Impertinence
 “ of Mrs. *Thompson*, nor the ridiculous Behaviour
 “ of Mrs. *Fancourt*; but you were resolved to
 “ take no Notice of my Entreaties. You have
 “ a little stubborn Heart, that is resolved to out-do
 “ me in Frankness and Generosity; but do you
 “ think you have injured me? not at all; for
 “ tho’ I have not a Heart so noble as your’s, yet
 “ my Mother is resolved to appear not less disin-
 “ terested and generous; so if I may claim any
 “ Honour from her Virtues, Things are pretty
 “ equal between us. But stay till we are mar-
 “ ried, and then we shall find whether you have
 “ a greater Mind than I; mean Time give me
 “ Leave to boast that I out-do you in Tenderness.
 “ *Valentine*, said my Mother to me, my Daughter’s
 “ Behaviour is incomparable; you recommended
 “ her to be secret, which I don’t blame you for
 “ at all, but she has concealed nothing from me;
 “ I am charmed with her open and unreserved
 “ Confidence, and love her a thousand Times, if
 “ possible, better than ever I did; I confess, my
 “ Son, she quite out-does you.” — At the
 Conclusion was

Yours, &c.

VALENTINE.

The rest of the Letter was filled up with tender Endearments; but this is all I remember of it. But to proceed.

Ten or twelve Days had passed since I heard from Mrs. *Valentine*; when one Morning I was told, that a Relation of my Mother’s inquired for me, and was waiting in the Parlour. As they had not told me whether she was old or young, I imagined it was Miss *Fancourt*; who excepting her

her Mother, was the only Relation of Mrs. *Valentine's* that I knew, and I went down fully persuaded it could be none of her; but I was quite mistaken, instead of her I saw a tall, meagre, spare Woman, her Aspect long and disagreeable; her Arms were long and flat, to which hung two lean and shrivelled Hands, with Fingers of an extraordinary Length. I started at the Sight of this Apparition, imagining they had been mistaken, and thought it was another *Indiana* she wanted (for it was by the Name of *Indiana* only that she enquired for me) Madam, said I, I don't remember that I ever had the Honour to know you, and it is probable it is not me that you asked for. You must excuse me, replied she, but to be more certain, I tell you, that the *Indiana* I want is a young Orphan Girl, who they say, knows neither her Relations nor her Family; she was some Days Apprentice to a Linnen-Draper, named *Thompson*, and a few Days ago was carried by Mrs. *Fanconne* to her Country-House, she is Mrs. *Valentine's* Pensioner. Are not you she? Yes, Madam, returned I, whatever is your Intention in asking for me, I readily acknowledge that I am the Person you describe, and have too much Honour and Sincerity ever to deny it. Well said, replied she, you are very pretty, but let me tell you, you carry your Ambition a little too high. Farewel, my Girl, this is all I wanted to know: And then without any further Compliment, she opened the Parlour Door to go out.

I stood at first immoveable at this singular Behaviour, and then recollecting myself, I called her back. Madam, said I, what do you mean by this Visit? Are you a Relation of Mrs. *Valentine's*, as you said? Yes, my Dear, said she, a near Relation, and one that has a little more Sense than she. I don't know your Designs, Madam, replied

S

I, but

I, but it would be very ungenerous to come here to disturb me. To this she made no Answer but went down.

What can this mean, cried I, to myself? Is there some new Storm gathering over me? Well, I can't help it, there is something so mysterious in this that I can't penetrate it. On this I returned to my Chamber, and wrote to my Benefactress immediately, and acquainted her with every Particular; and the same Day received an Answer. "By the Description of the Lady you mentioned, said she in her Letter, I guess who you mean; and To-morrow in the Afternoon I will call to see you and tell you who it is; make yourself-easy." And indeed I was so, but this Tranquillity was soon interrupted, and the calm Disposition of my Mind changed into the most piercing Grief and tormenting Anxiety.

Next Morning a young Lady entered my Room; she was sent by the Governels to tell me, that one of Mrs. *Valentine's* Maids was come to take me away in a Coach, and that I must make Haste to dress myself.

I saw the Coach she came in, which I thought was my Mother's, it was indeed a little different from that I had always seen, but it was very natural to imagine she had more than one. Madam, said the Maid, after a Dozen Courtesies, I am come to fetch you, for Mrs. *Valentine* waits for you. Is she going to dine abroad, said I, and has a Mind to take me with her? No, Madam, it is not to go any where I believe; I---I---I fancy, Madam, it is only to spend the Day with you, replied she, after hesitating a little, like a Person that knew not what to answer; but that Embarrassment was so short that I did not take much Notice of it till it was too late. Come, Madam, said I, let us go, and step directly into the Coach; I then observed that

that the Coachman was a Stranger to me, and that there was no Footman.

She first placed herself opposite to me; but we were scarcely out of the Court before she said, I can't ride easy this Way, you will give me Leave to sit with you. I did not answer a Word, though I thought her Behaviour was instantly become very familiar. Why, thought I, does this Woman take this Liberty with me, who appear to be so much above her, and whom she ought to regard as her Mistress's Friend? I am persuaded that this would not be agreeable to Mrs. *Valentine*.

What Coachman is this, said I, I never saw him at your Lady's? It is not her's, returned she, he belongs to a Lady who is come to see her, that lent her her Coach to fetch you from the Convent. All this while we were driving on at a great Pace, but I observed, I did not see the Street in which Mrs. *Valentine* lived, which I knew very well: My Heart began to be in a painful Palpitation, but yet I concealed my Trouble, and accused myself of a ridiculous Distrust. Shall we soon be there, said I? What Way is the Coachman carrying us? The shortest Way, Madam, said she, we shall be at home in a Minute. I looked every Way, but in vain, I could see nothing of the Street in which Mrs. *Valentine* lived; and while I was in this Consternation the Coach suddenly entered a large Gate which belonged to a Convent. Oh cried I, terribly alarmed, where have you brought me? Mrs. *Valentine* don't live here! you have deceived me; and immediately I heard the Gate shut upon me, and the Coach stopped in the Middle of the Court. My Conductress said not a Word, and I doubted no longer but I had been imposed upon. You Wretch! cried I to the Woman, where am I? What is your Design? No Noise, returned she, you won't be hurt, I shall leave you in a good Place.

You are here by Virtue of a superior Authority, and might have been brought away in a manner that would have made more Noise, but it was thought proper to do it privately, and I was sent to deceive you as I have done.

While she was talking the Door of the Cloisters opened, and I saw two or three Nuns, who, with a smiling and friendly Air, waited for my coming out of the Coach to conduct me into the Convent. Come, my Dear, said they, don't disturb yourself, you won't be sorry for being amongst us: One of the Lay-Sisters came to the Coach, where I was shedding a Torrent of Tears, Come Miss, won't you step down, said she, presenting me her Hand, on which I got out; my Grief almost deprived me of Life, so they were obliged to support me, and immediately delivered me into the Hands of the Nuns, pale, stunned and weak, who conducted me to a neat Room, where they placed me in an easy Chair that stood by the Table; there I remained silent, bathed in Tears, and in a State of Weakness and Inactivity, nearly resembling a Swoon.

At last I lifted up my Head and cast upon them an eager and distracted Look, when one of the Nuns taking hold of my Hand, and pressing it between her's, Come, Miss, endeavour to recover yourself, said she, don't suffer yourself to be alarmed with imaginary Evils, is it so great a Misfortune to be brought hither, where every Thing will conspire to make you easy and happy? We don't know the Subject of your Afflictions, but whatever it is, it can give no sufficient Cause for you thus to depress your Mind and sink under such extravagant Sorrow? You are not brought here to be deprived of Life, but to live in a House, where you will find more sweet Repose and Consolation than you can imagine, and where every Thing will
conspire

conspire to make Life desirable; you will, perhaps, one Day, thank the supreme Disposer of all Things, for what now appears so dreadful and insupportable to you.

Madam, reply'd I, I return you a thousand Thanks to you and these Ladies for the obliging Thoughts you entertain of me.

They then propos'd my going to Dinner; I excus'd myself: It is unnecessary, said I, I thank you, but I can't eat: However, it was presently determin'd that I should, at least, taste a little Soup, which was brought me, with a light Dinner and a handsome Desert of Fruit: I at first refus'd to touch it, but the Nuns were so pressing, and their Behaviour so very obliging, that I could not at last avoid eating a little, though I complied with some Reluctance, and after a great many Refusals.

At last they left me, and I grew a little more calm, and fell into a deep and painful musing: From whence comes this unexpected Misfortune, said I to myself? What will my dear Benefactress think of it? What will she do to find me again? Is not that ill-looking Relation that came to see me in the Convent the Cause of every Thing? But what Methods have they taken to ruin me? Will not *Valentine* be prevail'd upon to love me forever? Will not they bring him over to their Party, and draw him in to consent to abandon me? Has not Mrs. *Valentine* consented to it, or will not she yield to the Force of their Reasons, and be prevail'd upon to desert me, and withdraw her generous Protection? They will never see me more. Oh! there will be no more a *Valentine* for me; perhaps, no more a Mother!

Thus did I entertain myself with my own melancholy Ideas. The Bell had call'd all the Nuns, who

who received me, to the Choir, and only one of the Lay-Sisters stayed to keep me Company, and was saying her Prayers, while I was making these painful Reflections, which I sometimes softened with comfortable Thoughts. Can my Benefactress, said I, whose Heart is so tender, who has hitherto been so immoveable, and has given me so many Instances of her Intrepidity, is it possible that she can ever change? And then *Valentine* has a Mind so sincere, so noble, so tender: Alas! to what Distress am I exposed!

The Nuns returned. Well, how do you do, my Dear? said one of them, addressing herself to me, are you more composed and easy? Come, you have not seen our Garden, which is a very fine one; the Abbess desired us to shew it you. Will you take a Turn, Miss? walking will divert your Mind: We have the finest Walks that can be imagined, then we will go and see the Abbess, who is just up. As you please, Ladies, returned I, and then followed them. We walked about three Quarters of an Hour, after which we went to the Abbess's Apartment, but those Nuns stayed hardly a Minute with me, they slipped out, one after another, till there were none left but the Abbess and I.

This Lady was of a great Family, and seemed to have been a very agreeable Woman: I never saw so much Serenity and Chearfulness, mixed with an Air of Gravity and Solemnity; and though she was in Years, one did not readily observe it, for her Countenance was one of those that appear rather ancient than old: She had an Air of Dignity, and a kind of monastic Reserve; was tall and remarkably neat.

As soon as I was alone with this Lady, she desired me to sit down, and I took a Chair. They were much in the Right, added she smiling, who told me, that at first Sight you prejudice every
Body

Body in your Favour, and there is the greatest Reason to believe, that with so much Sweetness you have a Mind perfectly considerate. All my Nuns are charmed with you; pray how do you like being here? I should like it very well, my Lady, replied I, had I been brought here by my own Consent; but I can't help being astonished at such unexpected Proceedings, and being very uneasy to know the Reason of it. Don't you guess the Reason, said she? No, Madam, said I, I never injured any Body. Well, I will then inform you, replied she, or at least what they told me was the Cause, and am charged to let you know. There is a young Gentleman, that is of one of the most considerable Families, who is desirous of marrying you; all his Relations are alarmed at it, and in order to prevent it, they have thought proper to remove you from his Sight; not because you want Virtue and Prudence, for in this they do you Justice; the only Thing alledged against you, is your unknown Extraction; every dismal Particular whereof is but too well known to you. Consider, dear Daughter, that you have a Set of powerful Relations, who will never suffer a Marriage like this. Was Merit a sufficient Qualification you would have Reason to hope that you would be more agreeable to them than any other; but the People of this World are not satisfied with that; however worthy you are of a general Esteem, it would not prevent their being less ashamed at seeing you enter into their Alliance; they would never forgive his taking a Wife like you; and he would be, in the Esteem of the Publick, intirely ruined; I must confess that it is a sad Thing that the World should think thus, but, if we consider, we shall not find they are not so much to blame as we may at first imagine. The Difference of Conditions is a most necessary Thing in Life, and absolutely requisite to keep

keep up that harmonious Irregularity which springs from the various Dependencies of Mankind upon each other, and it could no longer subsist, and all Order would cease if such unequal Marriages as your's, Child, were tolerated. For between you and I, let me remind you, that you ought to reflect a little on the Condition in which Providence has placed you, and how very contemptible are your Circumstances; and at the same Time consider who it is that proposes to marry you; and then pray put yourself in their Place; these Reflections are all I ask of you to make.

Madam, I beg you would spare me here, said I; I assure you it is a Subject on which I have no new Humiliations to undergo. I know too well what I am; I have made no Secret of my Misfortunes; I have mentioned them to every one that has known me. I told my History to Mr. *Valentine*, who is the Gentleman you speak of; I told it to my dear Benefactress his Mother; I have drawn before her the most dreadful Picture of my Circumstances; and have not left the least Particular of it untold. The Disaster that was the fatal Cause of my being now destitute of every Relation, and unknown to my Family; the Compassion with which I inspired the Hearts of some Strangers, on a Road where both my Father and Mother lay murdered before them; the Compassion that excited them to take me with them; the Education that was given me by two pious Persons, and the Indigence and Distress to which I was reduced at their Death; the Alms I received from a Gentleman, who is dead too; for it is thus I have represented it the better to describe my Indigence, and make Mr. *Valentine* ashamed of his Passion. What could they have desired more? I have not spared myself. There is not a Person upon Earth who would have had the Cruelty to treat me so ill

as I have done myself, and after all I have so frankly acknowledged, it is not for me to search into the Reasons why Mrs. *Valentine* and her Son did not abandon me; it is sufficient to say, that so far from deceiving them, I have endeavoured to set myself in a Light more mean and distressed than can be imagined, consequently nothing can be objected to me on that Point, since I never could be degraded lower, and Repetitions of the same Things could only serve to make a Girl so unhappy, so afflicted, and so much to be pitied, sink under the Excess of her Grief. If Men are puffed up with Pride, it is not for a Lady of your pious Disposition to flatter their Vanity; and if I have great Merit, as you are pleased to say, you must think I want no Accomplishment. Mr. *Valentine*, who is a Gentleman that knows the World desires no more: His Mother, a Lady universally loved, who has a Rank to keep up, is not ashamed to love me, nor less difficult to be pleased than her Son. Ought I to refuse what they offer me, especially when I have given them my Heart, and when it is neither their Wealth, nor their superior Stations, but only their Tenderness I value, which is infinitely dearer to me than every thing else. Be only so kind as to tell me now who are the Persons that brought me hither; what they mean by this extraordinary Step, and what Pretence they have for treating me To-day with so much Violence?

My Dear, said the Abbess, was I in Mrs. *Valentine's* Place I believe I should think as she does. Upon this I took her Hand and kissed it: She seemed methought to be pleased with this sudden Emotion, and said, I have been very far from having any Intention to increase your Uneasiness; I have only spoken thus, because I was desired to do it before you came hither: I did not imagine you to be what you are, you are far superior to the

Ideas I before had formed of you: I expected to find you had Beauty, and, perhaps, some Wit, but I did not think of finding either the Solidity of Judgment, which I begin to conceive an Opinion of: You are worthy of Mrs. *Valentine's* Tenderness; and her Complaisance for the Sentiments of her Son is indeed truly noble. I don't know that Lady, but her Conduct towards you gives me a high Opinion of her, for she can't but be a Lady of the greatest Merit. I beg you would not mention what I tell you: You are brought here by virtue of a superior Authority, and what I am charged to propose to you is, to determine either to stay in our House, or to consent to another Marriage: I confess that I sincerely wish the first may be agreeable to you, for here you would dwell in perfect Security, happy yourself, and without any Danger of interrupting the Felicity of any Man: What greater Advantage can you ever derive from your Charms, than to consecrate them to him that gave them you, from whom you will never meet with that Infidelity and Contempt which you have Reason to fear from Men, and even from your Husband himself? Beauty is often the Cause of the cruelest Misfortunes, the greatest Calamities that attend human Nature, and even the Destruction of Soul and Body. You think, perhaps, I talk like a Nun, and that I am going to preach to you, far from it, what I say, is only the Voice of Reason, the Language of Truth, and which the daily Experience of Mankind in all Ages will justify: But this I only say out of my Zeal for your Happiness. Tell me then, will you be a Nun, or had you rather be married?

Alas, Madam, I can consent to neither, replied I; I am not in a State in which it can be my Duty to consecrate myself to the Service of Heaven, in the Manner they propose, nor can you yourself advise

Wife me to offer a Heart, full of Tenderness, to the perpetual Contemplation of the Deity alone: As I am not happy enough to be able to give my Consent to it, with a pure Conscience, so I am not desperate enough to think, without Horror, of deliberately offending the Almighty, by such an audacious Piece of Mockery, such an abominable Mixture of Impiety and Presumption. As for the Marriage they propose, the same Reasons, I am persuaded, will hold good, and ever influence me so far as not to permit me to consent to it; however, let them give me Time to consider of it. They will give you none, interrupted the Abbess, this is an Affair that they are resolved to conclude with the utmost Haste: You must either consent to be married in a very few Days, or submit to leave *Paris*, and be carried I don't know whither; and I would advise you to promise to marry the Man they propose to you, on Condition they will permit you to see him first, and be informed of his Extraction, Circumstances, and Character. You are in the Right, Madam, said I, but this is a very small Resource, however, I consent, provided they grant what you have just mentioned; perhaps some favourable Event may unravel their Design, and deliver me from the Persecutions I suffer.

Here a Nun entered and interrupted our Discourse, to tell the Abbess that she was expected in the Parlour. May be it is on your Account, Daughter, said she, I suspect it is your Answer they are come for, but let it be what it will I shall soon return; pray, my Dear, believe I am very much your Friend, and I hope you don't doubt it. On this she left me, and I returned into the Room where I had dined, which I entered with my Heart dejected and oppressed with Grief; I was very near an Hour in this State of Mind when the Door opened, and they came in; I looked to see

who it was, and, stupid with pondering on my Misery, I remained silent; they spoke, but I heard them not. What! What would you have? was all they could draw from me; at last they repeated so often that the Abbess wanted me, that I arose up and went to her.

I was not deceived, said she, it was on your Account I was called, and I don't doubt but your Affairs will conclude very happily: I said, you had accepted of the Marriage, and To-morrow about Noon they will send a Coach to carry you to a House where you will see your intended Husband, and the Persons who propose him to you. I should freely have offered to inform Mrs. *Valentine* that you are here; but how agreeable soever it would be to me to oblige you, it is a Service I am not permitted to render you, they having made me promise not to intermeddle with your Affairs: I have given my Word that I won't, and I am very sorry for it.

A Nun coming in interrupted our Discourse: I went into the Garden something less dejected than when I came in. I laid down some Rules for my Conduct in the House, to which I was to be carried the next Day: I meditated upon what I should say, and I found my Reasons so irresistible that I thought it impossible but they must acknowledge their Force, if they would but condescend to hear me. 'Tis true the little Schemes we draw before hand in such Cases, are often useless, since it is the various and almost infinite Turns which are given to Things that ought to direct what should be our Words, and what our Actions; but these sort of Preparations are not altogether useless, they amuse and comfort us; we delude the Time that would otherwise be spent in anxious Inquietude, by flattering ourselves with the Thoughts of gaining our Cause while we are pleading it, and this is
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very natural to us: A Variety of other Thoughts crouded into my Mind. There is some Distance, said I to myself, from this Convent to the House whither they are to carry me, Oh Heaven! if thou would'st but permit *Valentine*, or his Mother to meet the Coach I shall be in, they would not fail to make the Coachman stop; and if those who conduct me will not suffer them to do it, I will cry out and struggle and make such a Noise that my Mother, or my Lover, may easily follow me and know whither I am carried. What wild Thoughts enter our Minds on such Occasions! There is no Chimera however agreeable or dreadful, which will not find a Place in our Imaginations. But supposing I should meet my Mother, or her Son, thought I again, am I sure they would not shut their Eyes and seem not to know me? Have they not consented to my being carried away? May not their Relations, by their Remonstrances, Entreaties, and Reproaches have prevailed upon them to retract their Word? The Maxims and Customs of the World are much against me: On this I renewed my Tears, and a Moment after flattered myself again: But I had like to have forgot one Article, which was, that at Night when I entered my Chamber, after having taken a Turn in the Garden, I saw my Box (for I had yet no other Furniture) in a Chair which they had brought from the other Convent; and it is not easily to be conceived with what new Trouble this unexpected Object struck me; I don't think my being carried away gave me so great a Consternation, or so perfectly shocked me: Well, cried I, are they then so much in earnest! What! even my Cloaths are brought here? There is then, cried I, no Remedy. The frightful Box cleared up every Thing, sunk my Courage and made me lose all my Hopes.

I passed a very uneasy Night, and my Heart beat with the most violent Palpitation all the next Morning. The Coach, which the Abbess had mentioned, was in the Court exactly at the Time proposed: I was told it waited for me: I went down trembling, and the first Object that presented, on opening the Door, was the Woman who had seduced me from my own Convent, and brought me to this; I saluted her with an Air of Indifference and stepped into the Coach. Good Morrow, *Miss Indiana*, said she, you don't much care for seeing me; I assure you, I am not to be blamed: However, I don't think you have any Reason to be displeased at all this; I wish I was in your Place, indeed I am neither so young nor so handsome as you, and that is all the Difference between us. Do you know then any thing of my Affairs? returned I. Ay, a little, said she, I have heard a Word dropped here and there; they say you have a Mind to marry a Man of a great Family, and a swinging Fortune. An't it true? 'Tis something like it, said I. Well, continued she, unless you have taken a Fancy to the young Gentleman, I don't think you have any great Reason to complain: They say you have neither Father nor Mother, and that no Body knows who you are, nor where you come from; and between you and I, what can any Body come to in such Circumstances? I think one could only expect to be a Beggar about the Streets; a great many in your Case are so; however you are neither better nor worse for that: 'Tis true, they take from you a Sweetheart that is too great a Gentleman ever to be your Husband, but to make you Amends they give you another, a clever young Fellow on my Word, and such a one as any good Tradesman's Daughter might jump at; I am sure I shall never meet with such a one, though I have got a Father and Mother and
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an Uncle and Aunt and Cousins, and all the Relations in the 'versal World: You are vastly lucky, and for certain must have been wrapped in your Mother's Smock. I'd have you to think I don't speak more than I know, for I have seen your Husband that is to be, and a proper, handsome young Man he is: I believe he is about Seven or Eight-and-twenty Years old. I don't know how rich he is, but he has great Folks for his Friends and such as that; and if he has nothing now, he will certainly come to *Preferment*: I don't say but he may be happy with you, and be as well for you as if he had made you a Settlement. But don't you know, interrupted I, whither you are carrying me, and who I am to speak to? Yes, said she, they are very great Folks, you will be in good Hands, we are going to Mrs. — she is a Relation of your first Lover.

The Lady she mentioned was no less a Person than the prime Minister's Wife, and that I was to appear before him. The Reader will judge by this how powerful were the Enemies I had to deal with, and that the least Glimpse of Hope disappeared and left me nothing to enable me to support my Misfortunes.

I had flattered myself with fancying Mrs. *Valentine* and her Son might perhaps meet me in the Way; but had this improbable Circumstance happened, it could have been of no Service to me, for I was no sooner in the Coach but the Maid drew the Curtains before the Glasses, a Precaution which she had probably received Orders to take, so that it was impossible for me either to see or be seen. We soon arrived and stopped at a Back-door, which opened into a large Garden, which we went thro', at the End thereof she desired me to sit on a Bench, in a private Alley near the House, 'till she return'd to let me know whether it was Time for

me to appear: Scarce had I sat Half a Quarter of an Hour alone, when I saw, coming towards me, a Woman of above Forty-five or Fifty Years old, who seemed to belong to the Family, and who, addressing me with the Air of a low second hand Politeness, said, Don't be impatient, Madam, Mr. ——— is engaged in a private Conversation with some Persons, and you shall be called for as soon as he has done: Then, from an Alley that opened into that where I was seated, came a young Man of about Twenty-eight or Thirty Years old, with a Person pretty agreeable, and dressed in a plain but neat manner, who bowed, and seemed going to retire, when the Woman called him back: Sir, Sir, said she, I have not Time to stay with this Lady, pray keep her Company 'till she is called; I believe it will be no disagreeable Commission for you. I am very sensible of it, returned he, and am very much obliged to you for it, drawing near with an Air more courteous than gallant. Now, Madam, I will leave you, said she; this Gentleman is, at least one of your Friends, or else I would not go, his Company, I am sure, will be more agreeable to you than mine: This said, she left us. What can all this mean? said I to myself, there is something mysterious in this. The young Man appeared at first pretty much confused and out of Countenance; he sat down by me after another Bow, which I returned with the utmost Coldness.

It is charming Weather, said he, this Alley is quite delightful; it is as pleasant here as in the Country. Yes, returned I, and then the Conversation dropped, for I was not in a Disposition to go on with it. He seemed, at first, at a Loss how to resume it, and the only Way he could think of was, to pull out his Snuff-Box, and present it to me open: Don't you take Snuff, Miss? said he. No, Sir,

Sir, returned I; then followed another Silence, and he did not know what to say. I cough'd: Have you got a Cold, Miss? said he; this Weather is very apt to give People Colds; Yesterday it was cool, and To-day it is pretty hot; these Variations are not at all healthful. Very true, Sir, said I. For my Part, returned he, I am not subject to Colds, let the Weather be what it will. That's well, replied I. As for you, Miss, resumed he, whether you have a Cold or no, you look as healthy as possible, and are as handsome as any Body I ever saw. You are very obliging, Sir, returned I. 'Tis very true, indeed, Miss, replied he, *Paris* is very large, but there are certainly very few that can boast of having a Form like your's, nor of being possessed of so many Charms. Sir, these are Compliments, said I, that I don't merit; I make no Pretensions to Beauty, and if you please, you may chuse some other Topic. I only mention what I can't help being a Witness of, replied he, and there is no Body, if in my Place, that would not say as much and more too. You speak very favourable, Sir, said I, to one you have met here only by Chance, and who, according to all Appearance, will never see you again. Why will you never see me again? returned he; it shall be just as you will; it entirely depends upon you; if my Person is not altogether disagreeable to you, I foresee this Meeting will be followed by many others. True, I have not had the Happiness to see you till this Moment, nor have I, till now, seen so much Beauty, and, since we are upon this Subject, I will take the Liberty to assure you, that the utmost of my Wishes center in my Desire of rendering myself agreeable to you, and arriving at the Possession of so many unexpected Charms. How! Sir, returned I, not willing to make any Reply to such awkward and uncouth Declarations of Love, did

did not you expect to meet with so many Charms? What! did you know you should find me here then? Yes, Madam, replied he, to keep you no longer in Suspense, I am the Man Mrs. Kitty mentioned in the Coach, as she has since told me. What, Sir! you, said I, the Husband proposed for me! Yes, Madam, said he, you see I was in the right, when I said our Acquaintance would last a great while, if it were not your Fault. That is the Reason that I walked in the Garden, and was left here with you, in order to procure me an Opportunity of conversing with you; they told me I should see a very amiable young Lady; but you far exceed their Description; and I find I shall be induced to marry out of a most tender Passion, where I only expected to do it out of Interest and Conveniency: Tho' I have been in Company with a great many Ladies, I never was in Love before, but you are more handsome than all the others together; and it is your Place now to consider whether you accept of me or not. As for the rest, Miss, you may enquire about my Temper and Character. I am sure you will hear a good Account of them; for I am neither a Gamester nor a Debauchee; I value myself upon being a sober, regular Man; tho' I am a Batchelor, my chief View is to get Preferment, and I shall not be worse when I am married, for a Wife and Family make a Man a good Oeconomist. As to my present Circumstances, they are not indeed very considerable: My Father was fond of his Pleasures, and lived a little too fast, and that is not the Way to enrich a Family; besides, I have a Brother and Sister; I am the Eldest indeed; but yet there are three Portions to be paid instead of one; however I shall have something in Hand on Account of our Marriage, but th s I don't lay any great Stress upon; the chief Point is, that I am now in the Possession
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of a very good Place, and have the Promise of a better, which will be given me as soon as our Marriage Contract shall be signed; not to mention what I have saved these three Years past, out of the Perquisites of a small Employment, which will be soon changed for one much more considerable and profitable: So you see by Means of the great Friends I have, we shall soon be in very easy Circumstances. But Mr. ———, the Prime Minister, will inform you more particularly of this himself, for I tell you nothing, my Dear, but what is true, added he, taking hold of my Hand in order to kiss it. Here my Pride took the Alarm, and my Heart could not help swelling a little. Softly, Sir, said I, withdrawing my Hand, pray don't be so forward, I can't admit of any Freedoms; we have not yet settled Matters: Who are you, pray, Sir? Who am I, Miss, returned he, I have the Honour to be the Son of the Prime Minister's Lady's Nurse; we sucked the same Milk, and so she is my Foster-Sister; my Mother has a Pension from her; my Sister is really her head Chamber-Maid; she loves us all, and is desirous of making my Fortune: This is the Person you speak to Miss; can there be any Thing in this that shocks you? Don't the Proposal please you? I have no Thoughts of marrying yet, Sir, said I. Perhaps the Reason is, said he, because I am not agreeable to you. No, Sir, replied I, if I ever marry any one, I must at least love him first, and I don't find that I love you yet, I don't know what I may do. So much the worse, 'tis my Misfortune, said he; but I would not have you think it would be any Difficulty for me to get a Wife; it is not quite eight Days since I had one recommended to me, who will have a good deal of Money when her Aunt dies; and has besides a Father and Mother. And I, Sir, returned I, am an Orphan, and you would do me

to much Honour. I don't say that, Miss, replied he; but, truly I never thought you would have shewn such Contempt for me; I imagined you would have considered a little better on't, on Account of your Circumstances, which are not very favourable to your being settled in the World. With Respect to Marriage, there is hardly any Body but are desirous of entering into a Family; I am willing to dispense with it, and this I think ought to be considered. Sir, returned I, you entertain me with very pretty Discourse, nor is your Love less polite! Pray leave that Subject. Mighty well, Madam! as you please, returned he, rising; I shall be neither better nor worse; and begging your Pardon, you have no Reason for being so proud. They thought this was doing you rather a very great Favour, than any Harm; you have Beauty indeed, which has happened to hit my Fancy; but for all that, I don't know who will be the greatest Loser; I should have made no Difficulty of marrying you, tho' you have nothing; I should have loved and esteemed you not at all the less for it. But since it don't please you, I will take my Leave of you, Miss, and remain your very humble Servant. Your Servant, Sir, said I. Upon this he took two or three Steps, as if going, and then coming up to me again, said, Miss, I consider you are alone, and if my Company will be of any Service to you, till you are called for, I shall do myself the Honour to offer it you. I give you many Thanks, reply'd I, with Tears in my Eyes, not because he was going to leave me, but to see myself exposed to such mortifying Adventures. I hope, Miss, I am not the Cause of those Tears, added he, I have said nothing that could possibly make you uneasy. No, no, Sir, said I, I don't at all complain of you, you need not give yourself the Trouble to stay, for here comes the Person that brought

brought me hither; and indeed, I saw Mrs. *Catharine* coming to us, and he immediately retired through another Alley that he might not meet her.

What has Mr. *Villars* left you? said she, have you dismissed him? No, returned I, we parted because we saw you coming, and had nothing further to say to each other. Well, Mrs. *Indiana*, said she, how do you like him? Is not he a clever genteel Spark? You find I did not impose upon you. Come, let us be going, added she, they wait for us. I followed her; we crossed several spacious Rooms, and came at last to a large Hall, where a Company of Footmen were waiting. I observed two Gentlemen discoursing at a Window, one of whom, appeared to be twenty-five Years old, and had a Presence extremely noble, the other was a little older, and had the Air of an Officer. Stay a Moment, said the Woman who conducted me, while I go to tell them that you are here. She then went into another Room, but returned soon after. During this short Interval the Gentlemen had broke off their Conversation, and turned to look upon me, which I could not help taking Notice of, when I heard the youngest say to the other, with a Voice of Admiration, Did you ever see any Thing so lovely? At this I cast down my Eyes and turned away my Head. This was a little accidental Comfort, which I could not help tasting, tho' it did not divert my Melancholy, like a sweet Flower whose agreeable Odour salutes us as we pass along, which tho' it refreshes the Senses, leaves the Mind as it found it. In whatever Afflictions we are plunged, our Vanity almost always performs its Office, it hardly ever lies dormant; it is so natural to our Sex, and so foreign to whatever else concerns us, that it remains

mains the same, and supports itself amidst every Affliction.

Mrs. *Catharine* returned, and desired me to walk in, at which the Gentlemen followed me. I found there five or six Ladies, and four Gentlemen, two of whom belonged to the Law, another to the Army, and the fourth, the Maid told me, was the Prime Minister himself. His Age rendered him venerable, he was tall, and well made, had a majestic Mien, and a Countenance that immediately inspired every one with Confidence, calm'd the troubled Mind, and was a Kind of Pledge of the Goodness that reigned within, and the Justice, that with an impartial Hand, he always distributed. Time had not made him look old, nor given him the Infirmities which imbitter the Decline of Life; it had only spread over his Looks an inexpressible something, that immediately filled the Mind with a respectful Awe. Even his healthful ruddy Complexion had something extremely venerable in it, and appeared less the Effect of Temperance, than the Fruit of Wisdom, and the Happiness of a serene and tranquil Mind. The Mildness of his Sentiments shone in his Face, and his Soul painted there its own honest plain and amiable Portrait. The Charms of Virtue and Integrity have no Age; they never decay, but are the most splendid Ornaments of every Station; such was the Minister before whom I appeared. He had in his Manner of Governing, a Merit peculiar to himself, which had been hitherto unknown.

Happy the King who has so sincere a Friend, and who knows how to value him as he ought! and happy the People who have so noble, so disinterested a Patriot!

Among all the Persons that surrounded me, some seemed to look upon me out of Curiosity, while others did it with an Air of Disdain: These
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last I soon found where *Valentine's* Relations. The Son of the Lady's Nurse, my destined Husband, was there, and stood by the Door with a servile and timorous Countenance.

The Minister looked upon me with a Smile of Affability. She is perfectly amiable, and *Valentine* is very excusable, said he, addressing himself to one of the Ladies, who was his Wife. Yes, she is very pretty, she would do well enough for a Mistress, replied another Lady, in a malicious and ill-natur'd Voice. At this Discourse I only gave her a Look full of Contempt. Softly, said the Minister to her. Then addressing himself to me, Come near, Miss, added he, they say Mr. *Valentine* loves you, is it true that he intends to marry you? At least he told me so, Sir, said I. At this two or three of the Ladies burst into a loud and scornful Laughter. I again only cast a cold and careless Glance at them, while Mr.—— made a Sign with his Hand to engage them to be silent. You are an Orphan, and know not who you are, returned he. That is very true, Sir, returned I. Well, added he, do yourself Justice then, and resolve to think no more of this Marriage, I can never consent to it, but I will make it up to you, and take you under my Care; there is a young Man that is a very suitable Match for you, he is an honest Lad, and I shall take Care to promote him; I would have you marry him; I hope you consent to it. I don't design to marry at all, Sir, returned I, and I entreat you would not press me any more to it; this, Sir, is my final Resolution. Well, I will give you Four-and twenty Hours to think of it, said he, they shall take you back to the Convent, and I will send again for you Tomorrow: Don't be refractory, for you must see Mr. *Valentine* no more, I will take Care of that. I shall never alter my Mind, Sir, said I; I can never

never think of marrying a Man that has reproached me with my Misfortunes, so you may now resolve what to do with me, for it will be to no Purpose to make me come hither again.

Scarce had I finished these last Words, when Word was brought, that *Valentine* and his Mother were coming, and who immediately entered the Room. Judge of their Surprize and mine. What my Daughter! thou here! cried Mrs. *Valentine*. O Madam! said *Valentine*, with his Eyes sparkling with Joy, 'tis she herself!

Their Relations had not the least Suspicion of their coming, and therefore had not provided against it; besides, they had imagined that Mrs. *Valentine* would be at a Loss to know how to get Intelligence of me, and thought she was entirely ignorant of the Minister's having any Share in my Adventure: The Reader will recollect the Visit I had received, two or three Days before, from the thin, tall, meagre Lady, and of my immediately informing my Benefactress of the Visit; and that she had writ me Word, she knew the Person that came to me: And this guided her in her Search after me.

At the Sight of Mrs. *Valentine*, Mr. — smil'd with an Air of Affability, though at the same Time I thought he look'd a little disconcerted. As to the Relations they saluted her with the utmost Gravity, cast upon her a critical Look, and then turn'd away their Heads, with a visible Discontent. *Valentine* seemed to devour them with his Eyes, but was obliged to be silent, for it was only on that Condition that his Mother had consented to take him with her; all the rest of the Company appeared attentive and curious; and, indeed, the Opening-Scene promised something very interesting. Mrs. — broke Silence first. Your Servant, Madam, said she, to Mrs. *Valentine*;

Valentine, indeed we did not expect to see you here, and I am afraid you are going to be very angry with me. Why so, Madam? said immediately the meagre Relation, (for I have forgot her Name,) why should she be angry with you? added she, with a Voice even more disagreeable than her Looks; can we disoblige her in doing her Service, and preventing her incurring the Reproaches of her whole Family? You may think what you please, Madam, of my Actions, returned my Benefactress, with an Air of Indifference, but I shall never alter my Conduct, upon the Judgment you form of it; we are of a Character too different to be ever of the same Opinion: I approve of your Sentiments no more than you do mine; and as I don't ask your Advice, I don't expect you should give it.

Sir, continued Mrs. *Valentine*, addressing herself to the Minister, it was your Lady I intended to wait upon this Morning, and here I have found the Subject of my Visit, added she, turning towards me; I have been informed that one Mrs. ———'s Women made use of my Name to take her from the Convent where I had placed her, and I hope she will tell me her Reasons for it; for I confess I don't know what to make of such an extraordinary Proceeding. I can't be so unjust as not to distinguish her from those Persons, who at least must have been at some Pains to make her consent to have any Share in it; nor do I accuse you, Sir; you were both, I don't doubt, prevailed upon by the Misrepresentations of others; but what Pretence could they make use of? With what Crime do they charge this young Lady? Lady! interrupted the ill-natured Relation, I think I have heard her called *Indiana*, or Mrs. *What do you call her*; for, as no Body knows her Origin, we cannot tell who she is, unless we could divine; but, perhaps,

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have a Mind to compliment her a little, because she is tollerably genteel.

Valentine at this Discourse, could refrain no longer ; he looked upon her with a scornful Smile, which went to her Heart. My little Cousin, said she to him, I know what I say is not agreeable to you, but I think you ought to forbear laughing at it. How now ! my great Cousin, returned he, if I think it pleasant, why should not I laugh at it.

Pray hold your Tongue, Son, said Mrs. *Valentine* immediately. As to you, Madam, I desire you would let me speak after my own Manner, and as I think proper. If this Lady has any Thing to do with you, you are at Liberty to call her what you please ; for my Part, I don't scruple to call her Miss, or Lady, and yet, whenever I please, I shall call her *Indiana* ; and this is a Liberty I can take, withou trespassing upon that Regard which I think is her Due. Every Body has a peculiar Manner of Thinking, and therefore I don't wonder, that our Thoughts are so opposite ; I shall never be capable of insulting the Distressed, for no other Reason but because they are so ; I readily grant that Providence has hid from us the Knowledge of her Family ; she has Reason to lament her Misfortunes, but not to be humbled for them. The one is not a natural Consequence of the other ; Reason and Humanity, (not to mention Religion) must engage us to treat Persons, in her Circumstances, with the utmost Tenderneſs ; it is repugnant to our Nature, repugnant to the soft Influence of Humanity in our Breasts, to trample upon those whom Providence has brought low ; an Air of Disdain must sit upon us with a very ill Grace, while we make our Pride cancel all that is Humane, all that is noble, from our Minds, and we basely take Refuge in a more brutal Insensibility. Such Misfortunes

fortunes as her's ought to be regarded by the Generous as an Equivalent for Want of Pedigree; but, Madam, since you know her History, you must have been informed, that there is such probable Evidence, as arises almost to a Certainty, that her Father and Mother who were murdered, with their Attendants, when she was but two Years old, were Foreigners of the greatest Distinction. This was the Opinion that was entertained of them at that Time. You know they had two Footmen and a Chambermaid; that Miss, whose little Cloaths shewed she could belong to no Body but a Person of Quality, so remarkably resembled the Lady that was assassinated, from whose cold Embrace she was taken, that it could not be doubted but that she was her Daughter. These Particulars have been certified by a virtuous Person, who then took her to her Charge, brought her up, and, on her Death-Bed, related every Circumstance to a Priest, call'd Father St. Vincent, who is ready to repeat the whole.

Here the disinterested Part of the Company appeared very much moved; and even some of the Relations who were less obstinate than the rest, seemed sensibly affected, particularly Mrs. ———, and a gentle Murmur was raised, which I easily perceived was caused by their Beginning to conceive a most favourable Opinion of me.

You see, Madam, continued my Benefactress, that all these Presumptions are in her Favour, and sufficiently justify my giving her the Title of Miss, or young Lady, and prove that I could not have refused them her, without using her ill; I don't pay her a mere Compliment, but a Piece of that Justice she has a Claim to; and which nothing but the most pitiful Pride can make any one refuse to a Person of her Character. I am sorry you force me to say before her, that her Person, which

even to you appears agreeable, is indeed her least distinguishing Accomplishment, and I assure you that by her Wit, the amiable Qualities of her Mind, and by the Nobleness of her Proceeding, she has proved herself to be as much a Lady, as any other Person of what Rank soever. You must confess that these are Considerations which demand some Regard; and if there be any Truth in our Opinion, that Virtue runs in the Blood, the Sublimity of her Ideas, and the Delicacy of her Soul, sets her in a Rank vastly superior to most of our Quality.

Doubtless! said *Valentine*, who had here Room to slide in a Word, had the World thought proper to bestow the Title of Lady upon none but those whose real Merit gave them a Claim to it, how many of our modern Quality would dwindle into plain *Molly's* and *Kitty's*; but happily they have had neither their Fathers nor Mothers kill'd, and we know what they are. The Company could not help laughing at this agreeable Raillery. When *Mrs. Valentine*, after desiring him not to interrupt her, went on.

However, resumed she, I protect her, I have been of some Service to her, and design to continue to be so, while she stands in need of my Assistance, and there are no virtuous Minds, who would not be ready to envy the sweet Delight I take in expressing my Affection for her; and wish themselves in my Place, that they might experience the same Satisfaction. I am come, Sir, to claim her, who is exceeding dear to me, and whom you would love as much as I, did you know her as well.

Mrs. Valentine stopped here, all the Company held their Peace, whilst I, with my Eyes full of Tears, gave her a Look which express'd all the tender Emotions of my Soul, and which moved every

every one but that inexorable Relation, I have not named, who still shewed the same unrelenting Mien she did at first.

When, after a Moment's Pause, Love her, Madam, love her, said she, shaking her Head, who hinders you? but don't forget that you have Relations, whose Honour you ought not to sully: This is all we desire of you.

Pshaw, Madam, you don't know what you say, said Mrs. *Valentine*, pretty warmly, you can't surely think that either you, or any one else, have a Right to make me alter my Conduct in this Affair, I am neither under your Tuition nor theirs. You must excuse me; Madam, you must excuse me, reply'd the Harpy, we are not ignorant of your Designs, and are justly incens'd at them: In short, your Son loves this little Thing too much, and what is worse you suffer it. And if indeed I did suffer him to love her, said Mrs. *Valentine*, coolly, who is there that can hinder him? Nay, I should have a very ill Opinion of my Son's Judgment if he had not the highest Esteem for this young Lady.

The Prime Minister, who had attended to this Dialogue, smiling all the while, with his Eyes fix'd on the Floor, at these Words began, in order to prevent any more Replies: You are in the Right, Madam, said he, to Mrs. *Valentine*, I can't help approving your Kindness to this amiable Lady; you are generous; her Misfortunes render her worthy your Care; her Countenance has something expressive of those engaging Virtues she is possess'd of; but it is not the good Opinion you have of her that alarm us, the only Thing that makes us uneasy is, a Report that Mr. *Valentine* has not only the highest Esteem for her, which is very reasonable, but the greatest Tenderness, which this young Lady's Beauty renders highly probable: In fine, they talk of a Marriage being about to be concluded

cluded, which your Affection for her, they say, makes you so far forget yourself as to consent to it; and this it is that displeases your Relations. And those Relations have Reason to be displeased at it, interrupted the Ill-natured Kinswoman. Pray, Madam, let me speak, said the Minister, with a serious Voice, this Lady deserves to hear Reason.

I confess, said he, that from what you have told us, it is very probable that this young Beauty is of noble Extraction; but the melancholly Catastrophe you have mentioned, has cast over it a Veil of Obscurity, which has something shocking in it: If this Marriage should ever be consummated, you would be reproached with her Misfortunes, since they are such as our Customs will not suffer us to overlook. I have thought of providing for this young Lady in an agreeable Manner, by marrying her to a young Man of honest Parents, whose Fortune I will augment, and with whom she may live in a very happy Situation: I sent for the Lady, to propose this Marriage to her, which she refuses; on this I thought proper to use her with a little Severity; I have even threatened to remove her from *Paris*; nevertheless she inflexibly keeps her Resolutions. Pray endeavour to bring her to hear Reason. There is the young Man we are talking of, added he, shewing her Mr. *Villars*, who tho' pretty genteel, had then the Air of an insignificant Fellow of no Consequence, to whom it did not belong to have any Spirit, and whom one might order to retire without doing him an Injury; I did not see any Thing like a modest Bashfulness in his Looks, for they only discovered the most servile and abject Submission. The Minister resumed,

He is an agreeable young Man, and will live with this Lady, as with a Person to whom he will owe the Fortune I shall, on her Account, bestow upon him; and this I have recommended him never

to forget. To this Mr. *Villars* made no other Answer, but by bowing almost to the Ground. Don't you approve, Madam, of this Proceeding? continued Mr. ———, she shall stay at *Paris*, and as you love her, she shall never be out of your Sight.

Alas! returned she, shaking her Head, the Union I am persuaded would not be very agreeable, and I can hardly think that *Indiana* will ever approve it. Come, Miss, do you consent to this Proposal?

I have already expressed myself on this Subject, Madam, returned I, I have said I had rather remain as I am, and have not yet changed my Mind. My Misfortunes are very great, but what adds to them very much is, my being born with a Heart very unsuitable to my Circumstances, and which it is impossible for me to overcome. Pray then let this Marriage be mentioned no more. However I thank you, Sir, for thinking of it for me, but indeed I shall never be able to prevail upon myself to consent to it.

Tell us then, what is your Resolution, returned Mr. ———, had you rather be a Nun? you shall chuse that Convent which is most agreeable to you. Come, think what Condition will make you easy. You would not, I dare say, suffer Mrs. *Valentine* to be teized any longer upon your Account: Take your Choice.

No, no, said my Enemy, nothing will please her; she is beloved, and she will be married too; every Thing is agreed upon, the little Creature will not abate an Inch on't; she knows what she is doing. This Lady, they say, calls her already her Daughter. Mr. ——— at this Discourse, immediately silenced her by a Gesture of Displeasure and Impatience.

You

You have no Reason to be under any Apprehensions, Madam, said I; it is true, Mrs. *Valentine* has the Goodness to be a Mother to me, and I am obliged to love and respect her as much as if she was the Mother who gave me Being; for tho' I am not her Child she treats me as if I was: I am not related to her, and she might therefore have left me in the Distress she found me involved, but her Goodness is inexpressible; I can neither think of it, nor look upon her without melting into Tears of Love and Gratitude: And I thank God I have now an Opportunity of making this public Declaration; it is an infinite Satisfaction to be able thus to give a loose to the Transports of my Affection, and all that Zeal and Admiration with which my Heart overflows. I am only an unhappy Orphan, whom God, the universal Parent, seemed to have abandoned to all imaginable Evils; but now, tho' I should be told I was invited to accept of a Crown, I would refuse it, rather than be separated from her. You are the only Tie I have on Earth; you, who have receiv'd me so charitably; you, whose Generosity leads you to love me, notwithstanding the Efforts of those who would make you blush for it, and tho' the World despises me.

Here I finished my Speech, and *Valentine* stood as if immoveable, regarding me with a passionate Air; and my Mother let her Tears freely flow without endeavouring to conceal them. Thou hast not said all, *Indiana*, said she, giving me her Hand without any Ceremony, which I freely kissed, proceed, but say no more of me, since it moves thee so much.

You told me, Sir, resum'd I, that you would remove me far from *Paris*, if I refused to marry this Gentleman; do if you please; but I have one Thing to say, which ought to free you from
your

your Apprehensions of my marrying Mr. *Valentine*, and that is, I give you my Word it will never be concluded. 'Tis true, Sir, I did not assure you of it before Mrs. *Valentine* arrived, but I hope you will excuse me, when I tell you, that I did not think it would be generous in me to renounce Mr. *Valentine*, while Menaces were used to compel me to it. I thought it would be a Piece of Ingratitude to shew such Want of Resolution, after he has had the Courage to love me with such Sincerity, in spite of the discouraging Situation in which he found me, and which has only served to increase his Affection. This, Sir, was my Motive. If I had promised that I would see him no more, he would have had Reason to believe, that I had not the least Esteem for him, since I should have refused to have been persecuted for his Sake. On the contrary, my Intention was, that he should know his generous Heart had conquer'd mine, and I am not ashamed to confess it. This, perhaps, may be the last Time I shall see him, and I therefore take hold of it to acquit myself of what I owe him, and to let both Mrs. *Valentine* and him know, that what Fear and Menaces could not compel me to, I do now, out of Gratitude to them both. No, Madam; no, Mr. *Valentine*, you are both too dear to me; I can never be the Cause of the Reproaches you would suffer, nor of the Shame they say you might draw upon yourselves. You think it is unjust, but it does not become me to think so too; I should be too much a Gainer by that; I will only say, you are generous, and I will never abuse the Affection that makes you scorn its Customs. The Blame that would fall upon you would cost me my Life; and, if I did not prevent it, I should be unworthy of your Goodness. Alas! how greatly would you then think yourself deceived! you would then reflect, that I

had not the disinterested Character your Affection now flatters me with: This is the only Way to preserve your Esteem. Mr. *Chambers* has been so kind as to leave me something to live upon, and that is sufficient for a Girl, who, in quitting you, leaves all that is dear behind her, and after this, will have nothing more worthy her Care, nor no other Loss worth regretting. I will immure myself in a Convent for Life, where I shall see no Body but my dear Benefactress, whom I beg not to deprive me of her Company too suddenly, and that she would be so kind as to see me sometimes. These, Sir, are my Designs, and if you suspect my Sincerity, send me far from hence according to your first Intentions.

A Torrent of Tears concluded my Discourse; *Valentine* seemed unable to support his Trouble; his Mother was going to answer me, when the Minister prevented her, by turning suddenly to her Relations: Ladies, said he to them, what Answer can be made to what we have heard? for my Part, I can make none; and I declare, that I will interfere no more in it: Would you have me oppose the Esteem Mrs. *Valentine* has for Virtue, which we all ought to approve? Would you have me endeavour to strip it of its Charms? You and I have no such Thoughts; and therefore Authority has nothing to do here; and then turning to his Lady's Nurse's Son, *Retire Villars*, said he. Madam, I return you your Daughter, and all the Power you have over her; you have been to her a Mother, nor could she have found a better; she is worthy of all your Care and Tendernefs. Go, Miss, forget what is past, and let it be as if it had never been; let not your being ignorant of your Birth disturb you; tho' the Nobleness of your Extraction is unknown, that of your Mind is beyond all

all Dispute, and were I to chuse, I should prefer the latter.

Here he was going to withdraw, but seized with a sudden Transport, I threw myself at his Feet, with a Rapidity more eloquent and expressive than all I could have said, nor could I utter a Word to thank him for the gracious Sentiments he had expressed in my Favour. Rise, my lovely Child, said he, you owe me nothing; I only do you Justice. Then addressing himself to the Ladies, She will not be satisfied till she makes us all love her, added he, and I don't see how we can avoid it. Take her with you, Madam, said he, to my Benefactress; carry her back; you must take Care of your Son, if he loves her; for after the amiable Qualities we have seen in her, I would neither answer for him nor any one else; you must, after all, do as you think proper, for it is your own Business. Without doubt, said Mrs. —, I am very sorry we have given Mrs. *Valentine* this Trouble To-day, I did all I could to prevent it. Well, Ladies, returned the haughty Kinswoman, I think you have nothing to do now but to congratulate your Cousin; pray embrace her before-hand; you'll run no Risk in it, for she will soon be one of the Family. As for me, I hope you will dispense with it, notwithstanding the incomparable Nobleness of her Heart: I am not apt to be wrought upon by such romantic Virtues. Adieu, my little Adventurer, you are now, it seems, a Lady of Quality; but you won't stop here; we shall be very happy if you don't persuade them to believe, by-and-by, that you are a Princess. Instead of answering her I advanced towards my Mother, took hold of her Hand, kiss'd it, and bath'd it with Tears of Joy. The Ill-natured Relation arose up in a Rage; and, as she was going, asked the two Ladies if they would not

follow her. On this they arose, more out of Complaisance for her, than Enmity to me. It was very visible, that they did not at all approve of her Behaviour, and only went for fear of disobliging her. One of them, as she was going, whispered to Mrs. *Valentine*, She brought us with her, said she, and would never forgive us if we staid behind her. *Valentine*, who was now come to himself, could not look at her without laughing; the ill Success of her Enterprize had disarmed his Resentment. Does your Coach wait for you, Madam, said he, or shall we set you down. Let me alone, cried she, your Satisfaction excites my Pity. She then saluted Mrs. ———, and, without casting her Eyes on Mrs. *Valentine*, went out with the Ladies she came with.

When she was out of the Room, the rest of the Company paid me some obliging Compliments. I can't help reproaching myself, said the Minister's Lady to my dear Benefactress, for entering into their Intrigue; I am vexed that they were able to teize me into it; we could not be more in the Wrong than we were. Is it not true, Ladies? Pray don't mention it any more, we are quite ashamed of it, replied they. How amiable she is! we have nothing so sweetly charming in all *Paris*. Nor perhaps so truly valuable, returned Mrs. ———. I confess, (said one of the Gentlemen I had seen in the Anti-chamber) that I should have been in a great deal of Pain, if we had had any other Judge but Mr. ———, but his known Justice would not suffer me to doubt a Moment. It grew late, and my Benefactress took her Leave of the Minister's Lady, who embraced her in the most friendly Manner. She then did me the Honour to embrace me too; and then we retired.

We were no sooner got into the Anti-chamber, than we met Mrs. *Catharine*, who was the Person
that

that fetched me out of my first Religious House, who told us she was sent by the Minister, to wait upon us to the last Convent, to desire them to return my Cloaths, which they might not be willing to do if we went without her, unless Mrs. *Valentine* chose to defer going thither till another Time. I did not know the Way thither; besides, we were willing to conclude this Affair directly, and therefore readily consented to her Offer. She followed us, and stepped into the Coach, but lost that familiar Behaviour she had before assumed, and seemed ashamed of the Difference there was between us: Our Conversation was very much reserved all the Way, on Account of her Company. Something however that passed made her tell us, that Mrs. *Fancourt* was the Cause of this Uproar, tho' she would not consent to join with the rest of the Relations against me.

We soon arrived at the Convent, when I stepped out with the Servant. There is no Occasion for me to appear, said my Benefactress, and I think it sufficient for this young Woman to go to demand your Cloaths, without taking Notice that we are here. Permit me to go, Madam, said I, the Kindness the Abbess has expressed for me, requires that I should return her my Thanks, which cannot be dispensed with without the Appearance of Ingratitude. You are in the right, Child, I did not know that, returned she; go, but make haste. I entered the Convent, had my Box returned to me, and the Nuns I had seen before, came to congratulate me on the Success of my Adventure; the Abbess gave me fresh Testimonies of the most sincere Affection; she wished I would pass the rest of the Day with her, but I could not comply with her Request. My Benefactress, said I, is at the Gate in her Coach; she would have seen you if she had not been indisposed; she desires to be

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excused,

excused, and I am obliged to leave you. What! that tender Lady whom I esteem so much, said she; Is she here? how glad should I be to see her: Go, Miss, and endeavour to persuade her to come in for a Moment; if I could go out, I would wait upon her myself; but if it is too late, tell her that I entreat her to do me the Honour to come another Time with you. Here she dismissed me, a Servant carried my Box of Cloaths to the Coach, and then we parted. My Benefactress told me I should dine with her, and not return to the other Convent till the Evening. You must be a little longer in that House, said she, if it be only on Account of what has happened, and the Uneasiness I have expressed there on your Account. Meanwhile the Coach was going on, and presently stopped in the Court of Mrs. *Valentine's* House, where she dismissed the Servant, walked in, and went up Stairs.

The House-keeper, who had pulled off my Stocking after my Fall in returning from Church, was no longer in the Family, and the Valet that had followed me in the Hackney-Coach to Mrs. *Thompson's*, and brought me Letters from *Valentine* to the Convent, I found was sick; so none of the Servants knew who I was. The Reason why I mention this, is, while I was going up Stairs with my Benefactress, I had a Reflection which exceedingly damped my Joy; methought I was going to meet the above-mentioned House-keeper, and some of the Footmen, who would infallibly know me again. Now, my Dear, said my Benefactress, when we had enter'd her Apartment, let me embrace thee without Restraint; what a happy Turn has our Affairs taken; they suspect, they foresee our Designs, but don't disapprove them; the Prime Minister has dispensed with your Promise in returning you to me; and, thank Heaven, they will

no longer be surprized at any Thing that passes: Thou hast said, my Dear, the tenderest Things of me this Morning; but indeed, the Uneasiness I have suffered on thy Account makes me deserve them: Thou hast had a great deal of Affliction too, Is it not true? Didst thou reflect on what I should suffer? What were thy Thoughts of thy Benefactress? I threw myself at her Feet, kissed her Hand, and lifted up my Eyes swimming with Tenderness and Gratitude. My dear Lady, said I, Mr. *Valentine* is very dear to me; I have publickly acknowledged it, but that can't prevent my telling you, that you are a thousand Times more in my Thoughts than he. It is my Mother that has engrossed my Soul, it was her Affection, her Goodness ——— What will she do? What will she not do? was all the Language of my Soul. I could not tell whether you would succeed in extricating me from my Difficulties, but my most earnest Wishes were, that my dear Benefactress might be afflicted at the Thought of never seeing me more. I thought of Mr. *Valentine* too, and found that I could not bear his forsaking me without being filled with an Affliction too great to be expressed. But your Affection, Madam, was my principal Concern. Your Heart was still more necessary for the Repose of mine, than his seemed to be.

Mrs. *Valentine* listened to me, and smiling said, Arise, my Dear, you make me forget that I am to blame you for your Imprudence Yesterday Morning. I wonder you should let yourself be carried away by a Woman intirely unknown to you, who came to fetch you without a Note from me, and in a Coach too which was not mine. Where was your Wits not to take Notice of all this, especially after the suspicious Visit you had received the Day before, from the Skeleton you described? Did not

her, Menaces intimate some Design against you? And pray, while you stay in the Convent, remember I would not have you leave it without that Woman, who is just gone out of the Room, (which was her Chamber-maid,) or a Letter from me, when I don't go for you myself.

She had no sooner said this, than the Dinner was brought up: *Valentine* and I eat very little; my Mother took Notice of it, and with a Smile said, Your Joy I fancy takes away your Stomachs. Yes, Madam, returned *Valentine*, we can't give up our Minds to many Things at once. After Dinner Mrs. *Valentine* went into her own Room, and we followed her: She then went into a Closet and called me: Give me thy Hand, said she to me, let us see if this Ring will fit thee. It was set with a very large and beautiful Brilliant. I see a Picture, returned I, while she was trying it on, that I should value more than all the Rings and Jewels in the Universe: Let us make an Exchange, Madam, added I, give me the Picture and I will return you the Ring. Have Patience, Child, replied she, it shall be placed in your Room, when you take Possession of it, and that will be very soon: Where do you put your Money, *Indiana*, added she, I think you have never a Purse, here is one neatly wrought, said she, opening a Drawer, and taking it out, make use of this. I thank you, Madam, returned I; but where must I put all the Love, Respect and Gratitude I have for you? methinks I have more than can be contained in the narrow Limits of my Heart. At this she smiled: *Valentine*, who stood at the Closet Door, was almost in Raptures at hearing us talk to each other with this Familiarity. Do you know, Madam what we must do, said he, let us put your Daughter, as soon as possible, in Possession of the Room where you design to hang your Picture; she will
be

be more able to support the Love she has for you, by being at hand, to pour it, when she pleases, into your Bosom. That we are going to talk on presently, returned Mrs. *Valentine*. Come, I will shew her the Apartment which was mine while your Father lived.

We then went into a large Anti-chamber, which I had seen before, in which there was a Door opposite to that of the Room we left, which opened into an Apartment more spacious and better furnished than Mrs. *Valentine's*, and which, as well as her's, had the Prospect of a fine Garden. Well, my Dear, said she, smiling, how do you like this Room? Won't your Time pass very sluggishly here, and make you regret your dear Convent? O dear Madam, return'd I, what Charms are here for me! how delightful will it be to be always so near you. I had scarce finished these Words, when the * Porter's Whistle informed us we were going to be troubled with Company. Mrs. *Valentine* was concerned at our being interrupted; she went to her Apartment and I followed her. Two Ladies presently entered the Room, who were entirely unknown to me, as I was to them, they perhaps thought me a Relation of the Family, and came to pay us one of those indifferent Visits which consists in trifling away an idle Hour, exchanging a few troublesome Compliments, and then parting with a perfect Indifference to each other. I shall only observe, that one of these two Ladies had hardly any Share in the Conversation; she bridled her Head, and threw herself into a Variety of different Attitudes, and seemed wholly taken up with the Charms of her dear Person; it is true, she
would

* It is a Custom in France, when Persons of Quality receive a Visit, for the Porter at the Door to whistle to give the Servants Notice of it.

would have been very agreeable if she had taken less Pains to shew that she was so, but her Vanity spoiled all, and stripped her of every natural Beauty. There are many like her, who would appear extremely amiable, if they could but forget a little that they are so: Every Action, every Gesture in this Person were only designed to make her be taken Notice of, and to fill her Beholders with Admiration; this was the Height of her Ambition, and she seemed to live for nothing else.

The other Lady was much older, and appeared very grave, though, in reality, but a very shallow Woman; she spoke with the utmost Seriousness, of a Coach that was making for her, of an Entertainment she had given, of a Visit she had made, of a Story she had from a Marchioness, and then what an ingenious Repartee she made the other Day to Mrs. *What-do-you-call-her*, who, because she is rich, frequently forgets herself, and presumes not to make a proper Difference between herself and Women of Distinction. These and a thousand other Subjects were the Topics of her Conversation; during which we had several other Visits no less tedious and impertinent, so that it was late before we could disengage ourselves from them, and it grew Time for me to be carried back to my Convent: My Benefactress hastened my going, because she was weary and wanted to take some Repose: We soon arrived there, where we saw the Abbess in her Parlour; and my Benefactress, in a few Words, told her the Conclusion of my Adventure; and after promising to come to see me soon again, she retired.

The second Day, about Twelve o'Clock, Mrs. *Valentine* came to fetch me, according to her Promise: I dined with her and *Valentine*, and our Marriage was the Subject of the Conversation; at the same Time she told me, that *Valentine* was endeavour-

deavouring to get a considerable Post, which he would soon be invested with ; that it would not be above three Weeks at farthest before he obtain'd it, and that it was resolved we should be married as soon as that Affair should be concluded. *Valentine* discovered a Mind full of Joy; and my Satisfaction was so excessive that it took away my Speech, and I could only express it by the grateful Looks I cast at my Benefactress. This is not all, said she, I intend to set out, this Evening, for eight or ten Days, to my Country Seat, where I shall rest myself from the Fatigues I have undergone since my Brother's Death, and I design to take thee along with me, whilst my Son goes to pass some Time at *Versailles*, where his Affairs call him. What! ten or twelve Days with you at once! How delightful is the Thought! returned I, but pray, Madam, don't change your Mind. Never fear it, Child, said she, and immediately went into her Closet to write to the Abbess, that she would take me with her into the Country; the Letter was sent directly, and we set out two Hours after.

Her Seat was three Leagues from *Paris*. *Valentine* stole away from *Versailles* two or three Times to see us there: He did not take Possession of his Post so soon as he imagined: In short, we returned from the Country, and my Benefactress placed me again in the Convent, where she did not think I should stay above a Week; however a Month passed away, in which Time, I went sometimes to dine with her, and sometimes with Mrs. *Dawson*.

All this Time *Valentine* appeared as passionate as ever, but more gay than usual; in a Word, his Love seemed not to decrease, tho' he had more Patience under the Incidents that prolonged the Conclusion of his Affairs. The last Time she carried me to my Convent, *Valentine* desired my Benefactress

factress to let him go with us; his Company had been that Day very charming, methought he had never before loved me so much, nor expressed it in a more graceful, gallant and lively manner; but so much the worse, his Wit and Gallantry were ill Omens of my approaching Uneasiness; his Love probably was then less serious and violent, and he told me agreeable Things only to disguise the Sentiments of his Heart, which began to lose its Tenderness: However, he desired to attend us: Mrs. *Valentine* at first refused it, but afterwards consented. Well, said she, I grant you Leave, on Condition that you stay in the Coach, and don't shew yourself while I step in, for a Moment, to speak to the Abbess. From this Piece of Complaisance sprang the most poignant Grief I think I had ever before experienced.

A Lady of great Distinction had brought her Daughter the Evening before to the Convent, whom she intended to place there as a Boarder, 'till she returned from a Voyage she was going to make to *England*, to take Possession of an Estate that had fallen to her by the Death of her Mother: This Lady's Husband died in *France* not long before; he was an *English* Lord, whose Zeal for his King had induced him, like many others, to leave his Country; his Widow, whose Jointure had been her only Resource, was going to sell it, together with her new Estate, with a Design to return to *France*, where she chose to reside; She made an Agreement with the Abbess, that her Daughter should enter the next Day, and had just brought her when we arrived, so that we found her Coach in the Court: We had but just stepped out of ours when we saw those two Ladies coming down from the Parlour, where they had had a short Conversation with the Abbess. They had opened the Door of the Convent to receive the young Lady,
who

who, casting her Eyes into the Convent, and on the Nuns that waited to receive her, and then turning and casting a Look upon her Mother who was all in Tears, she suddenly fainted away between her Arms; the Mother, almost as weak as the Daughter, would have been unable to prevent her falling down the last Pair of Stairs, which they were going to descend, if a Footman who belong'd to her had not made Haste to support them both.

This Accident, of which Mrs. *Valentine* and I were Spectators, made us cry out, and run to help them and assist the Footman. Help, Ladies, quick! I entreat you, I believe my Daughter is dying, cried the Mother, all in Tears. The Nuns, who were at the Door of the Convent, called the Servants, who came running, and opened the Door of a little Room where she lay, and which happily was near the Stair case of the Parlour.

Valentine, touched at this moving Spectacle, Part of which he had seen, as well as we, from the Coach, forgot that he ought not to have appeared, and, without allowing himself Time for Reflection, ran into the Room. They had laid the young Lady on the Servants Bed, and my Benefactress and I were unlacing her to facilitate her Respiration, when he came in: Her Head lay upon the Pillow, one of her Arms hung out of the Bed, and the other was extended upon her Side, and both, I must confess, were of an admirable Form; her Eyes, though closed, had a particular Charm, and I never saw any Thing so moving as her Countenance, on which Death was painted; but it was an Image which was only affecting, not at all frightful: In short, with that beautiful Face, thus reclined, with those delicate Features, whose fading Charms it were impossible not to lament, which, though we imagine them to be gone, are far from being so, since they take a nearer Way to
soften

soften the Heart, and inspire with Tendernefs and Pity; with those beautiful Eyes, gracefully closed, there can't be imagined an Object more interesting, nor a Situation more proper to affect the Soul.

Valentine was behind us, and had his Eyes fixed upon her, I looked at him several Times without his perceiving it; she took up all his Thoughts; I was a little surprized to see it, but went no farther, and inferred nothing from it. Mrs. *Valentine* felt in her Pocket for a Smelling Bottle, which contained a Spirit of the greatest Efficacy in Cases like this, but she had left it at home. *Valentine*, who had one of them, suddenly approached, and putting one Knee to the Ground, tried to make her snuff up some of the Spirit, and poured some into her Mouth: This, added to our Endeavours, brought her to herself, and made her half open her Eyes, which she cast, with a languid Glance, upon *Valentine*, when he cried, with a Tone, which I thought as tender and affectionate as it was singular, Come, Miss, take some more, snuff it up again; and then, with a Gesture that was doubtless involuntary, took one of her Hands, which he pressed between his, but which I immediately took from him without knowing why; Softly, Sir, said I, we should not disturb her too much; he did not seem to hear me, but all this seemed, on both Sides, as only the Effect of that Embarrassment our Uneasiness and eager Desire of assisting her occasioned; he was going to apply his Smelling Bottle again to her Nose, when she sigh'd, opened her Eyes quite, lift up her Hand I held in mine, and let it fall upon *Valentine's* Arm, who took hold of it, and still continued on his Knee before her. Lord! said she, where am I? *Valentine* held her Hand still, and I thought he press'd it, and did not seem to think of rising: The Lady at last, recovered her Spirits, fixed her Eyes,

Eyes upon *Valentine*, and gently drew away her Hand, without taking away her Eyes from him, and as by the Bottle he held in his Hand, she guess'd that he had contributed to her Recovery, I am very much obliged to you, Sir, said she. Where is my Mamma? Is she here still?

That Lady was at her Bed's Head in a Chair, in which they had placed her, and had hitherto been only able to sigh and weep. I am here, my Dear, replied she; O my dear *Franky*, how you have frightened me: Here are Ladies to whom you are very much obliged, as well as to this Gentleman.

The young Lady returned perfectly to herself, look'd around her upon us, and fix'd her Eyes again upon *Valentine*, and then perceiving the Disorder she was in, and that she was unlaced, appeared confused and out of Countenance, and put her Hand upon her Stays. Won't you arise, Sir, said I, to *Valentine*; all his over, the young Lady has no longer any Need of your Assistance. That is true, returned he with some Disorder, and without ceasing to look at her. I would fain get up, said she, leaning upon her Mother, who helped her as well as she could. I was going to give her my Hand when *Valentine* prevented me, and offered her his.

The Nuns were still waiting till the Lady should be ready to go into the Convent. She thanked Mrs. *Valentine* and I with a very good Grace, and a modest Air for the Service we had rendered her; but I imagined that she seem'd a little more embarrassed in the Compliments she paid Mr. *Valentine*, and cast down her Eyes when she spoke to him. Come, Madam, added she, to her Mother, To-morrow is the Day of your Departure, you have no Time to lose, and I must enter the Convent. On this they embraced, not without shedding

ding many Tears. I suppress the polite Compliments that passed between Mrs. *Valentine*, and the *English* Lady. This last related, in a few Words, the Reasons which obliged her to leave her Daughter in the Convent. My Dear, said my Benefactress, seeing them embrace for the last Time, since you will have the Honour of having this young Lady's Company, endeavour to gain her Friendship, and forget nothing that may contribute to comfort her. This is extremely kind, said the *English* Lady; it encourages me in my Turn, to take the Liberty to recommend her to you. To which Mrs. *Valentine*, replied, That she begged Leave to take her Daughter to her House when she should come for me, which was accepted by the other with all imaginable Tokens of Gratitude.

Valentine said not a Word to all this: I observed his Eyes oftner fixed upon the young Lady than upon me; which tho' it did not please me, I attributed only to the Impulse of Curiosity. How was it possible to suspect him, who had loved me so tenderly, and had the same Day given me such delightful Proofs of his Passion? who was so dear to me, whom I had often told so, and who seemed charmed at being sure of it? Sure, did I say, perhaps he was too much so? Some Minds filled with a false and unmanly Delicacy, relax in their Tenderness, as soon as they know they have gain'd our's: The Desire of pleasing is attended with infinite Charms, and prompts them to a Behaviour that is accompanied with a real Satisfaction, but as soon as they have found the Way to our Hearts, they are unemployed, and they neglect the Person they think they have conquered.

The young Lady, in Return to the Affection Mrs. *Valentine* recommended me to have for her, came very gracefully to me, threw her Arms about
my

my Neck, and asked my Friendship. I returned her Careffes with all the Sensibility I was capable of, and interested myself sincerely in her Concerns. She at last tore herself from the Embraces of her Mother, and went into the Convent, when I called to let her know that I would be with her as soon as we had seen the Abbess, with whom Mrs. *Valentine* desired to talk a little.

Her Mother went crying into the Coach, and the next Day set out for *England*. Mrs. *Valentine*, who went for a Moment to speak to the Abbess, saw me enter into the Convent, and then went to *Valentine*, who was waiting for her in the Coach: He left us just as we were going into the Parlour to speak with the Abbess, when I thought he did not seem less tender than usual. There was only one Thing wanting, and that was, he forgot to ask his Mother when he should see me again, and this Forgetfulness I called to Mind about a Quarter of an Hour after I had been in the Convent; but our Minds had been disconcerted, the young Lady's Accident had confused our Ideas, and engrossed all our Thoughts; besides, had not my Mother said, that she would return the next Day, or the Day after; And was not that sufficient? Thus I excused him, and blamed myself for being so foolish as to remark such a trifling Instance of Forgetfulness.

I was received by the Abbess, and all the Ladies, in the most obliging Manner: After I had thanked them for the Joy they expressed at my Return, I ran to my new Companion, whom I found in a deep Melancholy, leaning upon a Table; she arose as soon as she perceived me, and came forward to embrace me, with all the Marks of an extreme Pleasure: It would have been difficult not to love her; her Behaviour was simple, engaging and tender, and, she had a Heart in every Respect

like her Manners. I soon conceived the most tender Inclination for her: And her's for me, she said, began as soon as she saw me, when she could receive no other Consolation but what sprang from the Thought of having me for her Companion.

She was like a Foreigner in a strange Country, tho' born in *France*, since she was separated from all her Friends. Her Father was dead, her Mother gone to *England*, and possibly might die there, and this be an eternal Adieu, and the next Day might let her know she was an Orphan: I was one, but tho' my Misfortunes far exceeded those she had reason to apprehend, yet she was in Danger of experiencing some Part of them, and of being in a Condition nearly resembling mine. This Reflection attached me nearer to her, and I seemed to find in her a Person more really my Companion than any other. She poured her Grief into my Bosom; we softened each other; and in that Effusion of tender and generous Sentiments, to which our Hearts abandoned themselves, she entertained me with the Misfortunes of her Family, and I, in Return, related mine; but I did it to my own Advantage; not indeed out of Vanity, it was only the pure Effect of the Disposition of my Mind. In a Word, I deceived her in nothing, but only represented Things in Words suited to the Disposition of my Mind, which was tender and elevated by a Croud of affecting Ideas. The agreeable Miss *Franky* listened to me with Concern, she sighed with me, and mingled her Tears with mine.

I gave her the History of my Infancy, the Character of my dear Friends, the Vicar and his Sister; then I represented the Situation I was in after their Deaths, in the most melting Language; I mentioned Father *St. Vincent*; Mr. *Chambers* I did not name;

name, my Respect and Tenderness for his Memory prevented me, tho' I told the Injury he had done me, his Repentance, and the Reparation he had made me; even Mrs. *Thompson*, with whom he placed me; Mrs. *Valentine*, to whom I gave no other Name than that of a Lady I had met with: I did not omit my Fall in coming from Church, nor the amiable young Gentleman of a noble Family, to whose House I had been carried; that the Lady she had just seen, was his Mother, and that I was upon the Point of marrying her Son, had we not been interrupted by a Lay-Sister, who entered the Room to tell us that Supper was on the Table, which made me break off at Mrs. *Valentine's* entering the Church. So that this young Lady could apply nothing that I had said to any of the Persons she had seen with me.

We then went to Supper. Miss *Franky* complained of a violent Pain in her Head, which encreasing, obliged her to rise from Table, and to return into her Room, whither I followed her; but as she had Need of Repose, after an Embrace I retired, without having had any of the Incidents which attended her fainting in my Mind.

I arose next Morning earlier than ordinary, in order to wait upon her, when I found they were going to bleed her; alarmed at this Sight, which I thought a Presage of an approaching Fit of Illness, I burst into Tears; she squeezed my Hand, and endeavoured to remove my Fears. 'Tis nothing at all my dear Friend, said she, 'tis only a slight Indisposition proceeding from my Mind's being too much agitated Yesterday, which has caused a little Fever, that is all. She was in the right; the bleeding calmed her Disorder; the next Day she found herself better, and this little Indisposition of which I had been so sensible, served only as a

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Proof of my Affection for her, and to encrease her's for me.

The next Day I went into her Room to fetch my Work, which lay upon her Table, and was seized with such a Dizziness as made me call for Help. There was none in the Room but herself, and my Friend the Nun; they both immediately hastened to my Relief: My Dizziness went off, and I sat down, but it returned from Time to Time. I then found a Difficulty of Breathing, then a Heaviness upon my Senses; and at last an almost total Deprivation of them. The Nun felt my Pulse, and appeared uneasy, but said nothing that might alarm me; she proposed I should be put to Bed, and Miss *Franky* and she carried me into my Room. I would fain have resisted my Disorder, and have persuaded myself that nothing ail'd me, but I could hold it out no longer. They put me to Bed, and I desired them to leave me.

They had scarce left the Room when a Letter was brought me from Mrs. *Valentine*. The Contents were as follows:

Dear INDIANA,

"I HAVE not been able to see thee these
"two Days; don't be uneasy, To-morrow
"about Noon, I will come and take thee with
"me."

Yours, &c.

MARIA VALENTINE.

Is there no other Note, said I, to the Nun who brought it. I asked this, because I imagined *Valentine* might have wrote me a Letter, since he had

had so good an Opportunity of sending it. No, returned she, this is all the Maid received of the Footman, who waits for an Answer: Have you any Thing to say to him, Miss? Yes, pray reach me a Pen and Ink, said I; and as ill as I was, I made the following Reply:

Dear Madam,

“ I Return you a thousand Thanks for your
 “ Kindness in letting me hear from you. I find
 “ myself a little indisposed, and am just put
 “ to Bed; but I hope this Disorder will be
 “ of no ill Consequence, and that To-morrow I
 “ shall be ready for you. Accept of my humble Duty.”

INDIANA.

I could not possibly have wrote any more; and two Hours after I had a high Fever, and was light-headed, when it soon encreased to such a Degree, that my Life was despaired of. I grew quite raving, and knew neither Miss *Franky*, my Friend the Nun, nor even my Mother, who was permitted to come to see me. I remained in the same Condition for four Days together, during which Time I neither knew where I was, nor who spoke to me, and had been let Blood without being sensible of it. The fifth Day the Fever abated; I came to myself; and the first Sign I gave of it was, that seeing Mrs. *Valentine* at the Bed's Head, I cried out, Oh! Madam! She was then reaching out her Arm towards me to embrace me; I drew my Hand out of Bed to seize her's, put it to my Mouth, and for a long Time held it there as if it had been glewed to my Lips. I saw Miss *Franky* and some Nuns about my Bed, and observed that
 the

the former seemed overwhelmed with Sadness. I must have been very ill, said I, in a low and faint Voice, and, without doubt, have given you all a great deal of Trouble. Yes, Daughter, replied Mrs. *Valentine*, there is no Body here that have not given you Proofs of their Goodness; but, thank God, you are now out of Danger. Miss *Franky* came near, and pressed my Hand between her's, with an Air of the sincerest Friendship, and said some tender Things to me, which I only answered with a Smile, and a Look which shewed my Gratitude. Two Days after I was intirely out of Danger, my Fever had quite left me, but my Weakness lasted a great while. Mrs. *Valentine*, who had been only permitted to see me, on account of the great Danger I had been in, appeared no more when that was over.

The next Day after I began to recover, I reflected that I might probably have a Relapse, which might be fatal to me. I thought too on the Deed of Gift Mr. *Chambers* had left me. To whom will it belong? said I, it will probably be lost to the Family, and Justice, as well as Gratitude, demand that I should restore it to them: There was no Body in the Room with me but a Lay-Sister; Miss *Franky* had just left me; the Nuns were in the Choir, and I found myself at Liberty. Sister, said I, my Life a few Days ago was despaired of, my Fever is now indeed abated, but we cannot be sure that it won't return with the same, or even a greater Violence; however, I desire you would raise me up a little, and give me Pen, Ink and Paper, that I may write a Line or two which is absolutely necessary. Pray, Miss, consider a little, returned she, why do you talk so, you seem to be inclined to make your Will; you ought not to indulge such Thoughts, but rather to thank God for your Recovery. Pray, Sister, said I, don't

I, don't refuse me, I shall have done in an Instant.
At last she gave them me, and I wrote as follows:

*I GIVE to Mrs. Valentine, to whom I am indebted
for all I have, the Deed of Gift which Mr. Cham-
bers, her Brother, lately deceased, had the Charity
to leave me. I return also to the same Lady, every
Thing I am possess'd of, to dispose of as she pleases.*

INDIANA.

I put this Paper under my Pillow, with an Intention to give it into my Mother's Hands the next Time she came; and it had not been wrote above a Quarter of an Hour before she entered the Room. Well, Daughter, how do you do? said she, feeling my Pulse, I think you are better than you were Yesterday; come, I hope you are in a fair Way to do well; you only want to recover your Strength. I then took the Paper and slip'd it into her Hand. What do'st thou give me here? said she, let me see: She opened and read it, but could not help laughing. What a mad Thing thou art, Child! said she, thou makest me thy Executrix, and art in better Health than myself: Come, Child, to all Appearance, you will have no Occasion to make your Will this good while; it will be Time enough to do that long after I have left this Life, added she, tearing the Paper, and throwing it into the Chimney, keep what you have for my Grand-Children, I hope thou wilt have no other Heirs. Why dear Madam, do you talk of leaving me? I had rather die now, than live to survive you. Hold your Tongue, returned she, is it not natural to suppose I should go before you? Is it not according to the Course of Nature that I should do so? The Extravagance of your Paper makes me mention it; Come, let us think of living, and do you make
haste

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haste to recover, lest *Valentine* should fall sick too; such a long Absence I am sure must be insupportable to him. We were talking thus when Miss *Franky* and the Physician entered: The latter thought me quite out of Danger, though I was very weak, so that my Mother came no more, and was satisfied with sending to know how I did.

Mrs. *Valentine* had always, during her Visits, caressed Miss *Franky* in the most obliging Manner, and it was agreed, that as soon as I was fit to go abroad, we should go together to dine with her.

The next Day when Miss *Franky* was in my Room, she was told a Person from Mrs. *Valentine* desired to speak with her. I fancy it is about you, said she, as she left me to go to the Parlour, nor did I doubt but that I was really the Subject of the Message. The Reader must observe, that Miss *Franky* was intirely ignorant of my Love to *Valentine*, and my being designed for his Wife; she was indisposed the first Day after she entered the Convent; my Illness had seized me too Days after, and it had therefore been impossible for me to give her the Continuation of my Story.

So, Miss, said she, as she entered my Room with an Air of Gaiety, you did not tell me that the agreeable young Gentleman who joined with you in recovering me from my Fit, was Mrs. *Valentine*'s Son: Did you know that it was he who waited for me in the Parlour? Who? Mr. *Valentine*! returned I, with some Surprise, pray, what did he want with you? Have you been a great while together? About a Quarter of an Hour, returned she; he told me he came from his Mother to know how you did; he was commissioned to give her Compliments to me, and has been pleased to pay me a polite Visit. He was in the right, returned I, in a thoughtful and reserved Air, has not he given you a Letter for me? Did not Mrs. *Valen-*

tine

fine write to me? No, said she, there is no Letter at all.

Here some of the Boarders came in, and obliged us to change the Conversation. I was surprized *Valentine* did not, on this Occasion, send me a Letter: In the Height of my Disorder, said I to myself, his Letters might have been unseasonable; but, after I have been thought to be on the Brink of Death, he ought surely to congratulate my returning to Life, and join with me in thanking Heaven for my Recovery, but he neglects it, and gives me not the least Token of his Joy. This Negligence disturbs me: It is not behaving like himself. What is become of my dear *Valentine*? continued I: Surely, this is no longer his Heart, which has hitherto been so soft, so passionate and tender. In short, his Behaviour sincerely grieved me, and I could not help being offended at it.

I have refused till To-day, said Miss *Franky*, to me, to go and dine with a Lady who is an intimate Friend of my Mother's, and to whom she has recommended me: You are too weak to go with me, and I am not willing to leave you; but this Morning before I entered your Room, I sent her Word, by a Footman that came from her, that I would wait upon her To-morrow: But however, added she, if you wish me to stay with you, I will send to excuse myself: Come, shall I stay? I assure you I had rather be with you. No, return'd I, pray go, you must comply with the Desire she has of seeing you; only be so kind as to return half an Hour sooner than otherwise you would do, and I shall be very well satisfied. But I shall not be so, returned she, you must give me Leave to shorten the Visit a little more; I don't care to be uneasy so long together as you would have me.

The next Day Miss *Franky* went to her Mother's Friend, whose Coach came to fetch her so very

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early, that she was quite out of Humour at being obliged to leave me so soon: However she returned much later than I expected. I have not been able to leave them, said she, they kept me in spite of myself. Some Days after she went thither again, and repeated her Visits very often; but methought she always returned with a Look more thoughtful and absent than ordinary: I told her my Opinion, but she said, I was mistaken, and I took no more Notice of it. I then began to be able to leave my Bed, though I was still very weak. My Mother sent every Day to the Convent to enquire after my Health, she even wrote to me once or twice, but I did not receive a Line from *Valentine*. One of her Letters was as follows:

I N D I A N A,

“ M Y Son is very impatient to see thee again; he is disturbed at thy being so long
 “ on thy Recovery; he intended to have added
 “ some Lines to this Letter; I have waited for
 “ him to do it, but he is not returned home yet,
 “ and must defer giving himself that Satisfaction
 “ ’till another Time.”

Yours, &c.

MARIA VALENTINE.

This was all the News I could hear of him: On which, I thought it improper to mention him in the following Answer:

D E A R M A D A M,

“ I Have just Strength enough to carry me to the
 “ Parlour: I should be glad if you would be so
 “ good to come and see me To-morrow. My only
 “ Illness

“ Illness now is, that I don’t see you, my dear Benefactress: Make haste then, dear Madam, I entreat you, to complete my Recovery.”

INDIANA.

That Evening Miss *Franky* and I were alone and took a Turn or two in my Room. You fancied some Days ago, that I seemed a little thoughtful, said she, and I think that To-day you seem very much so: You have something in your Mind that disturbs you; and I am much deceived if you had not just been crying Yesterday Morning before I came into your Chamber: I desire to know, my dear Companion, what it is that troubles you. Dear Miss, said I, I assure you I have no Intention to hide my Uneasiness from you; my Heart has no Secret which it would conceal from my Friend. I have not long been convinced that I have had sufficient Cause to be disturbed, and I should not have let this Evening pass without trusting you with it: I can’t refuse myself this Consolation. My Dear, continued I, fetching a deep Sigh, I have indeed Reason for being troubled, I have already related to you the greatest Part of my History; your Illness prevented my giving you the Sequel, and here it is in a few Words: Mrs. *Valentine* is that Lady, whom, if you remember, I told you I met in the Convent; you have been Witness of her Behaviour towards me; every Body would take her for my Mother; and, from the first Moment she saw me, she has constantly treated me in the same Manner; but this is not all, that Mr. *Valentine*, who came the other Day to see you——How! Mr. *Valentine*, is he against you? said she, interrupting me, is he displeased with his Mother’s Friendship for you? No, pray hear me, said I, that is not the Case: Mr. *Valentine* is the same young Gentleman I have

also told you of, to whose House I was carried after my Fall, and who, from that Moment, conceived a most violent Passion for me, a Passion so tender that I cannot doubt of its being real: Mrs. *Valentine* knows of our mutual Affection, knows that he would marry me; and, notwithstanding my Misfortunes, has herself consented to it; but for some Reasons it has been retarded, and perhaps it will never now be concluded, at least *Valentine's* Conduct makes me despair of it. Miss interrupted me no more, she listened with a pensive Air, cast down her Eyes, and did not even look at me. You know from what Dangers I have escaped, continued I, I have but just been saved from Death: Before my Illness his Mother hardly ever wrote the least Note to me but he sent me one with it, or added a few Lines to her's: And yet this same Man, whom I have been accustomed to see so tender, so affectionate; he who has thought of losing me, and who ought to be so alarmed at the State I was in; he whom I could scarce believe able to support his Fears on my Account, and who ought to have been transported with Joy at seeing me out of Danger: Can you believe it, Miss, has not let me hear from him; has not writ me a single Word; he that has loved me so tenderly not one short Note? Is this natural? What would he have me think of it? And what would you think of it if you were in my Place? Here I paused for a Moment and stood still, Miss *Franky* continued silent too, and avoided turning her Head towards me. Not one Letter, resumed I, he who had been so prodigal of them on less important Occasions: Once more I say, can you think it possible? Have I lost his Heart instead of that Life which I had much rather have parted with? Oh how am I troubled! But, tell me, Miss, a Thought
arises

arises suddenly in my Mind: May not he be sick? May not Mrs. *Valentine*, who knows that I love him, hide it from me; she has a sincere Affection for me, and may be afraid of afflicting me: Have not you had the same Kindness for me? Did not you pretend a Visit from Mr. *Valentine*, only to hinder my suspecting the Truth? for it appears impossible to me that he should be guilty of such Negligence; and I assure you, I should be less afflicted to hear of his being ill: He is young, Miss, and may recover, but if he is inconstant there can be no Remedy. This last Motive of Inquietude is more sharp and cruel than the other: I entreat you then to confess his Disorder; you will compose my Mind; be so kind as to tell me; I shall be discreet.

She made no Answer: I took hold of her Arm and seated myself before her, to oblige her to speak to me: But judge of my Astonishment, when instead of a Reply I heard some Sighs, and saw her Countenance bath'd in Tears: Oh! Miss! said I, turning pale, why do you weep? What mean those Tears? I asked what my Heart began already to presage; my Eyes were opened; every Thing that had passed during her Fit rush'd into my Mind. She stood near an easy Chair, into which she threw herself: I sat by her and wept too. Come, Miss, you need make use of no Disguise with me, said I, I believe I understand you: Where have you seen Mr. *Valentine*? Unkind! unworthy Man! Is it possible that he loves me no more? Alas! my dear *Indiana*, returned she, O that I had but been acquainted with this before! Well, rejoined I, speak freely, have you robbed me of his Heart? Say rather that I have lost my own, said she. What! he loves you then, and you return his Passion, how unhappy am I! We have both reason to complain, returned she: He has not mentioned

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you to me. I confess I love him, but I will never see him again. He will love me no more, said I, shedding a Flood of Tears, he will love me no more: Oh where am I? and what shall I do? Alas! Mrs. *Valentine* I shall not then be your Daughter! In vain you have been so generous to me! What! you, Mr. *Valentine*, you unfaithful to *Indiana*! you that have loved her with such a transporting Tenderness! you abandon her! Is it you, Miss, that take him from me! you who have had the Cruelty to contribute to my Recovery! Oh! that you had rather let me die! How is it possible to survive his Loss! I have given my Heart to both, and, in return, you both give me Death. Oh! I shall never support a Life of such Torture. Pray don't reproach me, returned she, I am not capable of such an Action: I will tell you every Thing: He deceived me. He deceived you! interrupted I, in my Turn. Ah! Miss, why did you listen to him? Why did you love him? Why did you encourage his Passion? Your Mother was but just gone, and left you overwhelmed with Grief, how then had you Courage to love? Besides, you knew he was not my Brother; you had seen us together; he is amiable, and I am young, and was it difficult to imagine that we might love? What is your Excuse? But pray tell me where you have seen him? What Methods did you take to deprive me of his Tenderness? Never sure had any Man so much as he; never will he find one so tender as me. Ah, my dear, *Indiana*, said she, is it possible I should confess that I love him, if I had not been myself deceived? but it is I that must be the Victim of his Infidelity: Endeavour to calm your Mind so as to hear me for a Moment: You have a Soul too great to suffer you to be unjust, though you seem to be so; judge of me by my Sincerity; I had never seen him before my fainting at parting
with

with my Mamma; as soon as I returned to myself, the first Object that struck me was *Valentine* on his Knee before me; he had my Hand in his; I don't know whether you observed the Looks he cast upon me; but weak as I was, I could not help taking Notice of them: He is amiable, you acknowledge it yourself, and I thought so too. His Eyes were fixed upon me till I entered the Convent, and unhappily I could not help taking Notice of it: I knew not who he was, and what you told me of your History could give me no Light into it: It is true I sometimes had him in my Thoughts, but it was only as one that I imagined I should never see more. I was told some Days after that a Person, they did not name, desired to speak to me from Mrs. *Valentine*; I was then with you; I went down and found it was he that waited for me; I blushed at seeing him; he appeared embarrassed, and that gave me some Confusion. He asked, with a Smile, if I knew him, and had not forgot that I had ever seen him? He told me, that my fainting made him tremble, and that he was never so moved in his Life, as at the Condition in which he had seen me; that it had been ever since present before him; that his Heart was struck with it; and then begged my Pardon for the Freedom with which he explained himself on that Subject: For my Part, I was so moved at his Discourse, that I was unable to stop him. He did not tell me, however, that he loved me, but I was very sensible that this was what he would intimate; and it was said in a Manner which it would have been unreasonable to have been offended at.

I held that lovely Hand in mine, said he; you no sooner opened your Eyes, but you saw me at your Feet, and it was with the greatest Difficulty I arose from thence; I must still prostrate myself before you, whenever I behold your Charms. Oh!

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he casts himself at your Feet, said I, he prostrates himself before you, even whilst I am dying! I am then entirely banished from his Heart. He never said any thing so tender to me. I can't recollect what Answer I made him, returned she, all that I remember is, that I concluded with telling him, that I must retire, and that I had suffered his Conversation too long; when he excused himself with such an Air of Submission as soon appeased me. I rose up and was going to leave him, when he turned his Discourse on my Mamma, and of the great Desire Mrs. *Valentine* had to see me at her House. He mentioned too the Marchioness of *Kildare*, whom he said we were both acquainted with; and at this Lady's House I have been three or four Times since your Recovery: He added, that he was to sup that Evening with one of her Relations. In fine, when I was going to leave him, I had like to have forgot, said he, a Letter which my Mother desired me to deliver to you. He blushed at giving it me. I took it, as I sincerely thought it came from Mrs. *Valentine*, but he was no sooner gone, than I found it was his own, I opened it in my coming back to you, with an Intention to let you see it; however I did not, and you will see the Reason that hindered me. She then drew the Letter out of her Pocket, gave it me open, and desired me to read it: I took it with a trembling Hand, and durst not at first look upon those Characters which had before often filled me with Delight: At last, I cast a Look upon it, and wet it with my Tears: He writes, said I, but it is not to me; it is no longer to the unhappy *Indiana*! I was so penetrated with this Reflection, that for a long Time I breathed nothing but Sighs, and was unable to begin to read it; it was pretty short, and ran thus:

D E A R

DEAR MISS,

“SINCE the Day of your melancholy Accident I have not been myself I foresaw, that in coming here To-day, my Respect for you would hinder me from telling you what an Impression you have made upon my Mind; but I have foreseen too, that my timid and troubled Countenance would acquaint you with it: You have seen me tremble before you. I fear this Letter will offend you; but my Heart will not be bolder than it was when I was in your Presence, it trembles still. You have doubtless conceived an Affection for Miss *Indiana*, and, it is very likely, that at your leaving the Parlour you will go and make her the Confident of your Surprise, and perhaps of your Indignation on my Account; but I beg you would forbear, you would wrong me in the Opinion of my Mother, from whom your Friend conceals nothing: I shall give you another Time a Reason for my Request. Dear Miss, I adore you. I had not dared to tell you so, if you had not known it.”

Your's, &c.

VALENTINE.

I read this Letter quite through, notwithstanding the Sighs and Tears which almost suffocated me, while Miss *Franky*, with her Eyes fixed on the Floor, seemed in a profound Revery. I sat almost senseless, with my Head leaning on the Back of my Chair: At last I lifted it up, and began again to look over the Letter, Ah, *Valentine*! cried I, I have nothing now to do but to die! And then, casting my Eyes upon Miss *Franky*, Don't afflict yourself, Miss, said I, you will soon be both at Liberty

berty to love each other; I shall not live long: This will be the last of all my Misfortunes.

At this Discourse the young Lady starting suddenly from her thoughtful Posture, addressed me with a resolute Air: Why do you resolve to die? said she, for whom do you afflict yourself? Is this a Man worthy of your Grief? Is this the Man you professed to love? Is he what you thought him? Would you have considered him as worthy your Esteem had you known him? Would you then have given him your Heart, or have accepted of his? It is true you once thought him amiable, and imagined he had a Mind that deserved your Esteem: And I thought so too, but we were both deceived: He wants those Virtues which are necessary to constitute the Character of a Gentleman; his Behaviour renders him despicable: He loves you; he is going to marry you; you fall sick, and he is told your Life is in Danger; he then forgets you, and takes that Opportunity to declare that he loves me, me whom he had only seen for a Moment, and who had hardly said two Words to him. Ah! what Love was that he had for you? What Name can be given to that he has for me? From whence can proceed the Fancy of indulging a new Passion in such Circumstances as these: Alas! it was only because he thought he saw me dying, the Sight moved his unsteady Mind, which is the Sport of every new and singular Object: If he had seen me in perfect Health, he would have taken no Notice of me; my fainting was the Cause of his Infidelity, and, perhaps, even you, who are so lovely, ow'd your Conquest to your Misfortunes, and your Fall at his Door. I acknowledge he took a great deal of Notice of you at Church; but it is likely he would not have proceeded to love, without the Assistance of your Situation and your Fall. However, he loved me, said I, interrupting her, and you have

have taken him from me, and perhaps I had no Body in the World to fear but you. Pray let me make an End, said she, I have not done yet. I have confessed that he was agreeable to me, but don't imagine that I have let him know it, for he has not the least Suspicion, nor is he worthy of being acquainted with it; and prejudiced as you are doubtless now against me, I beg you would keep it secret, if not out of Friendship, at least out of Generosity: A young Lady of your excellent Disposition, need not a particular Affection for People to make you use them kindly, when there is no just Reason for being displeased with them. Farewel, *Indiana*, added she, rising, I leave you *Valentine's* Letter, make what Use of it you please; shew it to Mrs. *Valentine*; shew it her Son; you have my Consent to it; I can't be blamed for what he has the Assurance to write to me; and if you should desire me to confront him, and make him publicly blush for his Conduct, I am so incensed against him that I shall make no Scruple of it. I have taken a Resolution never to see him again without you require it of me; I will forget that I have ever seen him; and if I meet him I won't seem to know him, for flying from him would be doing him too much Honour. As *Valentine* is unworthy of your Tenderneſs, you ought not to regret the Loss of his: You must consider yourself as if you had never had a Lover; Yesterday he was your's, To-day he is mine, if I must believe him; and To-morrow he will be another's, and yet will still have no sincere Passion for any Body: Leave him then at large, and reserve your Heart, as I shall mine, for one who will give you his in Return.

Here she came to me, and gave me a friendly Embrace, which I received without the least Motion. She took one of my Hands and pressed it
between

between her's, without my being able to make any Reply, or to return her Careffes. I heard her sigh as she left me: I shall not see you again till To-morrow, said she, and I hope I shall find you then more sensible of my Friendship. To all this I answered nothing, and only followed her with my Eyes till she was gone.

I was then left alone, where I remained about Half an Hour, so disturbed that I seemed almost stupified. The Nun I have already mentioned as peculiarly deserving the Character of my Friend, at last entered, and surprized me in this disordered State of Mind; tho' I saw her, I did not stir; and I believe I should have kept myself in the same Situation, if even the whole Body of Boarders had entered too. She was astonished at my not moving to salute her; My Dear, said she, are you ill? No, returned I, and then was silent. But what is the Matter then? you look pale, and I think you are crying too; Have you received any ill News? Yes, returned I, and then stopt again. She knew not what to think of the faint Manner in which I spoke to her. At last she perceived the Letter which I was still holding in my Hand, and which was wet with my Tears. Is this, my Dear, the Cause of your Affliction? added she, taking hold of it; Will you permit me to read it? Yes, said I. Pray who does it come from? said she. Alas! come from —— I could say no more, my Grief stopped my Voice. She seemed extremely moved, and I observed she wiped her Eyes, and then read the Letter. Come, Miss, said she, this lets me into the whole Matter; you are full of Consternation and give Way to your Grief; I sympathize with you in your Affliction; you are young and want Experience; you are born with a noble Soul, with a Heart sincere and void of Artifice; and this is a Reason why you are
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more penetrated with a Misfortune of this Kind. I am not a Stranger to the Situation you are now in; I have experienced it, and was as much afflicted as you; but a Friend nearly of the Age I am now of, surprized me in the Condition I now see you in, and endeavoured to console me; she talked Reason, I listened to her, and at last received Comfort. She comforted you, Madam, said I, lifting up my Eyes to Heaven: She comforted you, did you say? Yes, returned she, you don't conceive it possible; and I then thought so too.

Let us see, said my Friend, for what it is you thus give yourself up to Despair. It is for one of the most frequent Occurrences of Life, and which is hardly of any Consequence to you. You love a Man who returned your Affection, and now leaves you for another, and you call this a very great Misfortune. But are you sure it deserves that Name, and may not it be quite the contrary? How can you tell but his Infidelity may be an Advantage to you; and that you would repent your having married him; that his Jealousy, his Ill-humour, his Debauchery, and a thousand other essential Faults, which he may have unknown to you, might make you groan out a tedious Life? You only look upon the present Moment; cast your Views a little farther, and consider that his Infidelity may be a Blessing from Heaven. That over-ruling Providence which presides over all Things, is conducted by unerring Wisdom, and the Father of Mankind knows what will promote our Happiness better than we do; his Love infinitely exceeds that we have for ourselves; you are now lamenting an imaginary Misfortune, which in a little Time will perhaps be the Subject of your Joy. Take Courage then; if he is not destined for your Husband you will be a Gainer by losing him,

him, as I myself have been in being abandoned by one who was dear to me, and who forsook me for another, who is miserable in that Condition, in which I once wished myself, and which I foolishly imagined would make me completely happy. Though you love him now, do you think you shall never be able to love any but him? Are there none so rich, none so amiable as he? To what Purpose then is your Uneasiness. You are young, and have but just entered upon Life; you are blessed with a happy Genius and a fine Person; you have a Variety of pleasing Prospects before you, and yet give yourself up to Despair for a Man who will perhaps return to you again.

Here I fetched one of those Sighs which escape us when we are told something which moderates our Afflictions. She perceived it. These Motives of Consolation touch'd me, continued she, and they ought to have still a greater Weight with you, to whom they are more applicable than they were to me. As to the Qualities of your Mind, you have received Proofs of the Impression they make upon every Body. You know the Esteem Mrs. *Valentine* has for you; and I know not one sensible Person in our House that is not prejudiced in your Favour. Mrs. *Dawson*, who is so good a Judge of true Merit, is ready to be another Mrs. *Valentine* to you. I don't pretend to make any Account of my own Judgment; yet, tho' I am pretty difficult, am not easily pleased; I was struck with your Presence, and instantly became ambitious of being your Friend. Who could be otherwise? Then what is it to you to be deprived of a Lover, who dishonours himself in leaving you, and who is not, in my Opinion, the most considerable of all the Matches that will be offered you; therefore compose your Mind, *Indiana*; make yourself

yourself perfectly easy, for it does not require any great Effort of Reason to be so.

The Bell rung to call her to Supper ; as for me I had my Provisions still brought me into my Room. Well, said she, smiling, I am glad I don't leave you so void of Reflection as I found you ; you are now become reasonable, and will do yourself Justice. I could not help smiling at this friendly Raillery, which disposed me to think that I had really exaggerated my Misfortunes. Sure my Friend would not take this Method to comfort me, thought I, if my Affliction was so very serious as I have imagined it.

One of the Lay-Sisters brought me my Supper, and began to set some Things to rights in my Room. This Woman was naturally of a gay Disposition : Come, come, said she, you are almost as fresh as a Rose already ; you have quite recovered your Illness, and there is not the least Appearance of it left : Won't you take a little Walk in the Garden after Supper ? No, said I, I feel myself fatigued, and design to go to Bed as soon as I have eat a little. Well, well, returned she, all in good Time, sleeping will do you as much good as walking. On this she left me.

It may be imagined that I made but a very light Supper ; for tho' my Friend the Nun had recovered my Spirits, and taught me to moderate my Uneasiness, yet I continued still in a very deep Melancholy ; I revolved in my Mind all she had told me. She had said, I had but just begun to live. You are in the right, said I to myself ; my Fate is not yet decided, and I ought to prepare myself for many other Events. Others will love me ; he will see it, and they will teach him to revive his Esteem. A Man who is inconstant thinks he leaves the injured Lady solitary, but when he sees his Place filled up by another, he
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begins to think himself mistaken, and looks upon it as an Accident he could not have foreseen; he can hardly believe it is her that he discarded, and seems surprized to find she has still so many Charms. New Thoughts succeeded to these: Is he not the most amiable, the most tender of Mankind, and must I love him? Shall I ever find one like him? Ah! Mr. *Valentine*, the Charms of Miss *Franky* will not justify you, and I, perhaps, shall have as many Admirers as she: Upon this I wept and went to Bed.

Amongst the various Thoughts which perplexed my Mind, there was one which I at last fixed upon. Why should I, said I to myself, who have Virtue and Sense, who have a Character and Sentiments which render me generally esteemed, with all the Charms of Youth, have the Weakness to destroy myself with a Grief, which perhaps will be thought interested, and which will only serve to swell the Vanity of a Man who treats me so unworthily. This last Reflection roused up my Courage, for it had something noble in it that inspired me with Resolutions that rendered me more calm and tranquil. I laid a Scheme for my Behaviour to *Valentine*, and fixed upon what Method I should make use of to discover his Infidelity to his Mother.

However industriously we endeavour to encourage ourselves in a Situation like mine, we are continually liable to Relapses; and that little Repose we procure is too uncertain to be of long Continuance; the Soul only enjoys itself for a Moment, and is sensible that its Tranquility depends upon a Flight of Imagination, which it would willingly preserve, but it constrains it too much, it is forced to retract itself into that Condition which is most natural to it, that is, a State of Agitation. This was my Case; I not only thought that *Valen-*

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tine was unfaithful, but that his Mother would no longer be mine; and that I should never possess that Apartment she had shewn me at her House, which was so near to her's. She had promised me this in the tenderest Manner; how delightful would have been my Situation! I had anticipated my Happiness by reflecting upon it before-hand, and had promised myself many sweet and pleasing Interviews with her, but all my Hopes were vanished, and the Happiness I had depended upon disappeared.

Tho' I expected Mrs. *Valentine* would come that Day, I did not hope to see her till the Afternoon, but she was there in the Morning. My Friend, the Nun, who had paid me a Visit soon after I was dressed, had scarcely left the Room, when I saw Miss *Franky* enter. She appeared less melancholy than the Evening before. I gave her a Reception which was neither cold nor very Affectionate; notwithstanding her friendly Behaviour, and all she had told me, I felt some Pain at seeing her; but whether she perceived it or no, she seemed not to take any Notice of it. I think I ought to acquaint you with one Thing, said she, with an open Countenance, in which there appeared a visible Concern, and that is, that I have been with Mr. *Valentine*. She stopped here as if ashamed of what she had told me. This surprising Beginning made me sigh, I readily believe it, replied I, filled with the utmost Consternation. But pray don't condemn me, without hearing me, said she; I have assured you that I would never see him more, and that was my Intention; but I had not the least Suspicion that it was he who waited for me in the Parlour. (And this indeed was true, as I heard afterwards.) I was told, that one desired to speak with me from Mrs. *Valentine*, continued she, and you are sensible that my Ap-

pearance could not be dispensed with. I was obliged to shew myself, tho' I did it with Reluctance, and not till after some Hesitation. Judge of my Surprise, when I found Mr. *Valentine* in the Parlour? You then retired, did not you? returned I, with a trembling Voice. I had undoubtedly done so, returned she blushing, but I had no sooner seen him than I could not resist a natural Impulse of Indignation which seized me. Would not you have done so? No, said I, you would have shewn a greater Resentment in retiring. May be so, returned she, but put yourself in my Place, with the Opinion I had of him. The Words *I had* made me tremble, it seemed an ill Omen of what was following. You are very bold, Sir, said I to him, to come here to surprize me, continued she, after the Letter you wrote to me, which you could not have made me take without deceiving me; are you come now for an Answer to it? If so you shall not wait long for it: I assure you, Sir, both your Visits and your Letters offend me extremely. The little Service you have done me does not intitle you to dispense with the Regard you owed me, especially as you are under Engagements to a young Lady that you can't forsake, without being guilty of a base Perfidiousness. It is she, Sir, you ought to visit here, and not me, who am not born to be the Object of such an injurious Intrigue. This I was willing to say before I left him, added she, and was going to the Door in order to leave him without condescending to hear what he had to say, when I heard him cry out, Oh! Miss, you throw me into Despair, and this was uttered with such a mournful Voice, that I thought myself obliged to stop, to prevent his crying out a second Time, and alarming the House, which would have introduced a very disagreeable Scene. No, no, said I, he would not have behaved so extravagantly, that
Precaution

Precaution was entirely unnecessary. I beg your Pardon, returned she, a little confused, the Servants, or any in the Court, might have come at the Noise, and have put me out of Countenance; so it was wiser to stay a little, for I did not think he would detain me long. Well, Sir, what do you want with me? said I, I don't desire to hear any Thing that you can inform me of. Alas! Madam, I protest I have but one Word to say to you: Pray return, replied he, with so wild a Look, that it was impossible for me to proceed. Well, Sir, said I, what would you say? I came to tell you, returned he, that my Mother will be here between Eleven and Twelve, and designs to take you and *Indiana* home with her to Dinner; she did not desire me tell you of it, but I thought you would permit me to let you know it before-hand. You need not have given yourself that Trouble, Sir, said I, Mrs. *Valentine* does me a great deal of Honour, and I shall consider how I ought to behave. Is that all? Why did you ask if that was all? said I; would you never have done? would you listen to him for ever? Dear Miss, said she, how you mistake me, it is quite the reverse, *is that all*, signified only that he tired my Patience; I only said so to get a Pretence to leave him, for I was all the while afraid of his disorder'd Looks; for one don't know what to do with Persons that are so little Masters of themselves; but I confess I do not find him quite so culpable as I thought him. Ah! Miss, cried I, (without lifting up my Head) is he not quite so culpable? do you say so, who despised him so much Yesterday? 'Tis true, indeed, returned she, I did despise him, and thought him the most unworthy of all Mankind, nor do I now pretend to say that he is not at all to blame; I only think he is less so than I at first imagined. Oh! Miss, said I, is this the Comfort you would have

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me listen to? Indeed, Miss, I thought it would be one, returned she; Is it not more agreeable to you to think that it is not out of Inconstancy that he leaves you, but that he is forced to do it with Reluctance, and only from Motives which appear to him to be reasonable; and which, if I am not deceived, you will think so too, if you will permit me to repeat them to you, in order to take away the ill Opinion you have entertained of him? Let us see now; you have related your History to me, my dear *Indiana*, but there are a great many Articles that you have but just touched upon, yet are extremely important, and may have been prejudicial to you. *Valentine*, who loved you, did not attend to them while they were concealed, and he was much in the right: But your Story has been blazed abroad, and those little Particulars are known to every Body; there are few like him or his Mother; Persons of generous Sentiments are very scarce: The Linnen-Draper with whom you lived as a Shop-Maid; the Priest who went to petition the Assistance of one of Mr. *Valentine's* Relations; the Convent where you went to beg to be received out of Charity; the Adventure of the Linnen-Draper, who knew you again at a Lady's called, Mrs. *Fancourt*; your being taken from thence; your appearing at the Prime Minister's before so large a Company; the insignificant young Fellow that was designed to displace *Valentine*, and a hundred other Things, which tho' they turned out indeed to your Advantage, and prove that none was ever more amiable and engaging, yet are very mortifying, and degrade you, tho' very unjustly. All these Things, I say, have been represented to *Valentine*, who has given me an Account of them. His Friends break off their Acquaintance with him, his Relations will see him no more, unless he will lay aside his Project, and there are none even of
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the Indifferent that do not laugh at him: In fine, he must bear the most mortifying Things, and go through endless Insults: I can't repeat half what they say to him. What! a Girl that has nothing, say they: A Girl that don't know who she is! How can you have the Face, Sir, to shew her to the World? She has Virtue, but are there no Ladies of Quality who have it too? Can no Body please you but your amiable Orphan? She loves you, you will say, but what can she do better? Is that a Love to be boasted of? Can you be sure that she would have had any Esteem for you, if she had been your Equal? How do you know but her Necessities may induce her to dissemble that Passion, to draw you in, and keep you to herself? All these Ideas, Sir, will one Day come into your Mind, and you will then be sensible of the Indignity you are now offering yourself, and be at least obliged to leave your Country, and go and hide yourself with your Wife, to avoid the Scorn you will bring upon yourself; but wherever you go, don't hope to avoid the Misfortune of hating her, and cursing the Day when first you knew her.

Here I could contain myself no longer; Oh! this is too much Miss, said I: He detests me! curses the Time when he first saw me! the Thought is quite insupportable! Have you the Courage to threaten me with it? to come and entertain me with such frightful Ideas? Is this your boasted Friendship? Is this the Method you take to dissipate my Uneasiness? Can you believe I don't understand you, and see into the Bottom of your Heart? Is it like a Friend to use me in this Manner? Cannot you love him without taking away my Life? You will have it that he is innocent and would convince me of it. Well, I will confess that he is so, give him again your Esteem; he is in the right; he ought
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to blush at having loved me: I grant that our Marriage would cover him with all the Reproach you have enumerated. I have subsisted hitherto only upon Charity; they know it, and reproach me with it: I am sufficiently convinced that *Valentine* ought to abandon me, and that he may do it without an Impeachment of his Integrity; but for you to threaten me with his Hatred and his Curses, who am dying, it is too much, I cannot bear it, and God will revenge your Inhumanity to me: You might have justified *Valentine* and have insinuated that his Passion for you is not at all blameable, without coming to crush me under these barbarous Prefaces: It may be you, perhaps, that he will hate; it will perhaps be yourself, and not me, Miss; take Care.

This Reproach stunned her; she did not expect that I should so readily find out her Artifice, and I saw her blush and turn pale successively. You put a very ill Construction upon my Intentions, returned she, with a troubled Air: What wild Transports! I crush you! I pierce your Heart! and God will revenge my Inhumanity! how very strange is all this! Why should he punish me, Miss? Have I any Share in your Misfortunes? Am I answerable for the Ideas People inspire this Gentleman with? Is it my Fault that they make an Impression upon him? However, I must say again there is less Infidelity than Weakness in his Change, and it is impossible to judge otherwise: Those who talk to him thus are more to blame than he; he is not perfidious, but only ill advised; I thought I should please you in telling you this, and that was all the Artifice I have made use of: I wish he had resisted all that has been said to him, he would then have been more worthy of Praise; but I cannot think that either you or I have a Right to despise him for it; every Body will excuse his Fault,
nor

nor will it make him sink in the Esteem of any one: This is my Opinion, and if you are equitable it must be your's too; your own Peace and Tranquility require it. I should be more easy if this Conversation was dropped, said I, weeping. As you please, returned she, I will say no more; and I assure you, I shall never resume it: Farewel, Miss, added she, retiring. I made no Reply, only bow'd my Head and let her go.

False as *Valentine* was, I could not absolutely say, before this Discourse, that I had a Rival: It is true he loved Miss *Franky*, but yet she did not seem to be at all the less my Friend; she despised him, and persuaded me to do so too; this was far from acting like a true Rival; but now she was a most complete one; they mutually loved each other, and her Discourse told me what an Impression he had made on her Heart; and that she had taken a Resolution to cherish her growing Passion; this, according to all Appearance, must have renewed my Despair, and plunged me into the most cruel, bitter Affliction; but so far from it, that she had no sooner left the Room, but my Tears began insensibly to cease. This new Augmentation of Sorrow stopped them, and made me unable to shed any more. When a Misfortune, which we have believed to be extreme, becomes still greater, the Soul seems to lay aside its Sorrow; it collects all its Strength to enable it to bear up courageously; its Excels brings it to Reason; it would be to no Purpose to afflict itself, and therefore it yields and is silent; it has no other Choice left, and this I took even unknown to myself. It was with this kind of Coolness that I peacefully contemplated my Misfortunes, became convinced there was no Remedy, and consented to endure this unhappy Adventure with Patience.

I was

I was reflecting on what had passed for some Time, when a Lay-Sister told me, Mrs. *Valentine* was come, and a Person waited for me in the Parlour: I imagined it was she that was there. I went down a little moved, and my Eyes grew moist in the Way: That dear, that tender Mother, said I to myself, thinks she comes to see her Daughter; she don't know that she will only see the poor *Indiana*, stripped of that charming Appellation her Goodness would bestow upon me. I resolved, however, not to inform her of any Thing yet; I had my Reason for concealing it, and intended to wait for a more favourable Moment. I dried my Eyes at the Parlour Door, endeavoured to assume a serene Countenance, and, after two or three Sighs, I entered. A Curtain, drawn before the Grate, hid from me still the Person I was going to see; but prepossessed with the Opinion that Mrs. *Valentine* was behind it, Ah! my dear Mamma, said I, as I advanced towards it, is it you that are come to see me? When drawing the Curtain I was ready to tear it, for presenting instead of Mrs. *Valentine* her unfaithful Son. I started, and was so struck with the Sight, that I stood some Time stunn'd and without the Power to speak a single Word. What is the Matter, my charming *Indiana*? said he, 'tis me: Did not they tell you so? How ravished am I to see you! Alas! you seem to be very weak still: My Mother is in the Parlour next this with Mrs. *Dawson*, talking with a Nun, and she desired me to tell you that she would be here in a Moment, and that she designs to take you and your Friend, Miss *Franky*, with her, but I am very much afraid that you are not in a Condition to go out. No, Sir, said I, recovering my Spirits, I am not yet perfectly well, and if Mrs. *Valentine* will give me Leave, I had rather remain as I am. O without doubt, replied he. Well, you have given us terrible

ble Alarms, added he. Pray how do you do? I don't know whether I am deceived or not, but you appear very much dejected, I hope nothing has disturbed you.

I easily perceived that he had said this, because my reserved Behaviour alarmed him; he did not know Miss *Franky* had revealed his Secret to me, for she had concealed from him all that passed between us on that Subject, and had persuaded him to believe that she had only learnt our Engagements from the friendly Confidence I reposed in her; but the Guilty are always suspicious; Miss *Franky*, by some imprudent Word might have given me some Light, and this was what he feared. When a Person is recovered from an Illness so great as mine, returned I, observing how he looked at me, our Weakness gives us an Air of Melancholy.

Have you any Difficulty of breathing? said he. No, returned I, I am only very weak, and then followed a long Interval without either of us speaking a Word, which happened more than once. These Pauses had something very singular in them; they had been entirely unknown in our former Interviews, and the more they disconcerted my unfaithful Lover, the more frequent they became. Your languishing Condition makes me very uneasy, said he, we have been assured that you were much better recovered: Do you take any Recreation in your Convent? You have some Friends there. Yes, returned I, I have a Nun who sincerely loves me, and then I see Miss *Franky*, who is a most amiable Lady. She appears to be so, he replied, but you are a better Judge of that than I. Does she know, said I, that Mrs. *Valentine* is come for her? Yes, I think my Mother desired she should be told of it, returned he. You would be glad to be better acquainted with her, said I. Why? I have seen her here once or twice; my Mother desired me to call

upon her to enquire after your Health, said he, did not you know it? she should have told you of it. Yes, replied I, she mentioned it to me: And then we were silent again, he out of Confusion, and I from Discretion and Melancholy: But, come endeavour, Miss, to recover, I think I hear my Mother in the Court; I will see if I am not mistaken, added he, going to the Window. Yes, said he, it is she herself with Mrs. *Dawson*, they will be here in a Moment, and I will go and open the Door. He left me without saying any more, and went down some of the Stairs to give Mrs. *Dawson* his Hand: He was glad of a Pretence to run from me; whilst I, as soon as he was gone endeavoured to smother my Sighs, and to assume a Countenance as undisturbed as possible.

My dear Child, said Mrs. *Dawson* as she entered, giving me her Hand, I thank Heaven for thy Preservation: We had not come till the Afternoon, but I told your Mamma, that you must dine with us that we might have your Company the longer. Madam, she is a great deal better than I feared, added she, addressing herself to Mrs. *Valentine*, she is wonderfully recovered, and I think is not much altered. I don't remember what Answer she made her. *Valentine* stood by Mrs. *Dawson*, and smiled at looking on me, as if he too found a great deal of Pleasure at seeing me again. My dear Daughter, said Mrs. *Valentine*, thou art not dressed yet; I sent my Son to tell thee I was coming for thee: This she said with the most affectionate Air: At the Name of Daughter I let fall some Tears, and observed that *Valentine* blushed. Indeed your Daughter loves you too much, said Mrs. *Dawson*, for her present Weakness; there is no need of these Emotions, nor of that melting Tenderness which seizes her Heart at seeing you, and I am afraid they will do her no Good. Come, Miss,

Miss, endeavour to chear up, and let us go, for it grows late. I stay for Miss *Franky*, returned my Benefactress, but as for thee, thou may'st go as thou art; thou needs not take the Trouble to dress now. Alas! notwithstanding the Desire we have to take her with us, I tremble for fear she should come out too soon, said *Valentine*, who, under a Pretence of a Concern for my Health, probably had no other Design but to furnish me with an Excuse which he hoped I should take hold of, but he was deceived. No, Sir, said I, I am not ill at all, and since this dear Lady will dispense with my Dress, I shall be charmed with the Pleasure of going with her. What do you mean by *Lady*? returned Mrs. *Valentine*, smiling, who do'st thou speak to? thy Illness has rendered thee mighty grave: Call me thy Mamma. I can never have Respect enough for you, Madam, returned I with a Sigh, which I was unable to conceal. It did not escape Mrs. *Dawson*, and confounded the uneasy, the guilty *Valentine*, who was, with some Reason, out of Countenance. This Sigh, joined to my respectful Behaviour seemed to proceed from some hidden Cause. Mrs. *Dawson* appeared to think so, and to take Notice of *Valentine's* Confusion, by the Manner in which she observed us both. My Mamma was going perhaps to make me some farther Reply, when Miss *Franky* entered in a negligent, but elegant Dishabille: As she had foreseen that notwithstanding my Uneasiness, I might go with them to Dinner, she had without doubt, satisfied herself with dressing in this Manner, which seemed to exclude all Design of pleasing, and which she probably thought would leave me no Room to accuse her with any such Intention. I immediately guess'd her Motives for this apparent Regard for me, and was not to be imposed upon by it: In these Cases, a jealous and betrayed Lover is quicker sighted

'han a beloved one. I at once saw that she was not sincere, and, that notwithstanding her Negligence, she had not been willing to strip herself of any of her Charms. I was dressed in the same manner as when I arose, and had only slept on a very bad Gown: I was so changed, and thin, the Fire of my Eyes was almost extinguished, and had such a pale, sickly and disturbed Countenance, that I could not help being sensible of the Disparity between us, and being mortified at appearing before her with such Disadvantages, and thus contributing myself to justify *Valentine's* Infidelity. If she shone more than me, it was not because she was naturally more lovely, but it was owing only to her being in Health, and my having been ill. I might be excused if I then wanted my own Charms, but she was obliged to have all her's: They saw how much she excelled me, but did not know how far I might exceed her when mine returned.

I need not repeat the Compliments these Ladies made her: It was Time to go, and we stepped into the Coach, and soon arrived at Mrs. *Valentine's*. I am afraid you are not perfectly recovered, said my Mamma, with an affectionate Look, when we were at Dinner, you appear to have a languid Melancholy which does not at all please me. Was she so in the Convent, Miss? added she, speaking to Miss *Franky*, who blushed at her Question. Yes, Madam, returned she, she was pretty much the same; she has much-a-do to recover; her Illness has been long and violent, however, she is sometimes better. Mrs. *Dawson* said nothing, but did not cease examining *Valentine* and me.

As we arose from Table, the Weather being very fine, it was proposed to take a Walk on the Terras of the Garden. The Conversation was at first general, and then Miss *Franky* was asked News of her Mother; they talked of her Voyage, her Return,

turn, and her Affairs. While they were on this Subject, I pretended a Curiosity to see a shady Arbour at the End of the Terras. It appears to be very agreeably situated, said I, to engage *Valentine* to wait on me thither. No, no; said he, it is nothing uncommon. But as I arose up, he could not avoid following me, and leaving the rest of the Company. I beg Pardon, Sir, said I to him, as we walked, for depriving you of a Conversation, in which you perhaps interest yourself, but I shall not detain you long. Why you jest said he, don't you know the Pleasure I take in being with you? I made him no Answer; we entered the Arbour, whilst my Heart suffered the most violent Palpitation, and I could not tell how to begin what I had to say to him. *A propos*, cried he, (judge, Reader, if *a propos* was a proper Introduction to what he was going to mention) do you remember that I have been endeavouring to obtain a Post? Do I remember, Sir? without doubt I do, returned I; it is that Affair that has deferred our Marriage: Is it concluded, Sir? or will it soon be so? Alas! no, there is nothing done yet, he replied; we are hardly any forwarder than we were at first; my Mother will no doubt mention it to you; there has arisen Difficulties which have retarded the Conclusion of it, and which unhappily may put it off much longer. There are Creditors and Heirs that oppose us, continued he, we must bring them to an Agreement, and according to all Appearance we shall not be able to do it soon; I am extremely sorry for it, added he, taking two or three Steps to go out of the Arbour. Stay a Moment, said I, I am a little weary; let us sit down: Pray, Sir, tell me why these Difficulties disturb you so much? Can't you guess? reply'd he, 'tis because it retards our Marriage; you must imagine that I should be very glad to have it concluded. I have had a Design to

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desire my Mother to complete my Happiness, before I obtained my Place, but upon second Thoughts I found it more proper to defer it, to keep to her Decision, and not to press her too much; Am not I in the right? Oh! there is nothing to be feared from her, returned I, it will never miscarry on her Account. No, I believe not, replied he, nor on mine neither; I believe you are pretty sure of it; but that is no Reason why these Delays should not make me impatient. I wish with all my Heart, my Mother had not put it off; she did not consult my Love in it. I thought I ought to seize this Opportunity to explain myself. Pray, Sir, what Love is it you are speaking of, returned I, to enter upon the Matter? What Love? cried he, what Love should it be but mine, Miss? My Affection for you: Is my Love to you a new Thing? And can you attribute to me those Obstacles which prevent an Union, which I desire much more than you do yourself? Instead of a Reply, I drew his Letter to Miss *Franky* out of my Pocket, which she had left with me. As I gave it him open, he knew it at first, and his Confusion was quite inexpressible: It would have made any other but me pity him; however, he endeavoured to recover himself. Well, Miss, what Paper is this? What would you have me do with it? said he, taking it with a trembling Hand: Ah! added he, with a forced Laugh, without knowing what he said; I see it is mine; ——— it is my Letter; ——— I forgot to tell you of it; it is a Trifle. You were sick, the Conversation turned upon Love, and the Subject made me a little pleasant; that's all, I thought no more of it. Miss *Franky* and I saw each other sometimes at the Marchioness of *Kilnare's*. Every Body knows that I have not made any Secret of it. As I could not see you, I was willing to amuse and divert myself, to pass away

away the Time. But now we are speaking of this Marchioness, I must tell you that I should be glad to see you acquainted with her; she is a Lady of Merit. I let him conclude this rambling Discourse, which was void of Sense and Reason, and which perfectly expressed the Disorder of his Mind. I attended to it with Silence, with my Eyes cast down. When he had done, Sir, said I, without using any Reproaches, or taking hold of any Thing he had said; I must do Miss *Franky* the Justice to assure you, that you ought not to accuse her with having made a premeditated Sacrifice of your Letter. She gave it me, in the sudden Emotion of her Mind, as she then just discovered that I had the Vanity to think I was dear to you. The Vanity! returned he, with a Countenance perfectly disordered, sure, Miss, there is no Vanity in that. Sir, returned I, pray have the Goodness to hear me make an end. Miss *Franky*, to whom you paid a Visit a few Days ago, told me, as soon as she had left you, that you had been to pay her a Visit, and to enquire how I did, without mentioning a Word of the Letter you had just given her; but Yesterday hearing that our Marriage was agreed upon, she became quite stunned. Hah! hah! stunn'd! said he; why so? you surprize me; what is that to her? I don't know that, replied I, but however I took Notice of it, asked her the Reason, and pressed her to tell me, when she produced the Letter and gave it me. Very good, returned he, she was mighty welcome, it was not any Thing very important; what signifies the Letter? she knows I intend nothing by it, and that it was only a little Piece of Gallantry, and I did not desire her to conceal it from you. You must excuse me, Sir, you forget yourself; you desired her not to shew it me in the Letter itself, replied I; but pray let me conclude what I was going

to say ; I have desired this Explication, for no other Reason, but that Miss *Franky* should have no Reason to accuse me of a Jealousy, which would very ill become me. But what do you mean with your Explications and Jealousies ? said he ; what would you say ? Indeed, *Indiana*, I don't understand you. Pray, Sir, hear me, continued I, and let me conclude. Who is it that you thus debase yourself to dissemble with ? Have you forgot whom you are speaking to ? Am I not that *Indiana*, that poor, that unfortunate *Indiana*, who owes every Thing to your Family, and who knows not what would have become of her, had not your Bounty saved her ? Do I deserve that you should give yourself the Trouble to explain your Conduct to me ? No, Sir, the Time is short, and don't therefore interrupt me ; we must agree upon something. You know the Dispositions of your own Heart, but must be sensible that Mrs. *Valentine* is ignorant of them. She believes you are still actuated by those Sentiments you lately entertained in my Favour. She honours me with the most engaging, the most endearing Affection ; she persuades herself, that I shall soon be her Daughter, impatiently waits till I am so, and may take the Resolution to marry us, before you have obtained your Post ; and since you have so lately pressed her to it, may well imagine, that her Desire to have it concluded, will fill you with the most pleasing Transports. Can you then suddenly go to her, and acquaint her, that you have entirely banished me from your Heart ? I know, Sir, Mrs. *Valentine* has a Mind full of Truth and Virtue, and without reckoning the Grief of a Declaration of this Kind would give her, such a Surprise would doubtless prejudice you in her Esteem. We must endeavour then to soften a little this Adventure, and render it less shocking to her ; a Mother like her deserves all the Pains
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we can take to prevent her Uneasiness. Alas! who am I, that I should be the Subject of a Quarrel between Mrs. *Valentine* and you? You would then indeed curse the Day of your Acquaintance with the unhappy Orphan; but this I shall use all my Endeavours to avoid. Therefore consider, Sir, how you would have me behave, and what Steps you would wish me to take, to prevent the Uneasiness I am speaking of. I will do every Thing for you, except saying that I don't love you, for that would be far from being true; you need only tell me what you would have me do, and I will endeavour chearfully to obey you; and believe me, Sir, it was only with an Intention of serving you, that I took the Liberty to draw you from a Conversation, which you thought more engaging than mine.

Hitherto *Valentine* had stood his Ground as well as he was able, and had the Courage absolutely to deny his Infidelity; how painful must such a Conduct be to a Mind that was always inclined to Virtue, and had ever the strongest Propensity to Truth! But what I had now told him, made him unable to resist any longer; my Generosity confounded him, and made him sink before me; he dissembled no longer, but confessed his Shame without the least Reserve; I did not seem to take Notice of his Confusion, but as he still remained silent, I added, be so good as to give me an Answer; What do you prescribe to me? Do as you please, Miss, returned he; I am to blame, and can't vindicate myself. It is necessary, however, to advise what I should say, added I, with a pressing Air; but he continued mute, and it was impossible to get a Word more from him. Here I observed Miss *Franky* had left the two Ladies, and was coming up to us. Sir, said I, in the Uncertainty in which you leave me, as to the Part I ought to take,

take, I shall act with as much Discretion as possible, and it shall not be my Fault if this Affair don't succeed according to your Desires.

As he continued still silent, and I was going to leave him, Miss *Franky*, who was already at the Entrance of the Arbour, pretended to be surprized at finding us there, and seemed as unwilling to interrupt us. I beg Pardon, said she, retiring; I did not think you had been there still; indeed I imagined you were walking in the Garden. You are very welcome to come in, Miss, said I, our Conversation is finished, and you might have had your Share in it. This Gentleman is witness, that there has been nothing said against you. What do you mean by against me? returned she, indeed Miss, I don't doubt it. What Connection is there between your Secrets and my Affairs. I made no Reply, and went out of the Arbour to meet the Ladies, who were coming up to us; so that our two Lovers could only remain a Moment together. I don't know what they said, but I heard them soon follow me, and as I listen'd, methought Miss *Franky* was talking very low to *Valentine*. For my Part I returned from this Expedition with a pleasing Kind of Emotion. Sure, said I, it is impossible for him to love Miss *Franky*, with the same Tranquility he would before have done. I desired him to forget me, and be at Peace with himself. I resolved to punish him by seeing him no more; and then I imagined that his Affliction would be superior to mine, as he alone was guilty. Ah! why was he unfaithful! These were the Thoughts which employed my Mind, as I advanced towards Mrs. *Valentine*, and it is not to be imagined how greatly I was delighted with them, or how much they allay'd my Grief. Revenge is, in some Degree, sweet to every offended Heart, and nothing but that can assuage its Pain. Some will have a
cruel,

cruel, and others a generous one; and mine was of the last Sort, for I wished my dear *Valentine* no greater Evil than to regret his forsaking me.

Miss *Franky* and he followed me, and we presently joined the other Ladies; when a cold and troublesome Breeze arising, Mrs. *Valentine* proposed our walking in: I perceived Mrs. *Dawson* had watched all our Actions. I observed that she fixed her Eyes on *Valentine*, who turned away his Head. Mrs. *Valentine* herself, who suspected nothing, discovered so much Disorder in his Looks, that coming up to me, Daughter, said she, lowering her Voice, *Valentine* seems melancholy and thoughtful, pray what has passed between you? What hast thou said to him? Nothing, Madam, I replied, that he ought not to be very well satisfied with. I will soon make his Gaiety return, I am determined said she, without explaining herself any further; and then we went in: As soon as we had taken our Seats, My Dear, said Mrs. *Valentine*, as Miss *Franky* is your Friend, we may talk freely before her of the Marriage which is agreed upon between my Son and you; and I hope she will even do us the Honour to be present at it, and therefore I shall make no Difficulty of speaking my Mind before her. Here this young Lady coloured, she foresaw that a Scene was opening, in which she herself might be involved; however she bowed to Mrs. *Valentine* to thank her for the Confidence she reposed in her. You are thinking of your Post, Son continued the latter: I had made a Resolution not to marry you 'till you had obtained it, but I did not foresee that you would meet with so many Difficulties to obstruct your Designs; but since they seem to have no End, we need only overlook them, and conclude your Marriage, with this single Precaution, to keep it secret for some Time: I have taken Measures accordingly unknown to you; and
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three or four Days will be sufficient to prepare for it. We shall set out this Evening for the Country; this Lady, added she, shewing us Mrs. Dawson, has promised to give us her Company, Miss will be so kind as to do the same, and all will be over in a few Days.

Here *Valentine* fell again into all that Confusion he was in a few Moments before. Miss *Franky* blushed, but I held my Peace, and had the Air of one more melancholy than pleased: Here a short Interval passed, during which, neither *Valentine* nor I could open our Mouths. At last he broke Silence, but it was rather to utter a few trifling Words, than to make any Reply, for he was entirely undetermined and knew not what he was going to say. Yes, indeed, it is true, said he—you are in the right, nothing is more easy——yes, in the Country——whenever you please——we shall see——How! what do you say? We shall see? said Mrs. *Valentine*, in an Amaze, are you absent? Did you hear what I said?——What shall we see? Why is not every Thing seen already? No, Madam, returned I, with a Sigh, your Love to me shuts your Eyes against those Reasons which ought absolutely to break off this Marriage: And I conjure you, by the Favours with which you have loaded me, by that eternal Gratitude I have for them, by all your Concern for the Happiness of your Son, not to press him any more on this Subject, but to abandon your Project. Why so, Huzzy, replied she in an angry Tone; What do you mean? Oh! Madam, you ought to think no more of it, said I, I lose Riches and Honours, but I can't help it, they are not fit for me; Mr. *Valentine* can't share them with me without rendering me the Ridicule of the World, without passing himself for a Man of a mean Spirit: Alas! what a Misfortune would it be to this
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Young Gentleman, who is the Hope of an illustrious Family, who might aspire to the greatest Honours, to be obliged, perhaps, to desert his Country, for having married a Girl whom no Body knows, and who has no other Fortune but your Charity? Could the World ever approve of such a Marriage? But, what do you mean by these Reflections? What are you about? said Mrs. *Valentine*, interrupting me. Pray, Madam, hear me, resumed I, If any Thing is worthy your Concern and his, it is certainly my Misery; you have hitherto had the greatest Regard for me, and still continue it; you would have the poor *Indiana* call you Mother, you do her the Honour to call her your Child, and treat her as if she was so: How kind is this! Can any Thing equal your Goodness? And is not my indigent Condition sufficiently honoured, but you must carry your Charity so far as to marry me to your Son? Is my Misery to be esteemed a Portion? No, my dear Mother no; you may give me the endearing Title of your Daughter as long as you please, but I ought not to receive it from the Law: It is true, I had yielded to your excessive Goodness; I thought I had surmounted all Obstacles, and every Thing would pass on smooth and easy; the Excess of my Happiness prevented my thinking, and had taken away all my Scruples, but they return upon me, and I can no longer hide from myself the true State of Things: Every Body cries out against our Marriage; Mr. *Valentine* is affronted wherever he goes, though he conceals it from me, and durst not tell it you; he is shocked at the frightful Prospect, and has no Reason to be so; but though he should regard all this with Indifference, and endeavour to overlook it, I ought to mind it for my own Sake as well as his: In short, your Intention is to secure my Happiness, and yet I should disappoint all the Designs
of

of your Tenderneſs by conſenting to marry him, Deſigns which I ought to revere, and which deſerve to meet with Succeſs: How can I be happy if he is not ſo too, if I ſee myſelf hated and deſpised? as they foreſee I muſt be. Lord! I be hated!

Here I was ſtopped by a Torrent of Tears. *Valentine*, who during my Diſcourſe had appeared as if he was going to interrupt me, as ſoon as I had finiſhed, aroſe ſuddenly with an Air of the moſt violent Agitation, and went out of the Room, without any Body deſiring him to ſtay, or asking the Reaſon of his going. Mrs. *Valentine* continued immoveable; Mrs. *Dawſon* appeared dull and penſive; Miſs *Franky* more uneaſy than ever at what ſhe feared I would ſay, endeavoured to aſſume a Countenance that might not betray her; ſo that we were all of us, from different Motives, unable to ſpeak: As for me, I let myſelf ſink upon Mrs. *Valentine*'s Knee, and continued crying. The two Ladies were for ſome Time ſpeechleſs after Mr. *Valentine* was gone. Daughter, ſaid my Mamma, at laſt, does my Son love you no more? I only answered her by a freſh Flood of Tears, with which ſhe mingled her's, and a Look that made her ſenſible ſhe had diſcovered the Cauſe of my Uneaſineſs. Mrs. *Dawſon* ſeemed extremely moved, and wept too. Miſs *Franky* ſighed a little; and this was for ſome-Time our Converſation; but Mrs. *Valentine* at laſt burſting aſreſh into Tears, took me in her Arms, and moved me ſo much by her Tenderneſs that I was unable to contain myſelf, or to ſupport the Weight of my own Sorrow, and was therefore placed in an eaſy Chair. Come, my dear, ſaid ſhe, endeavour to comfort yourſelf: Believe thou haſt ſtill a Mother. Do'ſt thou eſteem her as nothing? Alas! 'tis ſhe I regret, returned I, with a Voice interrupted with Sighs. Ah! why doſt thou regret

regret her? returned she, she is, if possible, more thy Mother than ever. And I a thousand Times more her Friend, returned Mrs. *Dawson*, with her Eyes full of Tears, and indeed it is not her that I pity, it is Mr. *Valentine*, his Loss is infinitely greater than her's. Now I have done with him, I shall never esteem him any more, return'd my Mother: But *Indiana* how didst thou learn that he loves another? added she. Who gave thee that Information, he could not tell it thee himself? Do you know the Person for whom he thus breaks through his Engagements? Hast thou heard who she is? You will know without doubt, Madam; he ought to tell you that himself, returned I, I beg you would excuse me from telling you any more. Miss, resumed Mrs. *Valentine*, addressing herself to my Rival, my Daughter is your Friend, and I am persuaded has told it you; 'tis likely she has trusted you with the whole: Is she not mistaken? I have sometimes sent *Valentine* to your Convent, perhaps it is there that he became enamoured.

Miss *Franky* was unable to keep her Countenance, and blushed in such a Manner, that the two Ladies were immediately satisfied that she was the Person. I understand you, Miss, said Mrs. *Valentine*, you are indeed extremely amiable, but after what has happened to my Daughter, I can't advise you to depend much on the Heart of my Son. I did not expect either your Comparison or Advice, Madam, returned Miss *Franky*, with a Haughtiness that recovered her from her Embarrassment. As to your Son, all I think of his Love is, that it offends me, and I should have imagined that you must have thought so too: But it is very late, Madam, and Time to return to the Convent: Will you be so good as to send me back?

I shall wait upon you thither myself, Miss, said Mrs. *Valentine*, and then turning to Mrs. *Dawson*,
you

you won't leave us so soon, added she. I am going to order the Horses to be set to the Coach, and shall return in a Quarter of an Hour, and expect to find you here with *Indiana*. With all my Heart, Madam, said Mrs. *Dawson*. My dear Mamma, said I, I never knew a greater Pleasure than being with you; it will always be my Happiness, and I shall now never wish to enjoy any other; but Mr. *Valentine* will return To-night, and if you would not have me lose my Life, don't expose me again to the Pain of seeing him, at least so soon. What I say now is very true, since I deprive myself of all that Consolation which I should find in being with you. But when Mr. *Valentine* shall be married, I shall find no other Charm in Life, but the Pleasure of being with my dear Mamma. She is in the right, returned Mrs. *Dawson*, while Mrs. *Valentine* was drying her Eyes, this Adventure is too fresh; let us carry her back to her Convent. On which the latter went to give her Orders, and we went soon after. Never were four People together more serious and silent than we were, for scarce were four Words spoke in the Way from my Mamma's to the Convent. 'Tis true, the Situation Miss *Franky* and I were in, could not allow of a very brisk Conversation; nothing was lively amongst us, but my Glances at Mrs. *Valentine*, and her's at me. At last we arrived: My Rival stepped out of the Coach first; Mrs. *Valentine* and I followed, and Mrs. *Dawson*, who loaded me with Caresses and Assurances of Friendship, staid behind. Miss *Franky*, who longed to get rid of us, rang the Bell, and returned her Thanks to my Mother in a cold but polite Manner, and the Gate being opened she left us. I cast myself into Mrs. *Valentine's* Arms, where I remained some Time speechless and ready to faint. Hide thy Tears, said she, whispering,
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it is with Difficulty that I retain mine. Farewel, think that thou shalt forever be my Daughter, and that thou possessest the first Place in my Heart. I will come to see thee again To-morrow. This she said with the most dejected Countenance. After this I entered with my Soul more softened than afflicted; and, indeed, I had Reason to be so. I left Mrs. *Valentine* oppressed with Grief; Mrs. *Damson* had just affectionately embraced me with Tears in her Eyes; my unfaithful Lover was troubled himself, and had given us a sufficient Proof of it, by leaving us so abruptly.

I passed the rest of the Night with my Friend the Nun. I did not see Miss *Franky*, and the friendly Commerce that had been begun between us was entirely broken. However she thought that the Discretion I had made use of in concealing her Share in my Adventure deserved some Acknowledgement, and next Morning a Lay-Sister brought me a Letter from her. I opened it a little uneasy at what might be the Contents, but it contained only a Compliment upon my Proceedings the Day before, and as near as I can remember it was as follows:

Miss INDIANA,

“ W H A T you did for me Yesterday was so
 “ very obliging, that I should reproach
 “ myself if I did not return you my sincerest
 “ Thanks for it. It was not your Fault if the
 “ Share I had in your Grief did not remain a
 “ Secret; for notwithstanding the extreme Trou-
 “ ble and Disorder of your Mind, you did not let
 “ a Word escape you that could in the least ex-
 “ pose me: A very generous Proceeding in-
 “ deed! and such as none but you could have
 “ been capable of. The Result of this Adven-
 “ ture

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— 70 — *The Life of* I N D I A N A,

“ture will shew you how much I am touched
“with it.”

Yours, &c.

HENRIETTA FRANKY.

I returned her an Answer by the same Person,
which was very short, and as follows :

M I S S,

“ I AM obliged to you for your Compliment,
“ but you owe me none ; I don’t think I deserve
“ any Praise for not being ill-natured. I acted
“ only according to my own Character, and expect
“ no Reward for it.”

I N D I A N A.

Mrs. *Valentine* had promised me the Evening
before, that she would come and see me, and she
was as good as her Word. We spoke of Miss
Franky, and as all my Engagements with *Valentine*
were broken, I made no Difficulty of telling her
in what Manner I became acquainted with his In-
fidelity, and I did it to the Advantage of my
Rival, whose Dispositions I could not then inform
her of. She had no News to tell me from *Valen-
tine*, for he had not shewn himself since the Mo-
ment he left us. However, he returned home,
but not till it was very late, and that Morning he
set out for *Versailles*. Doubtless, said she, he
avoids seeing me, and I am pertuaded is ashamed
to appear before me. On this she got up and
was going, when Miss *Franky* suddenly came in. I
intended to write to you, Madam, said she, to my
Mother, after saluting her ; but since you are here,
it

it is better I think to let it alone, and tell you my Mind, without giving you or myself any farther Trouble. I shall not detain you very long. Mr. *Valentine* is changed; you believe I am the Cause, and I have Reason to think so too. But how have I contributed to his Inconstancy? This, Madam, it is necessary you should know. I should be sorry to have you deceived in an Affair of such Consequence, and shall therefore tell you the whole with the strictest Truth. The first Time Mr. *Valentine* saw me, was when I fainted away, at parting from my Mamma. You was so kind as to lend me your Assistance, and he too endeavoured to bring me to myself. I entred the Convent with this Lady, whom I had but just known, and who became my Friend; but she neither mentioned you, Madam, nor Mrs. *Valentine*, nor told me upon what Terms she was with him. I know it, Miss, said my Mother, interrupting her; *Indiana* has just told me every Thing, and has done you all the Justice that you could expect from her. My Son came to pay you a Visit; he presented my Service to you; he gave you a Letter as he left you, and told you it came from me; and any Body else would have taken it. Besides, you made no Secret of it, but gave it to this Lady as soon as you knew she was interested in it; so I see no Reason why you ought to disturb yourself. If my Son found you amiable, and has presumed to tell you so, it is not your Fault. You have not otherways contributed to it, than by having Charms, which it is not in your Power to divest yourself of, and you are quite out of the Case even according to the Account *Indiana* gives of it. This Account is much to her Honour, and I should not perhaps have been treated so gently by any Body else, returned Miss *Franky*, with Tears in her Eyes, in spight of her Endeavours to prevent them; and

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what I have further to add, is to desire you to be so kind as to oblige Mr. *Valentine* to endeavour to see me no more. You are in the right, returned my Mother, he would be quite inexcusable, and I will let him know it. Not that I should be the first to wish for an Alliance like your's, but my Son is unworthy of it; and tho' he should be so happy as to please you, I should be afraid in giving him to you, that I made you a very bad Present. I will let him know how disagreeable his Visits are to you, and I hope he will give no Reason to complain. Miss *Franky* made no other Reply, but a Court'sy, and then retired.

She imagined, perhaps, that I should applaud the Resolution she had taken to see him no more; but far from it; I was not so easily deceived. What could she risk by refusing to see *Valentine* at the Convent? Had she not the Marchioness of *Kilnare's* House for a Resource? Was not *Valentine* one of this Lady's Friends? Did not he frequently visit her there? All this Shew of a noble Generosity in her Behaviour, was only a vain Ostentation which signified nothing.

My Mother continued to come and see me; but *Valentine* never came with her. Miss *Franky* and I met in the Convent, but we only gave each other a transient Salute without speaking. About five Days after our dining with Mrs. *Valentine*, I received in the Morning a very extraordinary Visit. Mrs. *Dawson* had been that Morning to see Mrs. *Valentine*; she found there an old Friend of the Family, an Officer who was a Person of Quality, and a little advanced in Years. He had heard much of me, on Account of my Adventure at the Prime Minister's, and had never seen my Mother, without asking News of *Indiana*, of whom he was continually making Encomiums, founded on what he had heard of me. The Noise of my
Disgrace

Disgrace was already abroad, and *Valentine's* Infidelity was publickly known. This Gentleman had heard of it, and came to Mrs. *Valentine's* in order to be certainly informed of the Truth. Madam, said he, there is a Report that Mr. *Valentine* is no longer in Love with that amiable Girl, who is so worthy of every one's Esteem; they say he has left her, and refuses to marry her. I can hardly believe it, and probably it is only a Calumny. Alas! Sir, it is but too true, returned Mrs. *Valentine*, and I am quite inconsolable. Indeed, returned he, you have Reason to be so. What can Mr. *Valentine* mean? Is he afraid of being too happy? I shall pass over the rest of their Conversation on this Subject. Mrs. *Valentine* was going to dine with Mrs. *Dawson*, and this last Lady engaged the Officer to attend them, and added that I must come too, on Account of the extreme Desire he expressed to see me. I shall send, said my Mother, to her Convent to tell her, that we shall take her with us in our Way. There is no Need of sending, replied the Officer, I have a little Business that Way, and if you will give me Leave, I will wait upon her myself; only give me a short Note for her, or else perhaps I may not be able to gain Admission. On which she wrote immediately,

Dear Daughter,

" I SHALL call upon thee at One o'Clock,
 " and take thee with me. We dine at Mrs.
 " *Dawson's*."

Yours, &c.

MARIA VALENTINE.

With

With this short Passport the Officer arrived at the Convent ; he asked for me from Mrs. *Valentine* and I came down. Some of the Boarders had told me they would, that Afternoon, come to keep me Company in my Chamber, so that notwithstanding my Grief, I happened to be dressed less negligently than ordinary.

I entered the Parlour and saw a Man of about Fifty, he had a good Mien, and an Air of Distinction, was well dressed, though plain, and had a Countenance extremely frank and open. I waited till he spoke to me. Miss, said he, (after a low Bow and presenting me the Note from my Mother) Mrs. *Valentine* desired me to give you this ; she wanted to send some Body with it, and I entreated her to give me the Preference. You do me a great deal of Honour, Sir, returned I, opening the Note, which I soon read : Well, Sir, added I, Mrs. *Valentine* shall find me ready ; and I give you a thousand Thanks for the Trouble you have given yourself. I ought to thank Mrs. *Valentine* for having permitted me to wait on you, replied he, but Miss, it is not late, and the Ladies will not soon be here, may I, by the Favour of the Commission I have obtained, hope to enjoy a Quarter of an Hour's Conversation with you ? I have been a long Time a Friend to Mrs. *Valentine* and her Family ; I am to dine with you, so you may regard me beforehand as one of your Acquaintance, since I shall be no Stranger to you two Hours hence. As you please, Sir, returned I, you may speak, I am ready to hear you. I won't keep you long in Suspense, Miss, returned he, about what I have to say to you. I have the Character of a Man of Honour, and a sincere, sociable, honest, plain Dealer : Ever since I heard of your Character you have been the Object of my Esteem, my Respect, and my Admiration ; I am informed of your Affairs : Mr. *Valentine*

tine is guilty of Inconstancy; I am my own Master, Miss, enjoy an Estate of twenty-five thousand Livres a Year, and I offer them to you; they shall be at your Service whenever you please after you have consulted with Mrs. *Valentine* upon it. What most surprized me in this Proposal, was, the Rapidity with which it was delivered, and the engaging Frankness which accompanied every Thing he said; I had seldom seen any Body so worthy of being listened to, his Soul seemed to speak to me, and demanded an Answer, as simple and natural as the Question it had proposed to me; therefore laying aside all Ceremony, I asked him if he knew my History. Yes, I do, Miss, returned he, and that is the Reason why you see me here, and it is that which has attached me to you. You surprize me, Sir, returned I, your Manner of thinking is very rare; I don't know how to praise it, because it is too much to my Advantage: To all Appearance you are Person of Quality? Yes, returned he, I forgot to mention that, but it is not, in my Opinion, a Thing very material; it is the honest Man, and not barely the Man of Quality who can merit you Miss; and as I think myself as honest as any other Person, I imagined this Qualification joined to an Estate, which is more than enough to satisfy our Desires, and make us easy, might induce you to accept of my Offers. I ought not to hesitate, returned I, upon the Value I ought to set upon your Proposal, which is a Mark of the highest Esteem, but permit me to repeat my Question: Have you well considered it? I have nothing; I don't know to whom I owe my Birth; I have subsisted, from my Cradle, only on the Charity of Strangers, and have many Times been in Danger of becoming an Object of public Charity: This has shocked Mr. *Valentine*, notwithstanding the Inclination he had for me. Take Care, Sir. 'Tis
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the worse for him, Miss, returned he; however, you will have nothing like this to fear from me: Mr. *Valentine* loved you, but it was not that Passion which brought me hither: I heard you represented as most perfectly lovely, but we are not apt to be affected by Charms we have never seen, and know only by Relation: So that it is not a Lover that comes to see you, it is much better. Is a Person of your Merit fit to be made the Sport of a foolish and inconstant Passion? No, Miss, no: My Affection does not depend upon a Transport which is liable to wear off, and subject to change: My Reason is not concerned about a Fortune, since I have enough for us both; nor about your Relations, since they would be nothing to me: I am not concerned about your Family, for if you were of Royal Extraction, would it add any Thing to your personal Merit? Should you consent to marry me, I should esteem myself infinitely obliged to you: My Love is too excessive for me to dare to desire you to return it in the same Degree. You are hardly twenty and I am almost fifty; and you would think me very weak was I to desire you to love me; but as to your Friendship and Esteem I must hope to attain them both, as I shall endeavour to deserve them: As you are reasonable and generous I flatter myself with Success. This is what I had to say to you; Miss, I now only wait to know what is your Determination. Sir, said I, if I only consulted the Honour you would do me in my present Situation, and the good Opinion you give me of yourself, I should immediately accept of your Proposal; but I must desire eight Days Time to consider of it, both for your Sake and mine. Let me entreat you, Sir, to employ this Time in examining Things more closely than you have done, and with all the Attention you are capable of. You esteem me, you say, very highly, and
your

your present Disposition makes you set this above all other Considerations. But I am not yet your's, Sir, and we should be no sooner married but your Conduct would be censured, you would be rallied on my unknown Extraction, and want of Fortune. Can you be unconcerned at their Reproaches? Will you not be sorry for having allied yourself to no Family, and for not encreasing your Fortune by your Marriage. These Things you ought to consider of maturely, as I shall reflect what would be the Consequence should you repent of your Precipitation: But tho' these Motives of Reflection should not keep me in Suspense, I cannot have the Liberty of giving you the Proof you desire of my Gratitude, without Mrs. *Valentine's* Consent. I am her Daughter, nay, more than her Daughter: For 'tis to her Goodness alone, and not to Nature that I owe the Blessing of having her for my Mother. Her Generosity made her assume that Title, and indulge the most tender Affection for me; so that I am bound to be entirely at her Disposal, and I am persuaded you will think I have Reason to be so. I must therefore, Sir, acquaint her with your Offers, which I shall do without telling her your Name, unless you permit me to do it. Oh! just as you please, Miss, returned he; I shall take so little Care to keep it secret, that I shall take a Pride in publishing my Design; and I am sure that all Men of Sense will esteem me the better for it, even tho' you should refuse me: But it is Time I should leave you, the Ladies will be here in an Hour at farthest, and I shall wait for you at Mrs. *Dawson's*. Farewell, Miss. This Day se'nnight, about this Time, I shall be here again to know the Result of them, and Mrs. *Valentine's* Sentiments, which, perhaps may be in my Favour.

This said, he retired, and I made him no other Answer but a Courtesy, which was accompanied with an Air of the greatest Affability and Gratitude. I then made haste to dress me. The Ladies soon arrived, I stepped into the Coach, dined at Mrs. *Dawson's*, and returned home very late, without having mentioned my Adventure with the Officer to Mrs. *Valentine*. Shall I see you again soon, Mamma? said I to her. I shall come again To-morrow in the Afternoon, reply'd she, embracing me; and then we parted. That Night I spoke to no Body but my Friend the Nun; I unbosomed myself to her, and told her all that had passed between the Officer and me, at which she seemed agreeably surprized, and I concluded with desiring her to come and see me in the Morning. She entered the Room the next Day before I was awake, at which she was going to retire, when by her pulling the Door after her I opened my Eyes, called her back, and desired her to take a Chair and seat herself by my Bed-side: My dear Friend, said I, I have for some Days had a Design to retire from the World, and fix myself, for the rest of my Life, in that serene and tranquil State you have embraced. How! would you be a Nun, said she, interrupting me. Yes, returned I, my Life is subject to too many Events, I find every Thing is uncertain and precarious; *Valentine's* Infidelity has given me a Disgust to the World; I find he is still too dear to my Heart, and I dare not see him more; Providence has given me enough to settle me here; my Deed of Gift will secure to me this peaceful Retreat, where I shall live with you in a perfect Repose, without being at any one's Expence. Any other but me, she returned, would immediately applaud your Resolution; but I am too much your Friend to advise you to pursue your Inclinations, where I foresee they would

would be followed by Repentance. When we can have a Day entirely to ourselves, I will give you the History of my Life; you will then be more able to form a Judgment of your Situation; and if after that you persist in your Intention of taking the Veil, you will be more sensible of the Importance of your Engagements.

I have a great Variety of Adventures to relate, said she, and I ought to take some Time to recollect myself. I arose with a Mind more calm than it had been for some Time past. She endeavoured to divert my Thoughts from *Valentine* by mentioning the Happinets I might expect from a Union with the generous Officer; his Sentiments, I find, said she, are too agreeable to your's, not to make you charmed with him; he will at once be a tender Husband, a Father and a Friend; his good Sense will render him always engaging, you will forget his Years, and, in short, return his Passion. You will find your Esteem gradually strengthen and grow up to Love. Alas! my Friend, returned I, you are quite mistaken; I find my unfaithful *Valentine* has still the entire Possession of my Heart, and I can find no Room there for any other Object. I confess the Gentleman you mention has inspired me with the highest Esteem; his open Frankness at our first Interview, and his Conversation at Mrs. *Dawson's*, have rendered me highly sensible of his Merit; but it is a Sensibility very different from the Tenderness of Love: I shall be glad of his Friendship, and shall readily give him every Proof of mine, that the strictest Virtue and my unconquerable Love to *Valentine* will permit. *Indiana*, replied my Friend, *Valentine* has rendered himself unworthy of this Tenderness, you are too constant, considering his Infidelity; but however, it is possible he may return to you again and love you with more Fondness than ever. I

don't think I have any Reason to cherish such flattering Hopes, returned I, and tho' I despair of conquering my Passion, I must endeavour to do it.

Here a Lay-Sister entered with my Breakfast, and told the Nun that the Ladies waited for her below; I had no sooner eat a little, than I dress'd in order to receive Mrs. *Valentine*; at last she arrived, but methought she looked out of Order, a languid Paleness was spread over her Face, and all the Marks of a real Illness were visible there. How do you do, my Dear? said she, as soon as I entered the Parlour; I find I shall not be able to stay long with thee To-day, for I am not well. I see, it Mamma, returned I, with a Look full of Tenderness, Pray, what is the Matter? I don't know, returned she; I have not been perfectly well for some Time, but, come, don't afflict thyself, added she, seeing me ready to weep, I shall soon recover: My Son's Infidelity I think unpardonable; it is always uppermost in my Mind. I had no sooner got home last Night from Mrs. *Dawson's*, than I was told that a Letter from *Versailles*, directed to my Son, had been left there, and that my Servants were ordered to give it him as soon as possible; but as I imagined he was gone thither himself, and could not tell whether it might not contain something relating to his Post which might be of Importance enough to require me to send it after him, I resolved to break it open; however, I sent it first to my Country House, that it might be given him if he was there; but this Morning the Man returned, and brought it back with the News, that he set out for *Versailles* Yesterday, on which I went into my Closet, opened and read it. I have brought it to thee my Dear; it would shock my Delicacy too much to read it to thee, added she, pulling it out of her Pocket; thou

thou shalt thyself be a Witness of his ungenerous Proceedings, and I hope it will enable thee to overcome thy Passion; for when thou hast entirely ceased to esteem him, thou wilt soon cease to love him too. I open'd it, but not without a great deal of Trouble, and found the following Lines:

S I R,

“ I CAN no longer avoid disposing of my Commission; I am not at all pleased with your Delays and those of your Friends. As I am resolved to spend the rest of my Days in a peaceful Retirement from Noise and Business, I think every Day an Age that keeps me from my Country Seat. I have settled all my Affairs, and am resolved to be there in a few Days. You cannot blame me if I dispose of my Post to another, since if it had not been your own Fault, you might have been in Possession of it long ago.”

I am, &c.

I had no sooner read it over to myself, but I sigh'd, let fall some Tears, and was unable to speak, when Mrs. *Valentine* resumed; How ill he repays my Tenderness! unworthy Man! I am resolved he shall be sensible of my Resentment. Dear Mamma, said I, interrupting her, and throwing myself at her Feet, don't sink me into Despair. I can't bear to think of your using him unkindly upon my Account. Let me entreat you not to oppose his Happiness. He has too much Reason to forsake me. Would you have him insensible of the Remonstrances of his Friends? Would you suffer me to be the Cause of all that Ig-

miny that would fall upon us both? No, Madam, it was I alone that was to blame; I have dared to presume upon your Goodness, and dazzled with the pleasing Prospect that lay before me, have encouraged a Passion, which must necessarily have drawn after it the most fatal, the most dreadful Consequences. Let me intreat you by all your Tenderness for me to forget those Engagements which have passed between us. The Reflection of my causing a Breach between you would be too much for me to support.

Here my Tears prevented my saying any more; my dear Mother wept too, and we both were silent for some Moments, we wiped our Eyes, and then she cried out: Oh! my Daughter! how generous is this! would you persuade me to pardon him! you, whom he has injured, persuade me to return him my Affection! was he sensible of thy Behaviour, I am sure it must drive every other Passion from his Breast; he will never find another like thee. Yes, Madam, as I am the Cause of his offending you, I ought to be the first that endeavours after a Reconciliation. My Dear, returned she, thy Goodness has overcome me, and since thou can'st forgive him, sure I ought to do so too. I sincerely thank you; Mamma, returned I, but this is not all, you must give him your Consent to marry Miss *Franky*; I had once the Prospect of spending my Life in the pleasing Toil of promoting his Felicity; of industriously pursuing every Means to increase his Love, and augment his Happiness; but I must forever lay aside these transporting Hopes, and can only use my Entreaties, that you would permit him to be blessed by a Lady, who is more happy than I deserve to be. His only Crime is indulging an involuntary Passion, but his concealing it from you can only prove that he fears to give you Pain; he has been
afraid

afraid you should push Things to Extremities, and therefore rather than offend you, has declined accepting of an advantageous Post, and chuses rather to refuse those Honours, he might easily obtain, than give you an uneasy Moment. Enough, my Dear, she returned, you make use of the very Motives of my Resentment, to procure a Reconciliation. He is still my Son, and he shall find that I have all the Affection of a Mother. I will endeavour to see him as soon as he returns to *Paris*; I'll tell him I still persist in my Resolution to contribute all I can to make him happy, and as you desire it, I consent that he shall chuse his own Way of being so; but at the same Time I will let him know what he owes to thee, and if he has any Remains of Generosity or Integrity, thy Goodness must fill him with Admiration, and make him resume all his former Tenderness for thee. Dear Mamma, replied I, don't fill me with such vain, such delusive Expectations, they are too agreeable to me, I dare not indulge them.

My dear Mamma arose up and was going, when I desired her to stay a little longer. I then repeated all that passed between the Officer and me, when he paid me a Visit a few Days before. She smiled and seemed extremely pleased. Well, said she, as soon as I had done, I could not help observing something in his Behaviour afterwards at Mrs. Dawson's, that rendered him more than ordinary engaging; nay, that Lady, added she, gave me a Hint that he fancied thou hadst made him thy Captive, and we both observed that his Looks were continually fixed upon thee, and that thou hardly ever spoke, but his Eyes sparkled with a pleasing Vivacity. But you don't tell me what is your Resolution; he is a Person of great Merit, and has a Delicacy and Elevation of Mind, that must render him very valuable in thy Esteem.

What do'st thou resolve? I shall make no Difficulty, Mamma, of telling you the Situation of my Mind, returned I; his Frankness and Generosity, his good Sense and Virtue make me look upon him as a Person that deserves my Friendship; but Mr. *Valentine* has still the Possession of my Heart; I find he is too dear to me not to regret his Loss as a most severe Affliction. Tho' I am obliged to give my new Lover all the Esteem he deserves, yet I can't help looking upon him with a respectful Kind of Awe, which will ever prevent my loving him with that Tenderness which is due to a Husband, and while *Valentine* is unmarried, I can never bear to think of entering into Engagements which must render it impossible for him to be mine. I can only advise thee, my Dear, said she, to consult thy own Breast, and to endeavour to be as serene as possible; a Virtue like thine must one Day meet with its Reward. But farewell, I shall see thee again in two or three Days Time, added she, and then retired.

When the Day came in which I expected to see the Officer, I dressed and prepared to receive him, but he was in the Parlour sooner than I expected. However, I did not make him wait long. I went down to him with a Mind a little discomposed at the Apprehensions of the Pain I should give him. After the usual Compliments were over, You see, Miss, said he, with an Air of Gaiety, that I have kept to your Appointment; I have deliberately reflected upon all the Consequences that may attend our Union, and have not been able to find one that can for a Moment shake my Resolution; may I hope to have a Share in your Friendship, in that sincere and tender Friendship which must render the indissoluble Knot for ever sweet and full of Charms? All I wait for now is to know the Result of your Reflections. Sir, returned I, I shall

shall make no Difficulty of telling you my Mind with the utmost Freedom. Your Behaviour, your Generosity, your unexceptionable Character have given me a very high Opinion of your Merit, and I ought to esteem your Proposal as a very great Honour; but I find I can't enter into any new Engagements. *Valentine*, tho' unfaithful, is still dear to me; however, your Friendship is too desirable not to make me earnestly wish for the Continuance of it; and I shall think myself very happy, if after this you grant me a Share in your Esteem. While I spoke a visible Concern spread over his Countenance, and he stood some Moments in a thoughtful Posture, without making any Reply, at last he assured me, that since he must not hope to be so happy as he could wish, he would gladly embrace every Opportunity to serve me, and that I should always find him my sincerest and most affectionate Friend, and in that Character he hoped I would sometimes permit him to see me at my Mother's or Mrs. *Dawson's*. This Request was too reasonable to be denied him. I readily consented to it; and on this he left me.

For three Days after this I heard no News of my Mother; on the fourth in the Morning a Lay Sister entered my Apartment, and told me that a Coach was waiting for me in the Court, with a Servant from Mrs. *Valentine*, on which I dressed and went down. I found one of her Maids at the Door with a Letter, in which she told me, she was at her Country-House, and long'd to see me there. She had delivered another Letter to the Abbess, so I had nothing to do but to get into the Coach; I did so, and soon arrived at my Mamma's. She received me with her usual Affection: I should have thought myself extremely happy in being near her, if her increasing Disorder had not filled me with the utmost Inquietude, a soft Languishment appeared

appeared in her Eyes, and her Countenance pale and sickly, made me fear I should soon be deprived of all the Comfort of my Life: *Valentine's* Infidelity had hitherto given me the severest Pain, but now my Affliction for his Mother made me forget every other Cause of Grief. Oh! why have I tasted, said I, melting into Tears, the sweet, the delightful Satisfaction that spring from a filial Affection to the dearest of Mothers, if I must so soon feel her Loss? Why was I made happy to be sunk the deeper in Despair. Oh! my God, then cried I, fortify my Mind against the agonizing Torture that flows in upon it; fill my Soul with Fortitude, and may I never, never offend thee by repining at thy Providence. O that thou would'st but take my Life for her's, and save me the Anguish of lamenting her Loss! These Reflections soon spread such a Gloom over my Face, as made it impossible for me to disguise my Disorder from her. She resolved I should not leave her, and to dissipate my Uneasiness constrained herself to assume an Air of Gaiety and Cheerfulness, but did not tell me she took Notice of my Disorder, any other way than by thus endeavouring to remove it. I was sensible of this Instance of her Goodness, and my Heart owned the Obligation and sincerely thanked her for it: But some Days after observing I still had the same Concern upon my Spirits, she desired me to take a Turn with her into the Garden; on which we went into the most shady Part of it, that we might enjoy the Benefit of a soft Breeze which play'd amongst the Leaves, without being incommoded by the Heat of the Sun. We sat down upon a Bench near a Cascade, whose aquatic Murmurs seemed to sooth the Disposition of our Minds. My Daughter, said she, I cannot help taking Notice of thy Concern for my Health; let me intreat you to moderate thy Concern,

cern, and consider my Dear, that I am mortal. I am in a Consumption, and thou must not wonder if thou see'st me snatch'd from thee; thou wilt lose a Mother whose Tenderness may deserve some Tears, but I shall not leave thee without a Friend; Mrs. *Dawson* will think herself happy in having thee for a Companion, she will make up my Loss, and return thee all the Affection thou can'st bestow upon her. Dear, dear Mamma, said I, interrupting her, Mrs. *Dawson* is not you! scarce could I pronounce these Words for my Sighs, which almost rendered them unintelligible. We were both silent, and Sighs and Groans were all that passed for some Time: At last recollecting herself, and taking hold of my Hand, Thy Softness moves me too much, she resumed: But, my Dear, consider, that you must have parted with me, had I lived some Years longer, our Separation would then have been as severe as it is now: The sweetest Pleasure I ever knew was that which sprang from communicating the Blessings which Heaven has bestowed upon me: A Pleasure so sublime, that it gives me the highest Satisfaction, even in the Prospect of my Dissolution: I shall be judged by a Being whose Dispositions are the same as my own; a Being whom I have always loved to think on under the endearing Character of a Father; and one that is not sway'd by Prejudice, but the impartial Distributer of Justice, and who is as superior in his Benevolence, as the Nature of God is more exalted than that of the lowest Part of his rational Creation. Death, my Dear, by Reflection, grows familiar to the Mind, I find it insensibly loses all its Horrors; the Spectre is stripp'd of its Terrors, and in an Angel's Form opens the Way to boundless Joys, and Delights unutterable! On this Side is Care, Trouble and Anxiety; on that, rapturous Pleasures, eternal Felicity, and endless Peace. Here
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she paused, and then looking at me, with Eyes which expressed all the tender Sentiments of her Heart, My Dear, added she, I confess I can't think of leaving thee without some Regret; I long too to see my Son, and to embrace him with that Tenderness which is due from a Mother to a Child to whom she must bid a long Adieu: As for thee I would persuade thee to moderate thy Affliction, and arm thyself with a Firmness of Mind sufficient to support my Loss with Courage: Think where-ever I am I shall love thee still; not all the Delights of Heaven, tho' infinitely various, will make me forget thee; thou wilt there furnish out a pleasing Subject of Discourse, and I shall wish for the happy Time, when I shall congratulate thee on thy Arrival at that World of Love, where our Raptures will increase by communicating them. O! Mamma, cried I, how sweetly you sooth my Grief! What an engaging Prospect you lay before me! Our Affection will be as lasting as our Souls, we shall be eternally dear to each other; Friendship, Love and Devotion, will fill our Minds and give us Joys more solid than the Prospect of the Golden Pavement, and the delicious Groves, crowned with immortal Verdure: You have brought such a Picture to my Mind, that I can't help anticipating our future Happiness, and imagining us possess'd of all that is most sweet and desirable: But don't imagine, dear Mamma, that I can think of a Separation from you without Pain, no, it is impossible, I have Reason to be highly sensible of your Loss; I cannot lose the dearest Friend on Earth; I cannot be separated from that Mind, which sympathizes in all my Concerns, without a cruel Anguish; Life will lose all its Charms, and it would require much less Resolution for me to die with you than to live without you: But I will endeavour to be as calm as possible; I will reflect

reflect upon your Happiness 'till I forget my own Misery: I will set your Example before my Eyes, and learn from you to conquer my Vaniry, and all my youthful Follies.

Here we were interrupted by a Servant, who came to tell us that a Coach was just entered the Court with Miss *Fancourt*, on which we immediately went to receive her: She saluted us with an Air that had a Mixture of Friendship and Confusion; and she was at first so much disconcerted that she knew not how to express herself. My sincere Affection for you and Miss, has constrained me, Madam, to wait upon you, said she to my Mother, to enquire after your Health; I am very sorry that I cannot appear before you without blushing for my Mother's Indiscretion, though I am conscious I have not done any thing inconsistent with that Friendship and Regard I owe you both. Pray Miss, returned Mrs. *Valentine*, don't make any Apologies, for you need no Justification in our Esteem; you have never offended us, and your Company is too agreeable for us to suffer you to spend your Time in Excuses, which are equally painful to us all. Let Mrs. *Fancourt*'s Imprudence be forgotten. On this we went into the Parlour, and discoursed the rest of the Day on indifferent Subjects.

At Night this young Lady was going to leave us, but my Mother pressed her to stay two or three Days with such Earnestness that she could not refuse her: On which we wrote to her Mamma and sent back the Coach. We spent the Evening in a Conversation more grave than ordinary. Tho' the Arrival of this amiable Lady had given me a great deal of Satisfaction, yet it could not dissipate the Uneasiness in which my Mind was involved at the dreadful Apprehensions of losing my dear Mother: And she endeavoured to enliven the Discourse, but

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in vain : When it was Time for us to go to Bed, I intreated her to let me lie with her, but she would not consent to it, on account of her Cough which she thought would disturb me. In the Morning Miss *Fancourt* and I went into Mrs. *Valentine's* Apartment, but finding her asleep, we agreed to take a Walk in the Fields behind the Garden. We went thro' the Back Gate of the Garden, where a double Row of tall Elms extended a great Length, and seemed at the farther End to close and form a thick Grove. She endeavoured to divert me by an agreeable Conversation, which was accompanied on each Side with the most affectionate Endearments : And she so artfully suited herself to the Disposition of my Mind, that I could not help being exceedingly moved. We had walked a considerable Way, and were talking of returning back when we saw a young Woman genteely dress'd, sitting with her Back towards us under one of the Trees, at a small Distance before us. A little Spark of Curiosity made us desirous to walk on, when coming pretty near, she seemed to be lost in Thought, and was in a Posture expressive of the deepest Despair ; we cross'd the Walk to gain a Sight of her Countenance, and stood some Time to observe her Actions. Her Eyes were at first fixed on the Ground ; but she soon after lifted them up to Heaven, when we observed the Tears trickle down her Cheeks ; this Sight, join'd to some bitter Sighs which escaped her, equally affected us both ; we went up to her with a Resolution to give her all the Assistance we were capable of. I no sooner spoke, but she started and turned her Head to us (for we had hitherto only a Side-View of her Face) and immediately arose, when we saw a Countenance on which was painted a Mixture of Grief and Shame ; she was very young, her Features perfectly regular, and her
Eyes

Eyes full of the most melting Softness. May we know, Madam, the Cause of your Uneasiness, said I, you may depend upon our Assistance, if we are happy enough to be able to serve you; we beg Pardon for our Intrusion, but as we were unable to see you without being moved, so we could not refrain from offering you our Friendship, in order to dissipate your Uneasiness as well as ours. This Lady, said I, turning to Miss *Fancourt*, I am sure feels the same Affection for you as I do, and will gladly contribute to remove your Troubles; for the Virtuous peculiarly deserve the Esteem of the Virtuous. Here she stood for sometime silent as if in suspense, and at a Loss how to behave; at last wiping her Eyes, I don't know how to express the Sense I have of your Goodness, Ladies, said she, blushing; you don't know me, and if you did, I am persuaded you would lose all your generous Sentiments for me; permit me to retire; it is sufficient that you know I am a Wretch beneath your Notice. At this Miss *Fancourt* could contain herself no longer, she took hold of her Hand, and entreated her not to leave us so abruptly. We desire, Miss, said she, to know no more than you are willing to tell us. Pray compose yourself, and do us the Favour to breakfast with us. Tho' it may not be in our Power to serve you, oblige us with your Company, and accept of our Friendship. To this she consented, but not without the Appearance of some Reluctance. As Miss *Fancourt* seized one of her Hands, I took hold of the other, and as we began to walk back, Ladies, said she, looking upon each of us with Eyes full of Gratitude, I am incapable of thanking you as I ought. You don't know me, and I wish I could for ever conceal my Misfortunes from you, and hide the Cause of my Misery, but I shall no sooner be discovered, but your Friendship will be turned into

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Aversion and Horror; you will then detest me as I do myself. Oh! may you never feel the Stings of conscious Guilt! added she, squeezing both our Hands, and the Tears gushing afresh from her Eyes.

We were extremely moved at this unexpected Interview, and neither Miss *Fancourt* nor I could refrain from weeping. We arrived, and I immediately went into my Mother's Room, and left Miss *Fancourt* with the disconsolate Lady below. I found her awake and ready to arise; she received me with a Smile; my Child, said she, I hope Miss's Company has diverted thee, I am much better than I was Yesterday; after Breakfast we will divert ourselves, but don't be too grave: I expect Mrs. *Dawson* here To-day, and don't doubt but we shall spend the Time very agreeably: I expressed my Joy at the Alteration, which indeed was visible in her Countenance, in the most lively Terms. O Madam, cried I, embracing her, how happy should I be, might I flatter myself with the Hopes of your Recovery! How delightful would be the Prospect of spending my Life with you! My Dear, returned she, interrupting me, my Life is very precarious, learn to resign thyself to the Divine Will, that wise, that beneficent Being, who has the Disposal of thy Life and mine, knows what is best for us both. But where is Miss *Fancourt*? She is below with a young Stranger, said I, that we intend to introduce to you, whom I hope you will find worthy of your Friendship. I don't doubt it, my Dear, returned she, thy Recommendation makes me her Friend before I see her. But where did'st thou find her? on this I related our little Adventure: She seemed extremely pleased with it, and immediately dressed to wait upon her. As soon as she was ready she went into the Parlour and received her with an Air of the
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most engaging Affability; but all our Caresses could not disperse the Gloom from her Countenance; we saw that something prey'd upon her Spirits, and that her Mind was too disordered to render it possible for her to assume an Air of Chearfulness even for a Moment. As soon as Breakfast was over, my Mother propos'd taking a Turn in her Coach for an Hour or two, to see the Country and take the Benefit of the Air: The unknown young Lady desired to be excus'd; but at our expressing an Unwillingness to part with her she consented. My dear Mamma's Conversation I thought more lively than ever, though we discour'd of some Subjects that were perfectly grave, but she had the Art of handling the most serious Topics in a Manner that rendered them very engaging.

During this Conversation, I frequently cast my Eyes upon the young Stranger, and observ'd that her Cheeks glow'd with incessant Blushes; methought she felt all the Charms of Virtue, and yet, at the same Time, seem'd stunned and confounded: She sometimes look'd upon me with an Air of Friendship, then sigh'd and let fall some Tears. As we stepp'd out of the Coach she desired me to walk with her in the Garden for a few Minutes, to which I gladly consented, and went full of the Hopes that she would tell me the Cause of her Uneasiness, and put it in my Power to give her some Proof that I sympathiz'd in her Afflictions. Dear, Miss, said she, as soon as we were alone, I cannot help being desirous of having you for my Friend, your Tenderness and generous Concern for my Uneasiness prepossess me in your Favour, and incline me to return you the utmost Affection; but I must then disclose all my Misery, this you would demand as a Proof of my Confidence, but alas it would be such a Proof of it as

would entirely change your kind Dispositions to serve me, you would hate, you would detest me, and your Displeasure would aggravate my Despair, which even now exceeds all Bounds. Indeed, Miss, you injure me very much, returned I, whatever is the Cause of your Trouble it will not make me forget what I owe to the Distressed: Heaven knows I would do any Thing to serve you; and I assure you I will never desire you to tell me any Thing that will give you so much Pain, only let me know what I can do for you, I will ask no Questions, but my Obedience alone shall prove my Friendship. Here she continued silent and cast down her Eyes, while her Countenance informed me that her Mind was tormented with the most painful Agitations: She opened her Lips several Times as if she would speak, but a rising Sigh prevented her; at last, casting a Look upon me full of Tenderness, Grief and Shame, I would, said she, lay open my Guilt before you, but my Tongue refuses to obey me: Alas! I could wish my Infamy was hid in eternal Oblivion, but that can never be, and if I don't tell it you, you will learn it from others: I was educated with the strictest Piety; my Situation in Life was easy and agreeable, and all around conspired to make me happy; but alas! flattered with my little Beauty, I forgot myself; I listened to every one that was pleased to address me, and rejoiced in the Conquest of a Multitude of Admirers; but in the Height of my Vanity an unforeseen Accident plunged me into the deepest Distress: My Father died suddenly and left his Affairs in a very bad Situation: I lamented his Loss with an unfeigned Sorrow; I had no visible Means of Support; my Friends forsook me, and I had only an Uncle to depend upon who was gone abroad, and could not give me an immediate Assistance. I was even disregarded by those who,
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a few Days before, professed to have the most violent Passion for me: No Prospect of Relief lay before me: In short, I lived upon the little that remained of my Father's Substance 'till that was expended; then I was addressed by a Gentleman of Fortune, who took Advantage of my Distress, and basely made Use of every Expedient to force me to comply with his criminal Desires; at last my coward Soul, shocked at the Appearance of Want and Misery, consented, and I was ruined: But who can express the Horrors that flowed in upon me when cool Reflection brought the guilty Scene to view? Oh! how sharp are the Upbraidings of an offended Conscience! A Prostitute, a wretched, a vile Prostitute, said I; am I that guilty Wretch? Oh! that I had begg'd my Bread, I might have been virtuous still; I might even then have looked up with a Mind conscious of its Innocence, and have beheld the Face of Mankind without a guilty Blush. In short, I curs'd my Vanity and Folly that made me rather stoop to be really miserable, and truly contemptible, than to lose the gay, the vain Trifles of Life. In the Midst of these Agitations I received a Letter from my Uncle; he had heard of my Father's Death, and the unhappy Circumstances in which he had left me, and therefore hastened to Town with an Intention to console me, and supply the Place of his deceased Brother, by being my Guardian, my Friend, and kind Benefactor: He arrived the Night before, just after I had retired to the House of my pretended Lover. He knew his Character, and foresaw that I was ruined: He upbraided me with the Infamy I had brought upon his Family, and ordered me never to see him more. I was shocked at the Contents of this Letter, and abandoned myself for some Time to the severest Despair. Had I continued virtuous but one Hour longer I might now have

been happy: I loved my Uncle, but I durst not meet his Reproaches, and I was ashamed to appear where my Guilt would soon be made public. I therefore resolved to abandon my Lover, and seek, from my Industry, an honest Support, this Resolution was attended with an inward Satisfaction: I humbly begg'd the Divine Forgiveness, and implored the Protection of his Providence; and after having taken a few Rings that were my Mother's, and a little Money and Cloaths that I had still left, I abandoned that fatal House, without communicating my Intention to any Body: Though several Days are past since I put this Design in Execution, I have not found any Relief; my little Money is almost gone, and I have now no other Prospect, but of shortly wanting the Necessaries of Life. Oh! Miss, let not my Guilt harden your Heart against me, added she, don't be more inexorable than that Being who compassionates the Penitent, and I hope has heard my Prayers.

This Discourse was delivered in such a soft Voice, and accompanied with so many Tears and Sighs, that it seemed to melt my very Soul: I forbore to look in her Face that I might not encrease her Blushes, and would gladly have spared her the Confusion of making such a painful Discovery, if it had not been necessary for me to know the most material Circumstances in order to give her some Relief. I stood sometime after she had done to consider what Answer I should make her: She seemed surprized at my making her no Reply, and then casting her Eyes upon me, and observing my Tears; I don't know, Miss, resumed she, what I ought to think of your Silence, your Virtue makes you perhaps loath and detest me, but you can't do it more than I do myself, however, let me beg that you would not expose me.

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No; Miss, returned I, I have not the least Disposition to abuse the Confidence you have reposed in me. I am sorry for your Uneasiness, and sympathize with you in it; you have indeed had great Cause to be afflicted, for Guilt and Misery are inseparable Companions. Your Repentance ought to restore you to the Esteem of every virtuous Mind; this should compose your Thoughts, for it is all that Heaven requires from frail offending Mortals. I won't humble you so far as to give you any Thing, you was not born to receive Charity; I only desire you would oblige me so far as to let me lend you a few Louis d'ors, which you shall return when it suits your Conveniency; I will take your Word for the Payment of them, added I, pulling out my Purse, which I put into her Hand; pray take what you want, and flatter yourself with the Hopes that you will in a few Days be restored to your Uncle's Favour. But in order to that I must know your Name, and where to direct to that Gentleman. Oh, Miss! said she, in a Transport of Joy, how noble, how generous is your Behaviour! good God! this is too much. Here a fresh Flood of Tears stopp'd her Voice, while she gave me a Look, which expressed all she would have uttered, in a Language infinitely more affecting than any Thing she could possibly have said to me.

As I began to think our long Absence from the Company might be taken Notice of, I proposed our walking in, and desired her again to take freely what Money she wanted; for she had not yet been able to open the Purse, but stood holding it in her Hand without any Motion, at last she took two Louis d'ors; I insisted upon her taking five, which I could not prevail upon her to do without some Importunity; and she, in returning me the Purse without speaking a Word, took hold

of

of my Hand and pressed it in a Manner so tender and affecting, that I could not help being extremely moved. Her Heart seemed to beat with Sensations too violent for Utterance, and methought she longed to press me to her Breast, but had not Confidence to do it. At last, as we were returning back, My dear Friend, said she, forgive my not being able to express my Gratitude. Your Goodness quite overwhelms me. Enough my Friend, returned I; you owe me no Thanks; Virtue is its own Reward; my Satisfaction in being able to serve you, gives me a Pleasure at least equal to your's. I wish I could restore Peace and Satisfaction to every troubled Mind. Depend upon my Friendship for the Management of your Affairs. Here we entered the House and found Mrs. *Dawson* and the Officer there; they arose and saluted the young Lady and me, and we had no sooner sat down, but we were told that Dinner was on the Table. During which Mrs. *Valentine* took Notice that the young Stranger looked upon me with a Complacency which she thought very remarkable. An Air of Serenity was spread over her Face, which yet retained some of those Marks of Joy and Admiration which had before agitated her Mind. She was pleased with the Change, but more so as she imagined I was the Cause of it, and congratulated that young Lady on the Return of her Tranquility. As you have not been pleased, Miss, to acquaint us with the Cause of your late Melancholy, said she to her, perhaps it may not be agreeable to you to relate it, but as I am persuaded you have let *Indiana* into the Secret, I hope you will permit her to communicate it to us, except you have any particular Reason to the Contrary. You may depend upon our Secrecy if the Case requires it, and that we shall use our utmost Endeavours to serve your, and prove that we deserve

deserve your Confidence. Miss *du Bois*, for that was the young Stranger's Name, coloured at this Proposal, and knew not what Answer to return her; at last, after some Hesitation, I am obliged to you, Madam, said she, for the Share you take in my Concerns, which are of such a Nature as to render it absolutely necessary that they should be kept inviolably secret. I have indeed communicated my unhappy Story to this young Lady, whose Goodness has in some Measure calmed my Mind; I will depend upon her Prudence, and leave it to her to do as she shall think fit. But as she seemed to grant me this Liberty with some Reluctance, we wav'd the Subject, and the Discourse turned upon *Valentine*. My Son, said my Mother, has got a very handsome Fortune, and my Death will very much increase it. You all know my Affection for *Indiana*, and therefore can't wonder to find that I have made some Provision for her in my Will. I have left my Son my whole Estate, except this House, with its Furniture, the Gardens round it, and two thousand Livres a Year, my Picture, and some Jewels and Plate, which I give my Daughter. My Son cannot have the least Reason to complain since what I leave from him is but a Trifle in Comparison of my whole Estate; besides, he has already a very large Fortune left him by his Father, and my Brother. I believe you will approve, Sir, of what I have done, and think that at the same Time that I have considered my Affection for *Indiana*, I have not forgot what I owe to my Son. I had indeed given her all, in giving my Consent to their Marriage, but I know she is not avaricious, and will be very well satisfied with what I have now done for her. The Officer and Mrs. *Dawson* appeared perfectly pleased with the Contents of her Will, and had began to extol her Equity and Goodness, when I threw myself at
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her Feet. Dear Madam, said I, I need not tell you how sensible I am of your excessive Kindness, you know how dear you are to me, and can easily put yourself in my Place, and form an Idea of the Situation of a Mind overflowing with every grateful Sentiment. Mr. *Valentine* has a Right to enjoy all you possess after your Decease; he has a Claim to it founded on Reason and Nature; he is your Son, your only Heir, and deserves to possess your Estate entire; for my Part I am not ambitious, and since I must be separated from *Valentine*, I don't desire to enjoy any of his Fortune except what Mr. *Chambers* has left me, and your Picture, which I shall value more than all the Riches in the World. When you are gone you will leave no Charms behind for me, nothing will ever make Life desirable. Arise, Child, said my Mother, I believe thou wilt regret my Loss, and be sincerely afflicted at it; but in Time your Uneasiness will wear off, and you will become reconciled to it. *Valentine* has enough, and I dare say he will not be displeased at what I have done for thee. However, I may live a good while yet; mine is a very lingering Distemper. This Gentleman and Lady, I am sure, think I could not do less for thee than I have done; however, as I hope to see my Son soon, I will tell him my Design, and know if he has any Objection to it. Will not that satisfy thee? Indeed, Miss, said Mrs. *Dawson*, you are too scrupulous, I can't help approving what your Mother has done. But pray, added she, is Miss *du Bois's* Misfortune to be kept a Secret? she has left it to your Discretion to disclose it to us, if you think proper: She is a very amiable Lady, but I could not help thinking that her Confusion expressed a strong Sense of Guilt. Am I right, my Dear? That, Madam, may perhaps be owing, said the Officer,

to a Delicacy which may make her look upon some Circumstances of her Misfortune as criminal, which in fact may not be so. No, Sir, said I, that is not the Case, I am sorry to say Miss has been highly to blame, and I wish I could give you her Story and hide her Guilt; but that could not be done consistent with Truth; besides, it would deprive her of the Advantage of your Assistance. Poor Lady! she is much to blame, but yet she deserves your Pity, and I believe you will readily lend her your Assistance. But I shall never be able to describe the Horror of her Mind, nor the painful Struggle, between her Sense of Virtue and her Shame at having offended against its Precepts. [*Here I related every Thing that passed, and concluded with desiring the Officer to compassionate her Case, and endeavour to make a Reconciliation between her and her Uncle.*] I was going to propose it to you, Miss, returned he; I don't wonder at your being moved at such an affecting Story. Happy is the Person who having behaved ill, has the Resolution to repent; but more happy she who has not this Need of Repentance.

During my Discourse, my Mamma and Mrs. Dawson listened with the utmost Attention, while their Countenances expressed the tenderest Pity, and the greatest Surprise. When I had done they wiped the Tears from their Eyes, and looked upon each other with an Air of Astonishment: At last, said Mrs. Dawson, How dreadful are the Agonies that attend the Loss of Virtue! Dear-bought Satisfaction that are accompanied with such exquisite Misery, such lasting Wretchedness! If her Folly is divulged she will never be able to wipe out the Infamy that will attend her: Rivers of Tears, and the severest Repentance; no, not a Life of the strictest Virtue will, in the Opinion of the World, restore her Innocence or retrieve her Character. Very true, returned Mrs. Valentine, the World is

cenforious, and tho' a thouſand Virtues may be overlooked, yet, the Indifcretion of an unguarded Moment will never be forgotten: We muſt therefore conceal this unhappy Affair. I am very glad, Sir, added ſhe, that you are pleaſed to undertake the Office of reconciling her Uncle to her; and we all, I dare ſay, ſincerely wiſh you Succeſs. I thank you, Ladies, replied he, I ſee my Succeſs will give Miſs *Indiana* a peculiar Satisfaction: But I muſt know where Miſs *du Bois's* Uncle lives: Can you inform me, Miſs? Yes, Sir, returned I, and immediately gave him the Direction I received from that Lady. He had no ſooner read it but he ſmil'd. I know the Gentleman, ſaid he, and though I am concerned at the Trouble this Event muſt have occaſioned him, I can't help being pleaſed to think I ſhall ſerve a Man of Senſe and Honour, and by reſtoring him his Niece, I ſhall contribute to his Repoſe. I will wait upon him immediately: I know he will hear Reaſon, and tho' his Virtue muſt have made him very ſenſible of his Niece's Imprudence, yet the ſame virtuous Diſpoſition will prompt him to pardon her upon her Repentance.

On this the Officer left us; but he had not been gone above two Hours before we ſaw him return. As he entered the Room, we read in his Looks that he had met with Succeſs: And after he had told us that our Conjectures were true, he ſat down, and, at my Requeſt, gave us a particular Account of his Adventures. I happened, ſaid he, to find Mr. *du Bois* at home, who received me in a moſt obliging Manner, tho' he appeared to be very uneaſy: After the firſt Compliments were over and we had drank Part of a Bottle, I took Notice of his Melancholy, and asked him if I could contribute to remove it; he thanked me, and with an affected Smile, told me, that nothing was the Matter with him, then drank my Health, and enquired

quired how I liked his Wine. I then mentioned his Brother, and asked how long he had been dead; he gave me only a flight Answer, and almost insensibly turn'd the Discourse on another Subject, without ever mentioning his Niece: By this I imagined he was tender of her Honour, and concluded that however displeased he was with her Conduct he had still some Affection for her. I then took the Liberty to mention her to him, and to propose a Reconciliation, but he seemed surprized, and very much concerned to find that I was acquainted with an Affair that was so little to her Credit. No, Sir, said he, I will never let my Doors be open to such a Strumpet: As she has ruined herself she must take the Consequence of her Folly——I will forever disown her——She is a Disgrace to her Family——I will never be reconciled to her; and I desire, Sir, you will mention her no more. This he spoke with a great deal of Warmth, and with his Looks full of Resentment. Then musing a little, Poor unhappy Girl, resumed he, in a soft and quite different Tone, is her Disgrace then made publick? What will become of her? Pray, Sir, added he, at whose Request do you propose this Reconciliation? Have you seen her? Yes, Sir, returned I, I saw her To-day. And here, Miss, added he, addressing himself to me, I gave him a particular Account of all that passed between you this Morning, at which he was so affected, that I saw I had gained my Point before he told it me. Sir, said he, as soon as he found I had done, I think myself greatly obliged to you for this Information; I did not think she had been drove to such Extremities. As soon as I was informed of my Brother's Death, and the unhappy Disorder in which he left his Affairs, I made Haste to Town, that I might have the Satisfaction of providing for his Daughter, on whom I intended to bestow my

Estate, and who, I imagined, would be a Comfort to me in this Decline of Life: I have always had a very great Affection for her, and have loved her as tenderly as if she was my own Child: I therefore went to my Brother's House to comfort her for the Loss of a tender Father, and to taste the Satisfaction of embracing her, the dear Remains of his Family, as well as to relieve her from her Anxieties by my Care and Affection; but how great was my Surprize! How inexpressible my Grief! to find her seduced and carried off by a Villain, who has not the least Degree of Virtue or Honour. A Paper I found on her Toilet let me into the whole Intrigue: He there takes Advantage of her Distress, promises her a considerable Settlement, and makes use of a great deal of Art to debauch her Principles. I was shock'd at his Villainy and her Folly, and the next Morning after I had found that she had not been at home the Night before, sent her a Letter in which I commanded her to see me no more; but I find I was too hasty; her Repentance gives her a Right to my Compassion: I have had a very great Concern for her upon my Spirits, and have therefore carefully concealed her Shame. Poor Girl! How nearly is Guilt ally'd to Misery! What Remorse and Shame, what inward Perturbations, what Self-Abhorrence fill the penitent Mind upon the Review of a vicious Action! such a State deserves our tenderest Pity: Tell her therefore, Sir, that I relent, and will gladly receive her to my Favour.

As soon as he had finished this pathetic Discourse, I told him I rejoiced to see him in such a favourable Disposition, and would let the Lady know how much she was oblig'd to his Tenderness, and immediately took my Leave.

We all expressed a very sensible Pleasure at his having so happily concluded this melancholy Affair,

fair, and returned the Officer our Thanks on this Occasion, in a Manner which shewed how nearly we were interested in the Lady's Happiness: And as I was sensible how necessary this News was to her Repose, I immediately resolved to be the welcome Messenger of it. In short, I no sooner mentioned my Design, but it was approved; the Ladies smiled at my Impatience, and the Officer begg'd I would give him Leave to accompany me, which I readily contented to. In the Way I expressed afresh the Sense I had of his Goodness, and let him know that he had very much obliged me. As Miss *du Bois* lodged not far from our House, we soon found her, and acquainted her with our Success, when she burst into Tears of Joy, embraced me in the most affectionate Manner, and thanked the Officer in Terms which expressed the most lively Gratitude: But as it was late, she was obliged to defer waiting on her Uncle till the next Day. In my return home, I formed a Design of being a Spectator of the Scene between her and her Uncle, at their first Interview, which I foresaw would be very interesting: I acquainted my Mother with my Thoughts, and she very much approved them; on which the Gentleman and Mrs. *Dawson* promised to come again in the Morning, and bring Mr. *du Bois* in the Coach with them. In fine, the next Day I wrote her a Note, desiring her to come to Dinner with us, and to defer waiting upon her Uncle till the Afternoon: She came immediately, and was engaged in Conversation with Mrs. *Valentine* and I, when the Officer and Mrs. *Dawson* entered, and introduced the old Gentleman, who had not the least Thought of seeing his Niece there. She saw him first, started up, trembled, and then suddenly threw herself at his Feet. He had begun a Compliment to my Mamma, but broke off in the Mid-

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dle of a Sentence, stood motionless, and appeared greatly disconcerted: However, he recovered himself first, and raised her up, when she appeared almost ready to faint, hung down her Head and had not the Courage to look up: He was immediately touch'd, and endeavoured to inspire her with Confidence by the most affectionate Endearments; at last she recovered a little, and looking in his Face, with the Tears streaming from her Eyes, Oh! Sir, said she, in the most moving Tone, can you indeed forgive me! Yes, Child, replied he, weeping too, I ought to forgive thee, and I do it sincerely. But, alas! I can never forgive myself, she returned, with a Countenance expressive of the deepest Remorse, to what Miseries have I exposed myself! I have dishonoured you, justly forfeited your Favour, and rewarded your Kindness by rendering the Object of it infamous and detestable: You ought to be ashamed of me, you have Reason to despise me, as being a Disgrace to your Family. How ill have I requited your Tendernefs! No more, my Dear, returned he, I cannot bear to hear it. Come, forget what is passed, and let it be as if it had never been. Oh! that I could do so! resumed she, with a Sigh, but it is impossible; the Idea of my Shame will ever be attended with the most painful Anguish; I shall never reflect on this Part of my Life without a keen Sense of Guilt. But, Sir, is my Infamy made publick? Am I not already made the Ridicule of the lowest of Mankind? Am not I reproached and contemned by the Wise and Virtuous? Oh! that I had died a thousand Deaths rather than thus have stained my Honour, and forfeited all that is most dear and valuable! No, my Dear, returned he, the World is yet unacquainted with thy Folly: The vile Wretch who seduced thee, has a Design upon a rich old Lady, whom
he

he would marry to support his Extravagance; his Estate is almost all sold, and therefore he is obliged to be secret because his Success depends upon it. As they began here to be something more calm, we desired them both to sit down: We were pleased with the old Gentleman's good Sense and Tenderness, and desired that we might be honoured with his Friendship, and that he would, sometimes, do us the Favour to give us his and Miss's Company. To which he readily consented.

Mr. *du Bois* and his Niece gave us their repeated Thanks for our making so happy a Reconciliation. Soon after Dinner was over, they were going to leave us, but at our Request they stay'd the rest of the Day, and at Night we parted, with reciprocal Expressions of Friendship.

I went to Bed with my Mind filled with a Variety of agreeable Sensations, and slept till late the next Morning, when I arose and went to my Mother's Room, but found her more disorder'd than ever; she had been constantly attended by a Physician for some Time, but now he could not give us any Hopes that she would ever recover. Several Days passed over in which nothing material happened to me; I hardly ever left my Mother, who grew worse. Mrs. *Damson* came almost every Day to see her and to comfort me; for my Tenderness seemed to encrease in Proportion as her Life grew more in Danger. I frequently sat up with her all Night, notwithstanding her Fears that it would prejudice my Health, and at last I could hardly bear to be separated from her a Moment; yet in spite of all my Uneasiness, I could not help thinking sometimes of *Valentine*; I found I still loved him, and my Heart induced me to excuse him to myself, and made me even almost wish to see him again. Mean while I found the Fatigue I daily underwent was a great deal too much for

me; and that, together with the Thoughts of losing my Mother, had deprived me of the little Strength I had recovered since my late Illness. I grew pale and weak, my Watching and Tears had in a great Measure extinguished the Fire of my Eyes, and my Vivacity and natural Gaiety gave place to a thoughtful Sadness. However, I put a Constraint upon myself, and endeavoured to appear as chearful as possible before my Mother, but I could not dissemble so well as to deceive her; she frequently told me, that my excessive Care and Assiduity gave her real Pain. I told her, I only did my Duty, and entreated that she would not deny me the Satisfaction of attending upon her, since I ardently desired to do it. But at last my own Weakness, rather than that tender Lady's Advice, obliged me to desist, for I was brought almost as low as herself; however, I spent all my Time with her and Mrs. Dawson, whose Affection for my Mother soothed my Grief. She sympathized with me, and in the kindest Manner endeavoured to moderate my Sorrow; her solid and judicious Discourse never appeared more charming than now, and I began to be resigned to Providence and to enjoy a good Degree of Calmness and Serenity, when an unexpected Event gave a happy Turn to my Affairs.

One Day as I was sitting with my Mother, and had been saying some of those tender Things which naturally drop from a Heart full of the sincerest Friendship and engaging Manner, I heard some Body come softly up Stairs; the Door opened; but how vast was my Surprise when I saw *Valentine* enter, tho' I had for some Days before even wished to see him. I now found I was unable to support the Shock of such a sudden and unexpected Sight. I held my Mother's Hand in mine, but my Nerves seemed

seemed to slacken, I let go my Hold and fell senseless upon the Floor.

Whether my fainting was owing to my present Weakness, which made me unable to bear such a sudden Surprise, and support the strange Tumult in my Soul, or whether it proceeded from the Softness of my Mind, which had just been melted by my Mother's tender Endearments I know not; however, when I recovered, which was not till some Time, I found myself in Bed in my own Room, violently sick and faint, and perceived, that in my Fall I had received a large Contusion in my Head, which was already dressed by a Surgeon; he was seated with Mrs. *Valentine*, who was weeping by my Bed-Side, and they were surrounded by several of their Maid Servants.

When I opened my Eyes, I looked about me, and asked my Mamma, with a weak Voice, where I was, and what had reduced me to that Condition; for I had entirely forgot the Circumstance of my fainting, and had only a very confused Idea of having seen *Valentine*. She satisfied me by answering my Request, and at the same Time desired me to be silent. As I found myself hardly able to speak, I complied with her Desire, and remained the rest of the Day, and the following Night, in a State little different from that from which I had just been recovered. The next Day I found myself something better, tho' I had a violent Pain in my Head, and three or four Days after I was able to sit up in my Bed. My Mother did not think it was yet proper to communicate the News she had to tell me; but a few Days after this, when she thought me able to support the Emotions her Discourse would infallibly occasion in me, she drew near to my Bed-Side, and taking hold of my Hand, My Dear, said she, I have surprizing News to tell thee, News which I hope will hasten thy Recovery.

Recovery. I don't know whether you took Notice of *Valentine's* Looks, when he came into my Room; I did; he enter'd with an Air of submissive Respect, and cast a Look at thee full of all that Tenderness, which used to inform his Breast, when he adored thee with the most passionate Fondness, but no Words can describe his Confusion when he saw thee fall upon the Floor. He ran to thee and snatch'd thee up in his Arms, with a Look of the utmost Distraction; thy Face was immediately stained with Blood, which ran upon his Cloaths. The Servants immediately came running up, and took thee from him, when he took Horse, and rode full Speed to *Paris* for a Surgeon; he came back and brought him with him, before thou wast come to thyself. His Soul seemed to be tormented with the most violent Agitations, and his Grief appeared in every Action; when fearing that his Presence would be of ill Consequence, if he should stay till you came to yourself, I intreated him to retire, which your Interest made him submit to, tho' he could not do it without the Appearance of the greatest Reluctance; but however, he went no farther than into the Anti-Chamber, where he staid at thy Door, to enquire how thou didst of every one that went out. At last I told him, that thou hadst recovered thy Senses, and wast found to be out of Danger; he lifted up his Eyes, and drying away his Tears, Oh! Heavens! said he, in an Extacy, does she live? shall I then be so happy as to persuade her to believe, that her Virtue and Generosity have overcome me, and that I now love her more than ever!

Is it possible? said I, interrupting her, is it possible? What a Contradiction he is to himself? He must be a Stranger to Love that can so slightly change the Object of it. A slight Hurt made him enamoured with me, an ordinary fainting Fit induced

duced him to change his Resolution, forsake me, and almost adore another, for he makes it appear, that this was his only Reason, since the same Incident, attended with a few frightful Circumstances, reclaims him, makes him break his former Engagements, and regret his abandoning me. A very hopeful Lover truly! The next Lady who has a greater Misfortune before him, will melt his Heart, impress her Image there, and infallibly make him her Admirer, till another still more unhappy, shall gain the Perference. Poor *Valentine*! how strangely art thou carried away by every capricious Fancy.

Pray, my Dear, don't judge too rashly, replied my Mother, finding I had done; he may not perhaps appear so weak, upon a further Examination; come, hear what he had to say for himself, and refer your Censures till then. As this Exclamation, added she, seemed rather to be dictated by a sudden Transport of Joy than directed to me, I was going to leave him, when he cast himself at my Feet, My dear Mother, said he, I did not hear of your Illness till Yesterday, if I had, nothing should have prevented my waiting upon you; indeed I am sincerely afflicted to see you so much altered, I arrived at *Paris* Yesterday about Noon, and immediately set out with a Design to visit the Marchioness of *Kilnaire*; I went with all the Impatience of a Lover, who had been for a long Time detained from his Mistress, in order to engage her to invite Miss *Franky* to Dinner, that I might have her Company there as usual; but in my Way I was constrained by a Friend to step into his House, upon his promising not to detain me. I there found Miss *Fancourt*, I confess I could not see her without Confusion, which perhaps was too visible, as she had been a Witness of some of those tender Things I had sometime ago said at her

Mother's

Mother's to Miss *Indiana*; however, I sent my Request to the Marchioness in a Letter, and told her, I should wait upon her in an Hour's Time. Miss *Fancourt* took an Opportunity to inform me of your Illness, and even mentioned the many Obligations, which Mrs. *Dawson* had told her I had to *Indiana*, particularly her prevailing upon you to pardon my Inconstancy, and even to consent to my marrying her Rival, as well as her Generosity in desiring you not to give her what you had promis'd in your Will. She repeated, as near as she was able, the very Words that pass'd between you: I confess that at her first mentioning *Indiana's* Name, I was fill'd with the greatest Uneasiness, and would have been very glad of an Excuse to have left the Room. But however, I could find none; when she mentioned the Letter you received from *Versailles*, I thought myself so interested, that I could not help listening to her with the greatest Attention; for I had spent Part of the Time you had been sending after me, with Miss *Franky* at *Paris*, and had therefore formed a plausible Story to deceive you, in which you would at once have detected me. Here I was, in spite of myself both surprized and charmed, and my Admiration continued to arise, as she proceeded, to such a Degree, that Tears came into my Eyes, and I could not help sighing, and feeling a tender Pity for that dear generous Girl. At last I left her, and thank'd her for her Information in such a Manner, that I am sure she must have taken Notice, that what she had said had very much affected me. However, I could not dispense with going to Miss *Franky*, but I went with much slower Steps than I was going with two Hours before, tho' I had staid an Hour longer than I had promis'd in my Letter. I found Miss *Franky* there before me, but did not meet her with that Rapture,

ture, which in the Morning I had imagin'd would attend such a long expected Interview. No, my Mind was frequently absent, and led me to contemplate what I had just heard; and I that was in Extacy for some Days before, at the Idea of this Moment, was obliged to dissemble lest she should perceive my Coldness. After Dinner, she happened amongst other Things to ask what *Indiana* had to say to me, when she conducted me to the Arbour; I gave her a particular Account of it, but it was not without great Difficulty that I disguised the Emotions it caused in my Breast. When I had done, she commended her Generosity, but it was with a very cool indolent Air; she then mentioned a Letter she had sent to *Indiana*, to express her Gratitude for concealing her Share in my Intrigue, and her Promise afterwards to see me no more. The old Lady and her Daughter were equally credulous, said she, smiling, I only meant that I would not see you at the Convent; you may see me here as often as you please, if they don't know it. I love you too well to part with you for such a one as she, who you know would be a sad Disgrace to you, added she, laying her Hand upon mine, and smiling in my Face. How, Miss, said I, was this Expression of your Gratitude to deceive them? indeed it was poorly done! *Indiana's* generous Sentiments deserved at least, that you should treat her with Sincerity, in return for her Regard to you. As this, Madam, was spoke with a very serious Air, she could not help shewing her Resentment. I don't know what you mean, Sir, returned she, snatching away her Hand, with an Air of Indignation, I confess you treat me very oddly; What is poorly done? If I have deceived your Mother, and that Girl, have you any Reason to complain? Methinks you are very free with your Censures. I can tell you, Sir, you must

must not expect to use me as you have done her ; you at least ought not to complain of Insincerity. I confess I was quite confounded at this Reproach, which was too just not to make a very deep Impression upon me ; however, I could not bear to hear you both treated with such Contempt, and therefore endeavoured to make her believe, that she greatly injured you, by mentioning several Instances of *Indiana's* Generosity ; here her Jealousy and Pride took the Alarm, and her Mind, which was all Tenderness before, became instantly full of Rage, and she assumed such Airs, as made me blush for my Weakness in loving her. She told me, she was sorry she had degraded herself so much, as to listen to my Addresses ; that she was not of a Rank that would suffer her Conduct to be compared with the Character of an Orphan, that was probably of an ignoble Birth, and that she looked upon my treating her thus, as the highest Affront. — These Reproaches had no other Effect, but to make the amiable *Indiana* appear more lovely. She cast a Look at me full of Resentment, and then telling me I presumed too much upon her Tenderness, which she said, she had been Fool enough to confess to me, but since she found I did not deserve it, I should no longer impose upon her, and therefore order'd me in an imperious Tone, to see her no more ; and then flounced out of the Room, flinging the Door after her.

I was so far from being concern'd at her ill Treatment, that I was really glad I had given her an Opportunity to shew her Temper, and therefore only staid to take my Leave of the Marchioness, which I did as soon as she entered the Room, and retired full of the Charms of that dear Lady, who had first taken Possession of my Heart. As I went home, I ran over in my Mind every Thing that

that Miss *Fancourt* had told me, and I found it so conformable to the Sweetness of *Indiana's* Disposition, that I could not doubt the Truth of the least Particular. I hated myself for my Ingratitude, and reproached myself every Minute for the Uneasiness I had given that enchanting Creature. How noble and disinterested, said I, is her Behaviour, and how could I have the Stupidity to forsake her, for a Lady whose Soul is widely different from her's? Oh am I still dear to her? and may I flatter myself with possessing that amiable Girl? I am resolv'd to ask her Forgiveness, and endeavour to regain her Favour.

I heard that a Man of Quality had made his Addresses to her; this News filled me with Uneasiness, and made me reproach myself in the severest Manner; it was like a Dagger to my Heart, I have deserved to lose her, said I; I cursed those false Friends who had filled me with mistaken Notions of Honour, and had made me ashamed of what was necessary to my Happiness: And this News seemed to encrease my Passion, by the Difficulty there appeared of ever obtaining my Desires. Some Affairs, Madam, prevented my coming last Night, but all my Thoughts were here, I long'd to cast myself at her Feet and your's, and endeavour to obtain Forgiveness from both; I longed to testify the Sense I have of her Goodness, and to find if I was still dear to that amiable Creature.

Oh, Madam, said I, does he then love me again? May I indulge, once more, the Thought of being your Daughter indeed? Delightful Idea! Shall my Miseries be succeeded by such exquisite Happiness? No, you will soon be snatch'd from me, I shall soon be deprived of the dearest Part of me: But tell me, Mamma, does not the same Objection hold good against our Union? May he not
fear

fear being treated with Contempt by his Friends? May he not fear their Reproaches still? And will not their Censures damp our dearest Joys, and cool his Transports? No, I hope not, my Dear, returned she, thou art dearer to him than ever, he is now drawn to thee by an Esteem, that will compel him to love thee; for the more he knows thee the greater will be the Ascendant thou wilt have over his Heart. The Officer's preferring thee to every other of our Sex, will make him Proof against the Affronts that may be thrown upon him, and he will be ashamed to appear less hardy than him: He will think if that Gentleman, whose Wisdom and good Sense is too well known to be called in Question, scorns the Censure of the ill-judging Multitude, he must have an equal Reason for doing so too. As for me, I shall not be long here a Witness of your Happiness, but it will be a great Pleasure to me to see you united before I die; and whilst I live I shall give you both my Prayers for a Continuance of your mutual Felicity. Dear Mamma, said I, I sincerely thank you, but the Thoughts of losing you must damp every Joy; I can give up my Heart to no Delight, whilst I see you on the Verge of Life. How could you think that I should consent to marry him, when a Moment after I must part from you. Pray don't suffer the first Days of our Nuptials to be dash'd with Grief. *Valentine's* Tenderness, if he loves me dearly, will soothe my Anguish for your Loss; we shall mingle our Tears, and find a sweet Sympathy in the most bitter Sorrow. Well, my Dear, returned that engaging Lady, I will not press you too much; I will be satisfied if you resolve to conclude it after my Decease; I know thy Tenderness will induce thee to pay a decent Respect to my Memory, but don't carry it too far; thy Affliction will be of no Service to me, let the
Prospect

Prospect of your approaching Happiness dry up your Tears. But my Son waits to see you, added she, smiling, and I think I may desire him to come in, since a Reconciliation between you is so far advanced.

Upon this she went out, and presently returned with *Valentine*, who entered with some Confusion, and threw himself on his Knee at my Bed-Side. Miss, said he, with a low Voice, you can't wonder if I don't know how to approach you without trembling. I am ashamed of my own Inconstancy; I won't pretend to offer any Apologies as an Alleviation of my Guilt; I confess myself, dear Miss, unworthy of that Regard you have constantly shewn me; absolutely unworthy of having the least Pretensions to your Friendship. But since your Conduct has opened my Eyes, let me tell you how much I owe to you; let me express my Gratitude, and thank you in the sincerest Terms, for that tender Regard you have shewn to me; for that Concern you have always expressed for my Happiness, even whilst I was acting inconsistent with my Honour, and those Engagements which ought to have made me inviolably your's; a noble Return for Falshood and Deceit! a glorious Instance of that Rectitude of Heart, which is Proof against every Passion that is an Enemy to Virtue! you now see me full of Remorse; full of the deepest Confusion for having offended you; and if you have any Degree of Resentment, you have now an Opportunity of satisfying it, by beholding a Mind distracted with its own Folly without a pitying Eye; but you have a Soul too great to harbour Revenge. Then what is mine that has offended against such consummate Virtue! even my Return to you and Love has been attended with Circumstances the most shocking; my Presence like that of a hateful Monster, has caused the most terrible Effects, and has even

almost cost you your Life, at a Time when it was dearer to me than ever; what Anguish has your Illness occasioned! with what cruel Torments has it filled my distracted Mind. Here Mrs. *Valentine* interrupted him. You have no Reason, said she, to make such cruel Invectives against yourself, *Indiana* has never ceased to love you, and I dare say she will readily pardon your Fault since you yourself are so very sensible of it.

I confess I could not see *Valentine* at my Feet, and hear him say such tender Things, without melting into a Softness, which made me unable to interrupt him; I heard him with an inward Satisfaction, and felt while he spoke the most delicious Sensations. However, I thought I ought not to let him too soon into the Disposition of my Heart. I don't know, Sir, replied I, finding Mrs. *Valentine* and he were both silent, what Return ought I to make to your Professions of Love; I confess you are still very dear to me; but how must I know that your Heart is sincere? What Reason have you to think that marrying me will be less dangerous to your Repose than you have before thought it? Will not our Union be attended with Misery to us both? Will you not be ashamed of a Marriage that will degrade you in the Opinion of the World? Will not their Scorn make you hate me, as being accessory to your Ruin. This is an Evil I ought to fear, and the very Idea of rendering you unhappy, is enough to make me shut myself up in a Convent for Life. Consider, Sir, what you are doing; consider whether you have any solid Reasons to change those Sentiments, which have made you resolve to abandon me; Is there not the same Reason you should do so now as ever? Besides, Sir, can a slight Quarrel justify your forsaking Miss *Franky*? How do I know but your Return may proceed rather from your Resentment to her, than

than from any new Motives of Love to me? I assure you, I am too tender of your Honour and Happiness to contribute to your doing any Thing inconsistent with either. Ah! Miss, said he, pray don't sink me deeper in Despair; I have been deluded by false Notions of Honour and Interest; I have been persuaded to abandon you, and foolishly consented to do it, even while you were very dear to my Heart; and I have met with some Success. I have endeavoured to divert my Passion by changing the Object; but your Generosity in offering me your Assistance, disconcerted my Schemes, and made me unable to think of your Rival without making a Comparison which was greatly to your Advantage; but I have endeavoured to stifle the Impression it made upon my Mind, till I heard the surprizing Effects of your Goodness in my Absence; that recalled all my Tenderness, and reviv'd every soft Impression. I could not bear to hear Miss *Franky* treat you with Contempt, every disrespectful Word was like a Dagger to my Soul; I was shock'd at her Ingratitude and Hypocrisy, and astonish'd to find she was able to impose upon you, under a Shew of Friendship; I detested her ungenerous Baseness; I saw my Folly, and blush'd to see how I had been deluded by my pretended Friends, and resolved to throw myself upon your Mercy. The supposed Misfortunes that would attend our Union, are silly Chimeras; your Virtue and Integrity, your Piety and good Sense, would make the lowest State of Life, preferable to the highest with any other Woman, and might I be so happy as to possess your tenderest Affections, I would look with Contempt even upon a Crown; and not all the Riches and Honours of the Universe, should shake my Resolution of being eternally your's.

I could not forbear giving a Sigh at these tender Expressions. Mrs. *Valentine* easily perceived the Situation of my Heart; My Dear, said she, with her Eyes full of the most melting Joy, *Valentine* must be for ever thine, since he has learned to do Justice to thy Merit; come, give me thy Hand. I held it out to her immediately, she pressed it between her's, and then suddenly taking hold of *Valentine's*, put my Hand into his; my Children, continued she, may you be mutually happy; may this Union be crown'd with lasting Felicity, and the most durable Delights; Delights uninterrupted by anxious Care, and every painful Inquietude. My Son possess the virtuous *Indiana*, imitate her Goodness, and learn to set a just Value upon those Perfections, which will render your Felicity solid and permanent: Her Study will be to make you happy, may your's be to render her so.

My dear Mother's Heart seemed here too full to permit her to say any more, some Tears gush'd from her Eyes, and trickled down her Cheeks, and she pressed our Hands together. After recovering herself, she resumed, My dear Children, I shall now leave you with Comfort, since I can wish you no greater Happiness in this Life, than what I see you in the Prospect of. You will be both settled in such a Manner, as to render your Situation very agreeable; you have Virtue and Love to sweeten Life, and a great Estate, which will not only procure you all the Conveniencies of it, but give you the Power of tasting the exalted Pleasure of doing Good. You may make the Gloom vanish from the troubled Brow; you may make the Orphan and the Widow sing for Joy, and the Afflicted and Disconsolate exult in Transports of Delight; and may you, my dear Daughter, have many Pledges of your mutual Love! may they all share thy Virtues, and transmit them down to Posterity. Oh! may

may Heaven smile upon your Joys, and pour down its Blessings upon you!

These Expressions were too affecting to render it possible for either of us to make an immediate Reply. We appeared equally moved, the Tears streamed from our Eyes for some Time; we were melted down, and almost seemed as if we had been filled with some severe Affliction. At last *Valentine* began, dear Madam, dear Miss, said he, with a sudden Joy breaking through his Tears, what shall I say to express the Sentiments of my Heart? How shall I describe the pleasing painful Tumult that fills my Soul? I am borne down with the Weight of my own Happiness; my Transports are too violent to be endur'd! Does this dear, this charming Creature love me still! hast thou forgot my Ingratitude? my barbarous, my vile Ingratitude? Pray, Sir, mention it no more, interrupted I, I have nothing to reproach you with. I am still the same, and I don't blush to tell you, that you have been always dear to me, infinitely dearer than Life itself; no other Person would ever be able to make an Impression upon my Heart, which has never ceased to be your's. The tender Emotions of my Soul had here exhausted my Spirits, and it was with some Difficulty I pronounced these last Words loud enough to be heard, I was still too weak to endure such violent Agitations, and found myself ready to sink under the tender Ideas, which fill'd my Mind. My Mamma had let go our Hands, and walked to the Window to dry away her Tears, but I still suffered *Valentine* to hold mine without endeavouring to draw it from him; he press'd it to his Breast, and then to his Lips, without seeming to know what he did. My Mother soon returned, and told her Son, that it was Time to leave me to recover myself, and that I ought to take a little Rest; she then embraced

us both in the most affectionate Manner, and desiring *Valentine* to attend her, constrained him to leave me.

I soon found that these violent Agitations had considerably weakened me, and was so disorder'd, that had not a Servant enter'd almost as soon as my Mother left me, and given me a few Drops in a little Wine, I should have infallibly have fainted away. My dear *Valentine* and his Mother were present before me all the rest of the Day, and the following Night; and my Imagination repeated over and over every tender Endearment; methought I still saw his Confusion, attended to the melting Sounds of Love, and heard them both repeat, with the utmost Affection, every endearing Expression: But about Break of Day I drop'd asleep, and did not awake till Noon, when I found myself a little refreshed: I now began to regard *Valentine* as if he had already been my Husband, and looked upon my Mamma's joining our Hands in that tender Manner, as a kind of Marriage: He saw me every Day; my Mind became insensibly more calm, and in a short Time I was pretty well recovered: But alas! Mrs. *Valentine* grew daily worse, and was soon obliged to keep her Bed; Mrs. *Dawson* and Miss *Fancourt* came frequently to see her, and congratulated me on our Happiness, at the same Time that they endeavoured to enable me to support the Loss of my dear Mother. I was under too many Engagements to these Ladies for the Share they had in our Reconciliation, not to make them a suitable Return. I had the Satisfaction too sometimes to see the Officer, who, notwithstanding his own Passion, expressed a generous Pleasure at our Union, and let me know that he prized my Felicity above his own; or rather, that my Happiness made the greatest Part of his own: But alas! my dear, dear Mother's Condition

tion damp'd all my Joy; a Separation from her was a severe Stroke that required all my Resolution and Fortitude to enable me to bear. Since *Valentine's* Post was sold to another, he was under no Obligation to leave us, we therefore spent great Part of our Time together in my Mother's Room, and endeavoured mutually to comfort each other, we mingled our Tears, and had a soft and pleasing Sympathy in our Affliction.

One Day as we were seated near her Bed-side, she ordered the Servants to leave the Room, and then desiring us to come near, My dear Children, said she, in a slow and weak Voice, I shall soon bid you a long Adieu, but you must not lament my Loss with an immoderate Grief; I know I have been a tender Mother to you, and therefore believe you will not be able to part with me without Pain. I am leaving a World surrounded with many and various Uneasinesses, to which the frail State of human Nature is always liable, but I shall soon arrive in the World of happy Beings; a World where Peace and eternal Joy reigns without Interruption; don't let your Tears seem to say you envy my Happiness; don't wish me deprived of the noblest Felicity, for no other Reason but to indulge your Fondness to me here; that would be unkind and cruel. Here she paused; then recovering herself, May you live and be a Blessing to the World, resumed she, and O my Son, steadily adhere to the Practice of Virtue; dare to oppose yourself to the licentious Customs of a degenerate Age; and, by your Example, endeavour to stem the Torrent of Vice: Don't blush to own your Obligations to that great Being, who fills the Universe with the wondrous Exertions of his Wisdom and Power; give him your highest Esteem and supreme Regard: Let your Devotion to him spring from Gratitude, and never mention his Name without a respectful

spectful and humble Awe; regard his Favour as the highest Blessing, and endeavour to imitate his moral Character, and to follow the bright Example, which the blessed Author of our Religion has set before us. Then taking Breath a little, Believe me, my Son, continued she, a Mind conscious of its own Innocence and Integrity, enjoys a most refined and rational Delight; it bears, with a serene Composure, the various unavoidable Misfortunes of Life, looks into a future State with Pleasure, and even could smile amidst the Groans of expiring Nature.

These last Words were spoke so very low that we could scarce hear them; she seemed quite spent, and, after pulling us both to her, to embrace us, she repeated her Wishes that we might be mutually happy, and then endeavoured to take some Rest. We were greatly moved at this Discourse, and went into another Room to indulge our Grief: *Valentine* eagerly kissed the falling Tears from my Cheeks, and then laid his Face to mine, while our Souls seemed to mingle like those dewy Drops; our Grievs, our Cares, our Pains the same.

When the Mind is oppress'd with the frightful Apprehensions of losing some beloved Object, it is in vain to hope for Succour from those Ideas which interfere with the tender Sensations of the Heart, since all its Impulses are blind, and spring only from its Passions; the Soul infallibly turns itself to the Objects of the Mind, while the cool Dictates of Reason have not the Power of affecting it.

Valentine and I were quite inconsolable at the Apprehensions of suddenly losing my dear Mother. Her tender Discourses and moral Exhortations set her Death before our Eyes, in the most painful Light; and, instead of giving us that Comfort she desired, only made us more sensible of the Greatness of our Loss, and more unable to bear
up

up under it. My Grief seemed to encrease as she drew nearer her End, and *Valentine*, who feared the Effects of it, employed all his Endeavours to give me that Comfort which he wanted himself.

My Mamma began now to be too weak to give us any more Advice, and could only express her Tenderneſs by kiſſing me, ſqueezing my Hand, and then liſting up a dying Look to Heaven as if ſhe was praying for our Happineſs. One Morning I was waked out of my Sleep by a Noiſe and Buſtle among the Servants; I no ſooner opened my Eyes but I cried out, Alas, ſhe is dead! and then fainted away: My Conjecture was but too true, for I no ſooner came to myſelf, finding every Thing quiet, I rang the Bell for a Servant, one of them immediately came into my Room, with her Eyes ſwell'd with crying. I needed no more to ſatisfy me that my Fears were too well grounded: However I aſk'd her if my Mamma was not dead? Don't fright yourſelf, Miſs, ſaid ſhe, turning away her Head, ſhe is much better than ſhe was laſt Night, and then ſhe retired. This was ſpoke with a trembling Voice: She was too much affected to conceal the ſad News from me, for all the Servants lamented her, as having loſt a ſincere Friend, whom they tenderly loved. But how unaccountable are the Sensations of our Minds! Tho' I had been hitherto deaf to every Reflection, that did not tend to encrease my Grief, I no ſooner heard that ſhe was really dead, but I felt myſelf inſpired with more Courage than I ever expected, and perceived myſelf in a more calm and reſign'd Diſpoſition. Then ſhe is happy, ſaid I, ſhe now reaps the Fruits of her Virtue and Piety! Bleſſed Spirit! When ſhall we meet again to part no more! When ſhall I lay down this feeble Frame, and ſhare with you in the ſublimer Joys of immortal Beings! When taſte your Pleaſures, and ſhare

in your pure Delights! Oh my God, may this Prospect fire my Ambition, and make me endeavour to imitate her Virtues, that I may enjoy her Transports! I was thus raising myself above my Afflictions, by these Motives of Consolation, when *Valentine* enter'd my Room, with a Countenance perfectly disordered; he had been up some Time, and had heard me ring, and therefore came to share with me in my Grief, that we might ease our Hearts, by giving a Loose to the tender Emotions of Nature. He saw at once that I had been acquainted with the melancholy News, when taking hold of my Hand, My dear *Indiana*, said he, what a dreadful Loss is this! may Heaven enable thee to support it. Dreadful indeed! returned I, but yet since it cannot be recovered, let us endeavour to behave consistent with our Hopes as Christians: May we ever do so, my Dear, replied *Valentine*, and since she is happy, let us not think that we are miserable. We thus endeavoured, for some Time, to console each other, 'till it was Time for me to rise when he left me.

In the Afternoon Mrs. *Dawson* and Miss *Fancourt* came to see me, in order to sooth my Grief, by sharing it with me. *Valentine* unknown to me, had sent a Servant to acquaint them with our Affliction, and to desire their Company: And this Day was spent in a Manner suitable to the solemn Occasion. Methought there was something extremely engaging in this soft and tender Sympathy of Souls, where every one wept as if they had lost a Mother. Every Thing about us had the Face of Grief, and for some Time, not the meanest Domestic appeared with dry Eyes. At last the Source of our Tears was dried up, and the Virtues of the dear deceased Lady became the Subject of our Conversation, when Mrs. *Dawson* mentioned a hundred Instances that evidenced the Greatness of her

her Soul, and proved the vast Extent of her Generosity and Compassion, most of which I had hitherto been unacquainted with: When she had done, What a glorious Example has she left us to excite our Emulation, said *Valentine*, taking hold of my Hand, may it be our Care, my Dear, to follow her Steps, and may we always express the same Sweetness and Benevolence to those who deserve our Assistance. Alas! Sir, replied I, I fear I shall fall very far short of her in these amiable Perfections, tho' I shall strive to come as near her as possible.

In the Evening these two Ladies, after using their Endeavours to reconcile us to our Loss, prepared to leave us: Oh Madam, said I, to Mrs. *Dawson*, I can't help being very sensible of this severe Affliction, methinks I feel a Vacancy in my Breast; that dear Woman has bid us a long Adieu, and I have no sooner tasted the Sweetness of having a Mother, than she is torn from me: At this Mrs. *Dawson* clasped me in her Arms, My Dear, said she, think that I am your Mother, indeed I have an Affection for thee, which exceeds all Bounds; you shall be my Daughter——my Friend, and all that is most dear to me: She then embraced me, when Miss *Fancourt* took this Opportunity to give me the most tender Assurances of her Affection.

As soon as my Mother's Funeral was over, I thought it adviseable to shut myself up in my Religious House for some Time; this I was prompted to by the melancholy Disposition of my Mind, which made me in Love with a Retirement where I might indulge my Reflections without Interruption; besides, I considered that it would not now be decent to live any longer in the House with *Valentine*, 'till after our Marriage: But as this Resolution opposed his Desire of spending his Time

with me, he applied to Mrs. *Dawson*, who proposed my living with her, and used so many Arguments to persuade me to it, that I could not absolutely refuse her, and therefore promised to stay in the Convent only a Month, where I might receive her Visits, and have the Satisfaction of seeing *Valentine* in her Company, as often as she pleased.

In short Mrs. *Dawson* carried me to my Convent, when after paying my Respects to the Abbess, and letting her know that Providence had deprived me of my dear Mother, I went to my Friend the Nun's Apartment, who rejoiced to see me: She desired me to sit down, said a great many tender Things to comfort me for my Loss; and I then told her, in a few Words, what had passed during my Absence, only omitting my Adventure with Miss *du Bois*, which I was resolved to keep secret.

When I had done, she told me she would defer congratulating me on my Reconciliation with my Lover, till I was in a Situation of Mind that would render such Discourses more agreeable to me. She then said that Miss *Franky* had received Orders from her Mother, to follow her to *England*, and that she had left the Convent the Day before. As I had now nothing to fear from *Valentine's* Inconstancy, this Piece of News was on his Account neither able to give me Pleasure or Pain; but yet the Reflection, that I should not be obliged to mortify her by my Presence, was a Satisfaction that suited with my Delicacy; for I easily conceived that after what had passed, it would be impossible for her to see me without a Confusion, that I had not the least Inclination to give her.

The next Morning I arose with a Mind full of Tranquility, and I spent Part of the Day with my Friend the Nun, and several of the Boarders: One of these Ladies, perhaps, observing that my
Affliction

Affliction for Mrs. *Valentine's* Loss was too great to suffer me to take any Delight in a promiscuous Conversation, endeavoured to divert me and make me chearful, by assuming an Air of Gaiety, and, with much Vivacity, began to display her Wit; but alas! I was incapable of relishing any Discourse that did not sooth my Grief, her Conversation became intollerably burthenfome to me: I desired her to forbear, and intreated her to change a Conversation, which the Disposition of my Mind rendered insupportable. At this she burst into a Laugh, and desired me to consider, that tho' I had lost a Friend, I had found a Lover, and she thought I had made such a happy Exchange, that I had no Reason to complain. Here I could not help weeping, but made her no Answer, when several of the Company perceiving my Tears, appeared affected, and cast down their Eyes: This young Lady seem'd pleased with what she had said, but looking round and perceiving she had her Laugh to herself, she blush'd, and was quite disconcerted, when my Friend the Nun, after giving me a Look full of Affection, said, It is cruel to offer that Joy to the Afflicted which they cannot taste; it is like insulting our Grief, and, instead of alleviating our Sorrows, is the only way to render the Mind inconsolable. Believe me, Miss, added she, addressing herself to the young Lady, who seemed still more confounded at her Reproof, Mirth is always unseasonable to a sorrowful Mind; Wit then grows distastful, and is like Music "when Time is broke, and no Proportion kept." I thank you, Madam, returned she, if I have offended it was not for want of Regard to Miss *Indiana*; and as my Intention was only to dissipate her Gloom, I hope she will be so good as to excuse my taking a wrong Method of doing it; and then, added she, smiling, I shall not be very sorry for

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having behaved ill, since it has been the Occasion of a Reproof, that will prevent my ever being guilty of the like Fault again: But to be serious, Miss, continued she, I don't think you can have such vast Cause for Affliction; and sure it is not unreasonable to imagine, that your Happiness should indeed counterbalance it, and render it less insupportable. I grant, said I, in some Measure it does so, but you must be a Stranger to the dear deceased Lady's Virtues, to think I can reflect, that I must see her no more without the severest Grief: How hard is it, continued I, with a Sigh, to break those Ties which are founded on Friendship and Reason! A Mind that is at ease can easily offer Motives of Consolation, and range a thousand Arguments which it thinks unanswerable, but these Motives don't reach the Heart, which is incapable of banishing its Passions.

Here I was interrupted by a Lay-Sister, who came to tell me that two Persons waited for me in the Parlour, at which all the Ladies rose up, took their Leave of me, and retired to their respective Apartments. I went down, and as I expected, found Mr. *Valentine* and Mrs. *Dawson* waiting for me. My Dear, said the latter, I have brought a Lover, who is doubly disconsolate, he comes to intreat you to pity him, and desires me to intreat you not to deprive him of your Company, at a Time when the Situation of his Mind renders your Absence most insupportable. I must join with him in repeating my Request, that you would immediately leave the Convent, and accept of my House, you may there have an Opportunity of comforting each other: It would be unkind to deny us such a reasonable Demand. I don't know what Answer to make you, Madam, returned I, I should be very sorry to give either of you the least Pain; and I assure you, I did not chuse this Retreat out of any
Desire

Desire to shun either your's, or Mr. *Valentine's* Company, but purely from a Regard to Decency, and to prevent Censure. And tho' I flattered myself with the Thoughts that I should here have an Opportunity to indulge my Grief, yet I could not separate myself from you without a great deal of Reluctance: Besides you know I had not taken Leave of my Convent, the Abbess expected me every Day to return to it again, and my Mother's Death render'd it proper that I should take this Opportunity of doing it, that I might let her know of my Intention to leave them, before I did it altogether. Here *Valentine* lifted up his Eyes, with an Air of Satisfaction, O my dear *Indiana*, said he, you will accompany us then, will not you? we shall drive directly to this Lady's House; she may speak to the Abbess immediately, and you will soon be ready. No, Sir, returned I, there is no apparent Reason for our being in such Haste, we must defer my going 'till To-morrow at least, mean Time I will prepare for it, and bid my Friends farewell. Mrs. *Dawson* thought me in the right, and went to meet the Abbess in another ParLOUR: As soon as we were alone, *Valentine* address'd me with the most affecting Air. My Dear, said he, did you know how insupportable this short Absence has been to me, was you sensible how heavily the lazy Hours have past along, I am sure you would pity me; you might then form some Idea of the Sincerity and Excess of my Passion. I believe it sincere, Sir, returned I, and I love to hear you tell me so, but let us defer, for some Time, these kind of Discourses; I ought yet to entertain no Ideas but such as relate to my dear Mamma, we will talk of her Virtues, 'till we plant them in our Minds, and we shall find some Consolation in mingling our Cares. What my Dear, said he, can we talk of her without men-

tioning our Passion, which was so agreeable to her, and which she blessed with her expiring Breath? Were not our Affairs more at her Heart, than those which more immediately concerned herself? our Love and her Tenderness are so interwoven, that we shall never be able to consider them separately long together.

This Discourse lasted till Mrs. Dawson returned, when she told me the Abbess desired to speak with me; and then after some affectionate Caresses, retired with my dear *Valentine*, who handed her down Stairs. They were no sooner gone than I went to wait upon the Abbess, who, after making me sit down by her, told me she was very sorry I was going to leave her. My dear Child, said she, as thou art a Person of Reason and Prudence, I was in Hopes that thou would'st have taken the Veil; but alas! poor Girl! thou dost not know what thou art doing, thou art unacquainted with the Snares of a worldly Life, and therefore art running into Temptations. That Beauty, added she, was never design'd to be thrown away on a Mortal; no, Heaven made thee for itself, and thou should'st consecrate thy Charms to him that gave them thee: Here thou mightest devote thyself to the Contemplation and Enjoyment of God. What an acceptable Sacrifice thou would'st be to him! the blessed Virgin, whose Beauty, while on Earth, exceeded that of the Children of Men, and who, happy Woman! held her God to her Breast, and gave Suck to the Prince of Peace; she, I say, will smile on thy Vows, and bless thee with her Favour. Mrs. *Valentine* loved thee, and I suppose has left thee great Part of her Estate: And how can'st thou bestow it better than by securing a Place in Heaven with it, which thou wilt certainly do, by settling it upon a Convent. I could not help smiling at this religious Cant, this monstrous

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Prophanation of sacred Things, to the sordid Views of Interest, and a vile Spirit of Covetousness; I reflected, while she was speaking, upon the tender Reception she gave me when I offered myself, before Mrs. *Valentine*, the flattering Epithets she so liberally bestowed upon me, and the cold Reception she afterwards gave me, when she found I desired to be admitted out of Charity. I confess, Madam, returned I, as soon as she had done, I am not able to enter into the Engagements you propose to me, my Affections are not sufficiently wean'd from the Things of this World, to render it possible for me to forsake them all at once: Besides, Madam, I am not certain that the Lady you mention has left me any Thing. This I could safely say, because *Valentine* had forbore mentioning the Contents of the Will to me, and I expected this Declaration would make her change her Tone; and have greater Weight with her than any Arguments I could make use of; but I was mistaken; she informed me, that Mrs. *Dawson* had told her that my Mother had left me something considerable, and then made use of all the Arguments she could think of to persuade me to believe that her Care for my Soul, induced her to wish that I would lay out my Estate in the Manner she proposed, since that alone, she said, could procure me the most solid Happiness in this Life, as well as eternal Felicity in the next. I thanked her for interesting herself so much in my Happiness, told her I would consider on what she had said, and went away very well pleased that I had disengaged myself from such a troublesome Visit.

It being a very fine Evening, I went to take a Walk in the Garden; the Winds were still, the Sun had just sunk beneath the Horizon, and given Way to the solemn Shades of the approaching Night. I walked here for some Time, indulging
an

an agreeable Contemplation, and then retired to my own Apartment. In my Way I happened to meet the haughty Lady of Quality I have mentioned already, who, with a Sneer, told me, she heard I was about taking the Veil, and was very glad to find I had formed such a Resolution, and hoped I would renounce the Poms and Vanities of this wicked World with a good Grace. Perhaps, Miss, said I, you may be mistaken; I assure you I have no such Design. Nay, said she, I think you cannot do better, and there can be no great Mortification in resigning the Pleasures of Life, when we have no Probability of our ever tasting them; I hope my pretty Creature, you are not so vain as to think that *Valentine* will ever marry you. I made her no Answer, but retired to my Chamber, a little nettled. My Friend the Nun hearing me shut the Door, rapped softly at it, on which I opened it, and she came in. The Abbess, said she, has spread a Report, that she has almost prevailed upon you to be a Nun, and as she has found you have a Fortune to bestow upon her House, I know she will spare no Pains to make you one of us; she knows how your Affairs stand with Mr. *Valentine*, and I am afraid she will endeavour to make a Breach between you, that she may remove all Obstacles that may prevent her from putting her Designs in Execution; therefore don't be prevailed upon to stay any longer than you can help. I should, my Dear, added she, esteem your Company as a great Blessing, but I know I cannot obtain it, without your being miserable; and I have too much Friendship for you, to prefer my Satisfaction to the Happiness of your whole Life. Beware of her Artifices, and more especially, guard yourself against her Flattery and pretended Tendernefs; it is deceitful; and you would find too soon, that it is only a Pretence

rence to keep you in her Power. Disbelieve every Thing she says, and you will be out of Danger; but if you give any Credit to her, you will be undone. I thanked her for her Advice; she wished me a good Night, and was going to leave me, when I desired her to stay a little longer, and repeated what the haughty young Lady had said to me, just before I enter'd the Room. I am more than ever convinced, that my Suspicions are just, said she, as soon as I had done. Miss *Franky* no sooner quarrell'd with *Valentine*, than she made this Lady, who is your profess'd Enemy, her Confidant; they were ever together, till she left *Paris*, and has been heard to say many ill-natur'd Things of you; but what is very remarkable is, that as soon as you left the Abbess, she was sent for to her, and came away just as you met her, and by what she said, I believe they had been contriving how to make you suspect your Lover's Constancy. Pray take Care that you are not impot'd on: I will assure you, you are in more Danger than you imagine, stand therefore upon your Guard, for you may be sure I would not give you these Cautions only to terrify you; she then wished me again a good Repose, and then retired.

All these Cautions alarmed me extremely, I did not know what to think, and soon found that my Mind could entertain other Ideas, than those of Grief, for the Loss of my dear Mother. I before thought myself secure of *Valentine*, and imagined that I had nothing to do now, but to wait till a decent Respect to her Memory would permit us to think of our own Happiness; but my Fears of being deprived of him, awak'd a Variety of Sensations in my Breast, and I spent great Part of the Night in confirming my Resolution of refusing to take the Veil, and in fortifying myself
against

against all the Arguments they could make use of.

The next Day I heard nothing from the Abbess, and tho' I expected Mrs. *Dawson* to come for me in her Coach, and waited impatiently to see her, yet I was disappointed; however my Friend the Nun endeavoured to comfort me, and at Night told me, that the Abbess had sent a Letter to Mrs. *Dawson*, by a Servant, and at the same Time assured me, that as almost every one in the House loved me, nothing could be done without our being informed of it, and made me hope that I should soon get out of their Hands, but at the same Time desired me not to seem to suspect any Thing, but pretended to believe every Thing the Abbess should say to me.

This Night I was much more uneasy than the former; I knew not how to behave; I burst into Tears, and lamented my unhappy Condition; Shall I never know an End of my Miseries? said I; I was born to be wretched, and must expect always to continue so! Is it not enough, that I have lost my Mamma, but I must lose *Valentine* too? must I be stripped at once of all that is dear to me? robb'd of every Comfort, and never enjoy a Moment's solid Repose? But why do I despair? added I, has not Providence hitherto extricated me out of greater Difficulties? *Valentine* sure cannot be long imposed upon, and Mrs. *Dawson* is too wise to be long the Dupe of their wicked Artifices. Good God! continued I, with a deep Sigh, disappoint the Designs of my Enemies.

The next Morning, I arose with a Mind perfectly disordered, and was no sooner dressed than the Abbess sent Word, that she desired I would breakfast with her, I wiped my Eyes, and resolved to dissemble my Uneasiness as much as possible; as I entered her Room, she threw her Arms
about

about my Neck, and kissed me; My Dear, said she, thou dost not know how much I love thee, and I am sure, thou can'st not imagine, how sorry I am at the Thoughts that thou wilt leave me. How shall I bear the Loss of this dear Child? but come, Daughter, sit down, I was afraid thou would'st leave us Yesterday, but am very glad thou hast changed thy Mind: Hast thou consider'd what I said to thee? and may I flatter myself that I have contributed to thy Resolution of staying a Day or two longer with us? Oh! that thou didst but know the Snares of this wicked World! added she, without giving me Time to answer her, thou would'st not court thy Misery by going into it, but would gladly chuse this peaceful Retirement, where thou might give up thy Thoughts to the sweet Delights that would always attend thee in the Practice of thy Duty. The World, Child, is a Sink of Iniquity, and it is impossible to continue virtuous in it, and there are few or none that ever get to Heaven, that have not spent their Lives in a Convent. Alas! how I should pity thee to see thee exposed to the Follies of a worldly Life. Oh! how my Heart bleeds for thee! Here she wiped her Eyes, and was silent. While she ran on in this hypocritical Strain, my Heart was so full of Resentment, that it was with the utmost Difficulty I contained myself; however, I endeavoured to appear sensible of her pretended Goodness, but I did it in such an awkward Manner, that I am persuaded she must have guess'd at the Disposition of my Mind.

Madam, said I, I am perfectly sensible of your Kindness, and shall always esteem it as I ought; but you know I must not engage myself in an Affair of such Consequence without advising with my Friends. Thy Friends, Child, what Friends? said she, hastily, thou hast lost Mrs. Valentine, that was

was a sincere Friend to thee; Ah! poor Woman she is gone, she used to tell me, how happy she should be, could she see you take the Veil; thou can'st not now consult her; she was thy only Friend, and on that Account I shall pray for her as long as I live. Did Mrs. *Valentine* tell you so, Madam, returned I? I did not think she had any Thoughts of making me a Nun. Yes, but she had tho', replied she, ever since *Valentine* was false to thee, and really was mightily concerned about it. But, Madam, said I, as she is dead, I must advise with Mrs. *Dawson* to whose Charge she left me. Thou art in the Right, returned she, and here is a Letter, thou may'st give her for Mr. *Valentine*, who sent it for Miss *Franky*, but she was gone before we received it. I will give it her to be sure, Mother, said I.

Here Breakfast was brought in, and while we were eating it, she continued her pious Exhortations, enumerated a great many Snares I should be exposed to, and concluded with assuring me, that the Welfare of my Soul always employed her Thoughts, and she hoped I should be prevailed upon to prefer my eternal Happiness to the vain Pleasures of Sense.

I no sooner got Leave to retire, but I hastened to find my Friend the Nun, who waited for me in my Room. I am in Amaze, Madam, said I, as soon as I saw her, I am so shocked at the Abbess's Impudence and Hipocrisy, that I can't tell how to express myself; my Mother, my dear Mother, she has the Assurance to say, was very desirous of having me a Nun. How! Mrs. *Valentine*! that is very extraordinary, returned my Friend. Nothing could be more so, replied I, but she did not know that I was too well acquainted with that dear Lady's Sentiments to give the least Credit to such a vile Assertion. I have a
Letter

Letter too to give to Mr. *Valentine*, which she pretends he sent the other Day for Miss *Franky*, that I suppose she expects I will break open, but she shall be deceived, I will send it to him just as it is, if ever I can get an Opportunity of doing it. That is prudently resolved, returned my Friend, but will not you give me a more particular Account of what she said to you? Here I repeated almost every Word that passed between us, and when I had done, she told me, she was very glad I insisted upon advising with Mrs. *Dawson*, but tho', said she, it is a very reasonable Demand, I am persuaded she will not consent to it, till she finds that all other Means prove ineffectual. However keep to your Resolutions, for, added she, you have no Reason to doubt a happy Conclusion of this Affair, so long as you arm yourself with Patience.

I had been in the Convent five or six Days, and was extremely afflicted to hear no News from my dear *Valentine* and Mrs. *Dawson*, when I was one Morning in the Garden, I heard, at some Distance, a Nun mention a young Lady's being in the Parlour with one of the Boarders, and by the Description she gave of her, I thought it could be none but Miss *du Bois*; I was seized with an extraordinary Joy at this Discovery, even before I was certain that it was really her, and ran immediately to the Room, where indeed I found her just taking Leave of one of the Boarders. As she did not know that I was in that Convent, she was extremely glad to see me, and as soon as the Lady retired, broke into the warmest Professions of Friendship, whilst I should infallibly have flown into her Arms, had I not been restrained by the Grate.

When our first Transports were over, My dear Friend, said she, what is the Reason that
you

you resolve to shut yourself up here? How can you think of withdrawing from your Friends, and leaving Mr. *Valentine* in absolute Despair? He, Mrs. *Dawson* tells me, can't support your Absence, he is surpris'd at such a sudden Resolution, and even Mrs. *Dawson* herself is afflicted on your Account, and would have seen you before this Time, had she not been much indispos'd by a Cold, which obliges her to keep her Room. Indeed, Miss, added she, you can't think how tenderly you are beloved! Ah! how much are you all deceived! said I, I have not the least Desire to be a Nun, and have been very uneasy at being constrained to be here, contrary to my Inclinations. Why that is very surpris'ing, returned she, what Reason then has the Abbess to write such tender Letters to persuade them not to fetch you, in which she extols your Piety, and says you are inclin'd to retire from the World. Mrs. *Dawson* suspected that all was not right, for she could hardly believe that it was possible for you to desire her to come for you the next Day, and then to permit the Abbess to forbid it; but as she could not suspect the good Lady's Veracity, she was at a Loss how to account for such an extraordinary Action. Well, my Dear, said I, it is now in your Power to do me the greatest Service by undeceiving them. Please to stay a Moment, added I, while I write a Line or two to Mr. *Valentine*, you don't know how my Heart beats with Joy, at the Thoughts of being delivered from this Captivity. On this I wrote as follows:

S I R,

" I DON'T know what you have thought of
 " my Confinement, if I am dear to you, I am
 " sure it must give you the greatest Pain. This I
 " know

“ know from what I feel in my own Breast. In-
 “ deed I can’t tell what the Abbess has wrote to
 “ you and Mrs. *Dawson*, that could prevent your
 “ coming for me at the Time I appointed. She
 “ has heard that my dear Mother has left me
 “ something considerable, and therefore would
 “ prevail upon me to settle it upon her Convent;
 “ she would be glad to make a Breach between
 “ us; take care that you are not imposed upon; I
 “ have inclosed a Letter that she desired me to
 “ give you; she expected I should break it open,
 “ but she did not know me. I have too much
 “ Respect for you to desire to know what you
 “ perhaps would conceal from me. In short, I
 “ see thro’ her Artifice, and without your Assist-
 “ ance shall be constrained to be miserable. Fly
 “ then, Sir, to save the Distressed

INDIANA.

P. S. Pray, if possible, bring Mrs. *Dawson* with you.

As soon as I had sealed this Letter, I gave it to Miss *du Bois*, and desired her to carry it immediately to Mr. *Valentine*, and then went to acquaint my Friend the Nun with what I had done, who was so good as to join with me in my Joy, tho’ she told me she should be a Sufferer by my Happiness, as I should deprive her of tasting the Satisfaction of Friendship. Mean while Miss *du Bois* went to Mr. *Valentine*’s, but was there told that he was gone to see Mrs. *Dawson*; she then went thither, and soon filled them both with a pleasing Surprise. Notwithstanding Mrs. *Dawson*’s Indisposition, she resolved to accompany him, and in two Hours Time I had the Satisfaction of being called for. As I entered the Parlour I saw *Valentine*,

I i

who

who immediately cast upon me a Look of Transport, which I returned with those lively Glances which spring from a Mind raised from the Depth of Despair to the Height of its Wishes. Oh! my Dear, said he, as soon as he saw me, have you never ceased to love me? Is it true that you have not desired to snatch yourself from my Embraces, by immuring yourself in this Convent? Thou dearest, thou best of Women, continued he, may I still hope one Day to call thee mine? Two Hours ago I was lamenting my Wretchedness, and reproaching myself as being unworthy of tasting any real Happiness, and was even lost in Despair; but now I am only sensible to the most exquisite Joy. Come, Sir, enough, said I, pray defer this Rapture till I am safe from my Prison; Where is Mrs. *Damson* that I don't see her here? She is gone to speak to the Abbess, and reprove her for imposing upon us, returned he; she will be soon back, and we will take you to her House. Here we were interrupted by a Lay-Sister, who came to tell me that the Abbess desired to speak to me. On which I went to her immediately, and found her with Mrs. *Damson*, who seemed to be in a Heat, as if she had been talking severely to the old Lady. My dear Child, said the Abbess, as soon as I entered the Room, this Lady and I have had a little Dispute about thee; I confess my tender Affection for thee, and thy engaging Behaviour, have made me strain a Point of Conscience, in order to keep thee with me; what would not one do to have the Happiness of preserving such a lovely Creature here, whose Piety would be an Ornament to my House; I knew thy pious Resolution, and was willing to give thee Time to cherish it, by keeping thee a little longer with us. Doubtless, Madam, returned I, I must be infinitely obliged to you for your Care of me, as well as of my small Fortune,

Fortune, since, as you say, I should be infallibly miserable if I did not forsake the World; and that by bestowing my Fortune upon your House, I should certainly purchase everlasting Felicity. If we may buy a Place in Heaven for such a Trifle as two or three Thousand Livres a Year, who would not bestow their Money to such an Advantage? This was spoke with an Air that made Mrs. Dawson smile, she seemed pleased at my Reproof, while the Abbess cast down her Eyes; when I added, especially, Madam, as my dear Mamma was so extremely solicitous about my taking the Veil. That I never heard of before, said Mrs. Dawson, it is the last Thing I should have thought of. How, Madam, said she, addressing herself to the Abbess, could you assert such a notorious Falshood? Here she sat for some Time silent, and then lifting up her Eyes, I am sorry, Child, said she at last, that you put such an unkind Construction upon the little Artifice I have made use of to keep you amongst us, as to insinuate that it sprang from any other Motive than a sincere Affection for thee. Thou wilt ever be dear to me, and I shall pray for thy Happiness as long as I live. Farewell, Child, I will go and order your Box to be brought down. Your Servant, Madam, added she to Mrs. Dawson. Here she left us in a Manner that shewed she was glad to break off this Conversation. Mrs. Dawson and I went back to the Parlour, where I took my Leave of the Nuns; Mrs. Terviere, my Friend the Nun, I found waiting for me in the Passage; she embraced me with Tears, and I confess I felt a great deal of Pain at separating myself from this Lady. I then embraced the rest of the Nuns and Boarders, and my Box being placed in the Coach, Mrs. Dawson, my dear *Valentine* and I drove away.

As we were going along, *Valentine* pulled a Letter out of his Pocket, Dear Miss, said he, I cannot help applauding your Discretion in not breaking open this Letter; I confess I wrote it some Time ago to Miss *Franky*, and she without doubt dropt it in her Hurry of going away; but they have altered the Date, that you might imagine it was sent to her after she left the Convent, in order, I suppose, to make you think I still carry on a Correspondence with her. We then diverted ourselves a little with the Abbess's pious Zeal for my Happiness, which had such extraordinary Effects; whilst *Valentine* seemed pleased at the Confusion we had given her, in letting her know that we could see thro' her hypocritical Pretences. When we arrived at Mrs. *Dawson's*, we found Miss *du Bois* waiting for us, in Company with the Officer, who very politely complimented me on my being set at Liberty; for she had given him an Account of the Abbess's Plot. I then went to Miss *du Bois*, and returned her Civilities on this Occasion, by giving her Thanks for the Share she had in procuring my Enlargement. I looked upon her as my Deliverer, and methought I felt a peculiar Pleasure in regarding her in this Light, as it seemed as if Heaven rewarded me for relieving her from her Distress, by making her relieve me from mine.

I now lived with Mrs. *Dawson* in a Manner that shewed the great Esteem that Lady had for me; she treated me with the same Respect and Freedom as my Mamma had done, and the Servants in all their Actions, shewed they modelled themselves according to their Mistress's Behaviour. Mr. *Valentine* came almost every Day to see me, and seldom unaccompanied by my Friend the Officer, a Nobleman for whom I had an Esteem, mixed with a surprizing Veneration and Regard. Their Conversation was always lively and entertaining,
tho'

tho' we sometimes discoursed on the most serious Subjects, which were handled in a Manner which gave us a Satisfaction infinitely superior to that of Laughter.

One Day Mrs. *Dawson* led us into her Library, which was composed of a very curious Collection of all those Pieces in our Language, which are able to improve the Judgment or inform and entertain the Mind. Here I had spent many agreeable Hours. *Valentine* and the Officer complimented Mrs. *Dawson* on the Justness of her Taste, in her Choice of the most solid and polite Authors, and expressed the most lively Satisfaction, at seeing her possessed of such an inestimable Treasure. I made some Reflections on the Sentiments of some of the Pieces I had read, and was going on with my Remarks, when Mrs. *Dawson* arose to bring us the Book I was commending, in order to turn to a Passage which I had been saying I was charmed with; but she happened to let it fall. I started up in a Hurry of Complaisance, to take it up for her, but in stooping broke my Necklace; and the Beads were immediately scattered about the Room. As they were of Pearl, and a Present from my Mamma, I set a Value upon them proportionable to my Tenderness for that Lady, and we were immediately all employed in picking them up. When we had found them all, I desired *Valentine* to give me something to put them in, when the Officer hastily putting his Hand into his Pocket, presented me with a Paper, which upon my going to receive, he drew back, put it again into his Pocket, and gave me another; I beg your Pardon, Miss, said he, this is the last Letter I received from a dear Brother, whom I have not seen these twenty Years. A Brother! said Mrs. *Dawson*, I thought you had never had any but the Count de *****; but, Sir, can you persuade us to believe you set
such

such a great Value upon that Paper, while you carry it so carelessly in your Pocket. Yes, Madam, returned he, I was reading it this Morning, when a particular Friend came into my ParLOUR unperceived, and tapp'd me on the Shoulder; I started, and being unwilling to disturb his Gaiety, by my serious Reflections, I slipped it into my Pocket, and strove to divert my growing Melancholy, which the Thoughts of my Brother had occasioned, by entering into Conversation with him. But, Sir, returned Mrs. Dawson, you say you have not seen your Brother these twenty Years, what sort of Person was he? Has he been Abroad all this while, or is he since dead? The Brother, Madam, I am speaking of, said he, was in all Respects a worthy Man; his Person was amiable, he had fine Sense, improved by extensive Learning; he had a Heart perfectly generous and truly noble, and was an Ornament to his Country, as well as the Delight of his Friends: He married a most accomplish'd Lady, and to give you her Picture, you must look upon the amiable *Indiana*; for I assure you, that there is something in her Countenance that greatly resembled my Sister's, who was about her Age when she was married; at which Time I went into the Army, and had been there two or three Years when he sent me this Letter to inform me, that some Body had rendered him suspected to the Government of carrying on a Correspondence with the Enemy, and that he designed to retire with his Wife and Daughter, a lovely little Creature, 'till his Innocence could be cleared up: Since this Time I have never been able to learn in what Country he chose to reside, or even whether he be yet living, so that my other Brother has taken the Possession of his Estate and Title which he now enjoys. I heard this Story with a great deal of Emotion; but had not the Confidence to enquire
more

more minutely into the Circumstances of this Fact; so that the Conversation turned again upon Books. Many fine Sentiments were taken Notice of, and tho' nothing could be more charming than the Remarks which were made upon them, I could not help sometimes glancing a Thought at the Officer's History of his Brother, tho' I could give no Account of the Reason of my interesting myself in what apparently so little concerned me. When they were gone I retired to my Room, and considered again every Circumstance of this Story, my Heart fluttered whenever I thought of his Brother, and my bearing so near a Resemblance to his Sister: But as I thought it impossible to prove that I was the Daughter he mentioned, tho' I should really be so, I resolved to conceal my Conjectures, since I had so little Foundation for them, and not to acquaint Mrs. *Dawson* with my Thoughts lest she should be displeased at my Vanity. How unaccountable are the strange Impressions, which even trifling Circumstances raise in the Mind! sure some happy kind Spirits, some angelic Beings have a Communication with our Thoughts, and point out the Way to our Felicity.

I had now been about six Months at Mrs. *Dawson's*, in which Time I sometimes went with her to pass a Day or two together, at the Country-Seat which Mrs. *Valentine* had given me: Every Thing now conspired to make me happy; *Valentine* pressed me daily to have our Marriage celebrated, but I still found some Excuses to defer it: But the Time now hastened when I was to find my Family, my Relations, my Friends, when I was to taste the unutterable Satisfaction of knowing those whom Nature has given us strong Propensions to love and revere. I think I mentioned, that I brought with me to *Paris*, the little Cloaths I was dressed in, when discovered, in the Stage-Coach,
in

in the Arms of the murdered Lady : These I had taken out of my Box, and put them into my Chest of Drawers at Mrs. *Dawson's*. One Day that Lady going up Stairs for something she wanted, I gave her my Keys, and desired her to look into my Drawers for my Work, when she cast her Eyes upon those Pieces of my early Finery and brought them down Stairs with her. What have you got here? said she, as she returned, here is something extremely pretty : This Silk tho', it is old fashioned, is some of the richest I ever saw. She then observed my Head-Dress, and admired the Fineness of the Lace and the Beauty of the Needle-Work. Is this the Dress you was found in my Dear? said she; I think I heard you had brought it with you, and I wonder we had none of us the Curiosity to see it before. Yes, Madam, said I, Mrs. *Robinson* made me bring it with me to Town, but for what Reason I cannot tell, unless it was to be a Proof that I am not of mean Extraction. That Lady was very prudent, returned she, this is a Dress fit for a Princess. She then observed a Cypher curiously worked in one of the Seams, and then smiling upon me, I don't know, added she, but this may one Day bring you to the Knowledge of your Family, when *Valentine's* Friends, who now looks upon you with Contempt, will perhaps find themselves greatly honoured by your Alliance. This is a very pleasing Thought, said I, but was I of the Blood Royal I had rather continue thus ignorant of the Grandeur of my Birth, than be obliged to forsake my dear *Valentine*, for the highest Honours would not make Life tolerable to me without him : Whatever are my Family or Circumstances my highest Felicity will be that of being his : He who could stoop to marry me a Foundling and an Orphan, unknown to the World, and in the lowest Indigence, would deserve me, tho' I were

were born to wear a Crown : But why do you talk so, Madam, continued I, is it possible that you can, from these Trifles, give me any Light into my Family ? I don't know, said she, but I must see your good Friend the Officer, and, perhaps, by his Means we may learn something that won't be disagreeable to you to know. The Officer ! Madam, replied I, blushing, do you think he can give us any Information ? how I should rejoice to find myself allied to that worthy Man ! a Person for whom I have never ceased to have the highest Esteem ! But, when shall we see him, Madam ? I will send to him directly, said she, and desire his Company at Supper. I am as impatient to see him as thou can't be : Come don't look thoughtful, if I am mistaken in my Conjectures, we are only where we were.

I was wavering betwixt my Hopes and Fears ; sometimes delighting myself with the most pleasing Prospects, and then afflicting myself at the Apprehensions of a Disappointment, when Mrs. Dawson, a little surprized at my being so long alone, sent a Servant to tell me she begg'd the Favour of my Company : When I went down she desired to know what it was that had disturbed me, for she saw some Traces of the Trouble of my Thoughts in my Countenance, on which I ingenuously opened my Heart to her, without concealing the least Article of my Uneasiness. I can't bear to see you so concerned, said she, about the Event of our Enquiry : Is it any great Matter whether you oblige Mr. *Valentine* or he you : Our military Friend has sent Word he will be with us presently ; and I have one Piece of Advice to give you, that is, to take no Notice of what we are about to your Lover, it will be Time enough to mention it to him when you can do it with a Grace. I am entirely of your Opinion, Madam, returned I, *Valentine* shall

be ignorant of our Thoughts till a Discovery of them may contribute to his Happiness. Here somebody knock'd at the Door, at which my Heart began to flutter afresh: Now, said I to myself, this important Moment approaches! Oh! that this painful Suspense was over! The Officer presently entered the Room, and saluted us with an Air of unusual Gaiety. I am very much obliged to you Ladies, said he, for the Honour you confer upon me. It is we that are obliged, Sir, said Mrs. Dawson, we wanted to consult with you about an Affair of Consequence; and to prevent our being interrupted by Company, we will lose no Time but enter upon it immediately: I have by me some Cloaths which belonged to an Infant, and I want your Opinion of them. Pray take Notice of this Head-Dress; nay, Sir, don't smile, added she, before you have heard me. Indeed, Madam, returned he, I have no Judgment in such Things. That may be, Sir, replied she, but I want you carefully to examine some Cyphers, curiously worked in this Seam, perhaps they may give us some Light into a certain young Lady's Family. He then took it in his Hand, and Mrs. Dawson explained the Letters to him, whilst I trembled, and was in the utmost Pain for the Event. After he had observed it for some Time, he gave a Sigh, and looking at Mrs. Dawson and me, with an Air that shewed some Emotion, May I see the Lady said he. You do see her, said Mrs. Dawson, it is *Indiana*; these are the Things she was found in when taken out of the Stage-Coach. Oh, my dear, *Indiana*, said he, rising with his Eyes full of Tenderness, I must instantly endeavour to unravel this Affair, you are perhaps my Niece: I see here the initial Letters of her Name; and here, said he, pointing to another Place, are those of my Brother and Sister that I have so long lost. Permit me to embrace

brace you, I will ride Post instantly to the Count my Brother; he is now at *Versailles*, and as he lived at *Paris*, when my Brother retired from hence, perhaps he, or my Mother, who lives with him, may remember all the Particulars of this Dress, and if you will give me Leave I will take it with me. Pray do, Sir, said I. He then tenderly embraced me, and parted with his Eyes full of a manly Softness.

As soon as he was gone I burst into Tears, My dear Mrs. *Dawson*, said I, throwing my Arms about her Neck, I shall be happy beyond my utmost Wishes. My God! what Felicity dost thou prepare for me! What Gratitude is due to thee! may I never forget thy Goodness! *Valentine* will be no more reproached with loving an Object unworthy of his Affection! My Dear, said she, weeping too, and holding me in her Arms, I heartily sympathize with thee in thy Satisfaction; but let us still conceal it from the World; take care you don't let Mr. *Valentine* know it; we will surprise him with the News all at once, when we have heard the Success of your Uncle's Journey. I agree to it, Madam, returned I; but how agreeable the Discovery will be to him! I can't help anticipating the Satisfaction he will feel on this Occasion.

As *Valentine* by some Means or other, was prevented from paying me a Visit this Evening, I had Time, against the next Day, to confirm myself in my Resolution of concealing, for some Time, the Discovery which was breaking out, and arm myself with so much Temper, as to make it impossible to discover any Thing from my Behaviour. As he had not been with me the Day before, he came two or three Hours sooner than usual, and was at Mrs. *Dawson's* before Dinner. As soon as we were alone he appeared impatient at my Delays

in deferring the Completion of our mutual Happiness, and pressed me to fix upon the Day, which was to make me his, in such an engaging Manner, that he prevailed upon me to be more hasty than I intended, and I consented that I would be his Wife in six Weeks Time. Tho' he was pleased with this Promise, as I could easily see by his Countenance, which discovered an unusual Satisfaction, yet he endeavoured to make me shorten that Time, by every Argument which he thought could prevail upon me. And why six Weeks, my dear *Indiana*? said he, taking my Hand and pressing it between his; can you love me, and yet desire to torment me with needless Delays? Sure your Tenderness must be greatly inferior to mine. Did you know how painful it is to me to be absent from you, I am sure you would pity me, and hasten my Felicity. Here he stopped, and gave me such a Look, as touched my very Soul. Indeed, Sir, returned I, you don't do me Justice; you have no Reason to accuse me of Cruelty, and perhaps I might with the strictest Truth assure you, that my Tenderness is not at all inferior to your's; how then is it possible that I should take a Pleasure in giving you Pain? you ought rather to conclude that I have some Reasons for deferring the Completion of our Happiness, and I assure you, they are such as even you will approve of. While we were talking thus, Mrs. *Dawson* entered the Room, on which we changed the Subject of our Conversation, and talked of indifferent Matters, till it was Time for *Valentine* to retire.

The next Day in the Afternoon, as I was reading in the Library, Mrs. *Dawson* came to me with an Air that expressed the most lively Satisfaction. My dear, said she, smiling, what will you give me for a Letter from our Friend the Officer, whom I must now call your Uncle? I have just

just received one from him, with another inclosed for you. Here, Miss, added she, are both. I took them, and opened Mrs. Dawson's Letter, which, as near as I can remember, was to this Effect.

DEAR MADAM,

“ I M P A T I E N T to be certain of my
 “ Happiness, in being related to the amia-
 “ ble *Indiana*, I have endeavoured, ever since I
 “ left you, to gain all possible Information, and
 “ not without Success. As soon as I arrived at my
 “ Brother's, I went to wait upon my Mother the
 “ Countess Dowager, who was a little indisposed in
 “ her Chamber. There I found my Sister and
 “ several other Ladies of Distinction. I took the
 “ first Opportunity to shew them the Cap I re-
 “ ceived from you, which I pretended I had found
 “ upon the Road. I gave it my Mother, she
 “ looked at it for some Time, and then taking
 “ off her Spectacles, and lifting up her Eyes, I
 “ saw them swimming in Tears. My poor Child!
 “ said she; alas! what is become of thee! What
 “ you have found, said she to me, puts me in
 “ mind of your Brother and Sister; and then turn-
 “ ing to a Lady who sat by her, This, Madam,
 “ continued she, is extremely like the Cap you
 “ made a Present of to my Grand-Daughter. The
 “ Lady then took it, and had no sooner cast her
 “ Eyes upon it, than she cried out with Astonish-
 “ ment, it is the same. I perfectly remember it,
 “ for I made it myself. What is become of my
 “ dear Friend the Countess? May I never flatter
 “ myself with the Hopes of seeing her again? She
 “ then asked me where I found it, on which I
 “ related, in a few Words, *Indiana's* History. My
 “ Mother wept at the Loss of her Son and Daugh-

ter, at the same Time that she rejoiced at the
 “ Thought of seeing again her Grand-Daughter,
 “ and was ravished at the Idea of finding her a
 “ Lady of such Merit, as I justly represented her.
 “ Mean while all the Ladies appeared in the
 “ greatest Amazement, but my Sister held down
 “ her Head, seemed displeased at the Discovery,
 “ and made some Objections to Miss *Indiana*’s
 “ being her Niece; which, however, were soon
 “ answered. My Brother says, he will joyfully
 “ resign the Estate, which is her Due, as soon as
 “ her Right to it can be prov’d. I am now in the
 “ Road to *Bourdeaux*, and but a few Miles from
 “ the Village, at which my dear Niece received
 “ her Education. I am,

Madam,

Your’s, &c.

J. N.

The other Letter, of which I have still the
 Copy, was exactly as follows:

DEAR MISS,

“ I T would be in vain for me to pretend to de-
 “ scribe the Joy I feel at the Reflection of
 “ being so nearly related to a Person whose shin-
 “ ing Virtues would give a Lustre to the highest
 “ Stations of Life, and make Nobility truly noble.
 “ I have offered you my Heart, and have loved
 “ you with all the Tenderness of a passionate
 “ Lover; but you no sooner crushed my Hopes
 “ of being your’s, than I gave Laws to my De-
 “ fires, and aspired to deserve the Character of a
 “ sincere, honest and disinterested Friend. To
 “ that dear Name I have now another Claim —
 “ that

“ that of Blood, but this can add nothing to my
“ Zeal for your Happiness, which ever since I
“ knew you, was dearer to me than my own.
“ Believe me, dear Miss, I interest myself in all
“ that concerns you; I share in your Felicity, and
“ wish you and Mr. *Valentine*, all the Satisfac-
“ tions that Virtue, Innocence, and Love can be-
“ stow. In a few Days I shall see you again,
“ when I shall have an Opportunity of telling you,
“ how much I am,

My dear Niece,

Your affectionate Friend,

J. N.

Well, my Dear, said Mrs. *Dawson*, laughing, as soon as I had finished reading these two Letters, don't you think the Officer, (your Uncle I should say) is grown very gallant. He writes as passionately as a young Lover, at the same Time that he preserves the Tenderness of a Father. Such a Friend ought to be esteemed as an invaluable Blessing. 'Tis true, Madam, replied I, my being related to a Person of such Merit is not the least Advantage I shall derive from this Discovery; and I shall set a greater Value upon his Friendship, than upon my Father's Estate which I shall obtain thro' his Means. He is not only my Friend, but my Dear *Valentine's* too. Such a disinterested Friend is one of the greatest Blessings of Life. He will be at the same Time an Uncle, a Father and a Brother to me. You are in the Right, said Mrs. *Dawson*, how assiduous he is in promoting your Happiness! With what Diligence does he endeavour to raise you to those Honours you were born to enjoy, and to procure you the Possession of an Estate which might fall to him after his Bro-

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her's Decease! Happy the Persons who have such a Friend; but doubly happy they who know how to prize him as they ought!

Two or three Days after this, Mrs. *Dawson* asked *Valentine* and I to go with her to pay a Visit to a Lady of her Acquaintance, that lived at a Village a few Leagues from *Paris*, we readily accepted the Offer, and set out as soon as we had dined. We were received with a great deal of Politeness by an elderly Gentleman and Lady, and upon Mrs. *Dawson's* presenting us both to them, as two of her dearest Friends, who were shortly to be married, we were caressed in a very engaging Manner. We think ourselves extremely obliged to you, Madam, said the old Gentleman, for the Honour you do us, of giving us an Opportunity of knowing those who are worthy of your Esteem. I think I have somewhere seen these two amiable Persons? Yes, Sir, replied Mrs. *Dawson*, Miss *Indiana* was once at my House with this Gentleman and his Mother, when you entered just as they were taking their Leave of me. I suppose you might see them then. They are both of very noble Families, and I assure you I think myself greatly honoured in the Share I flatter myself I have in their Affections. But where are your Son and the young Ladies? Oh! Madam, said the old Lady, they will be here presently. She had hardly spoke, when we saw a young Gentleman pass by the Window smacking his Whip, calling his Hounds, and in short, making a most hideous Noise. He presently after entered the Room with a remarkable Air of clownish Rusticity; he was booted and spurred, had a great Coat on with a Jockey's Cap, and, as soon as he appeared, gave such a Scrape with his Foot, that I verily believe he left a Mark of a Yard long. As soon as he took his Seat, Mrs. *Dawson* unhappily asked him,
if

if he had had any Sport. At which he began with his starting his Game, and travelled again over all the Ground where had been the Scene of his Morning's Diversion; related all the Windings and Doublings of the Hare; told us who every Field belonged to thro' which he rode, and expatiated on the Merit of his Hounds; and all this interwoven with a thousand Oaths and Curses, till we were so weary with his tedious Impertinence, that we were about to take our Leave, as the only Means of extricating ourselves from the Trouble he gave us. But what most surprized us was to see his Father and Mother, who appeared to be Persons of good Sense, listening to him with an Air that expressed the utmost Satisfaction. Is it possible, said I to myself, that the Tenderneſs of a Parent should degenerate into ſuch a criminal Fondneſs, as to make them delight in the Folly of their Offspring? What Service can ſuch a Man be of to his Friend or his Country, who knows no Gratification ſuperior to following a Hare or running down a Fox, and who is, in all Reſpects, as worthleſs an Animal, as thoſe who engroſs all his Attention. We had ſat an Hour without any of us having an Opportunity of putting in a Word, and were riſing when he ſtopped to take a little Breath. I am glad, Sir, ſaid *Valentine*, that you have had ſuch good Diverſion To-day; Hunting is a noble Exerciſe, and much conducive to the Promotion of Health; but ſure it ought not to be our ſupreme Felicity. Sir, ſaid the old Gentleman, my Boy is fond of the Chace, and is one of the beſt Huntſmen in the Country; and when he begins upon theſe Subjects, he is apt to be a little tedious, but I love to hear him talk of them; tho' I wiſh he did not ſwear ſo much. I wiſh ſo too, Sir, ſaid I, theſe are only uſeleſs Blanks in Diſcourſe, and if they had been left out, all
that

that has been said would have been reduced into about half the Compais; and I assure you, Sir, added I, addressing myself to the young Gentleman, I am almost angry that you should believe you have so little Credit with us, as to think it necessary to swear to every trifling Particular; but however a Torrent of common Place Execrations may certainly be of great Service to Persons who have so mean a Genius as to want such useless Explicatives to disguise their Want of Ideas, and hide their Inability to furnish out a Discourse without them; but pray, Sir, don't imagine I think you one of this Number. Madam, I beg your Pardon, said he, tho', Faith, I hardly know what you mean by your *Abilities* and *Ideots*. But I heard a rare Story To-day, Father, of a Gentleman at *Paris* who is main rich, and yet is such a Fool as to think of marrying a pretty vagabond Girl. Lord what Sap-culls there are in the World! Zoons, had he but half my Sense, I know what I know! But ma'hap' you may know them, Madam, added he, addressing himself to Mrs. Dawson. The young Fellow's Name is *Valentine*; and the Wench I speak of, I think they call *Indiana*. Here I saw *Valentine* knit his Brows, and look upon him with an Air of Contempt, whilst I could not help blushing; but my Relation to the Officer no sooner entered my Thoughts, than I recovered myself from my Confusion. What do you mean, Sir? said Mrs. Dawson, interrupting him, Mr. *Valentine* is a Gentleman who would have Sense enough to despise your Censure, were the young Lady destitute of a Fortune; but she is not so; I know her Family; she is a Person of Quality, and is related to some of my most intimate Friends. and *Valentine*, tho' of noble Extraction, I assure you, will be greatly honoured by the Alliance. This was spoke with such an Air
of

of Assurance, that *Valentine*, who knew nothing of the Discovery of my Birth, could not help smiling, and giving me a Look, which told me he approved of the Deceit, he thought Mrs. *Dawson* put upon them. If my Son has been misinformed, Madam, said the old Lady, you must excuse him: I have heard something of the Story before, but as I did not know the Persons concerned I could not contradict it. There is little Credit to be given to Report. 'Tis true, Madam, returned Mrs. *Dawson*, I assure you they are both Persons of Merit, and are every way worthy of each other.

The two young Ladies, who were Persons of very different Characters, entered the Room while their Brother was in the Midst of his tedious Discourse. The Youngest, who was about Seventeen, seemed the Favourite of her Father and Mother; was naturally genteel, and would have appeared quite charming, had not her whole Behaviour been discoloured by the most ridiculous Affectation, which was so visible, as to destroy all the Impressions which her Beauty was apt to make upon those who saw her. She no sooner saluted us, but she sat down by her Father, who gave her a Look full of Tenderness. She immediately began to endeavour to attract our Eyes, and especially *Valentine*, by gallanting her Fan, and every Moment changing her Posture to discover some new Charm. While her Brother was talking she had frequently an Opportunity of shewing a fine Set of Teeth, by bursting into a ridiculous Laughter, then threw herself back in her Chair, recovered herself and adjusted her Tucker and Head-dress, to discover a delicate round white Arm; afterwards pulled out a Gold Snuff-Box set with Diamonds, and then looked at her Watch: Her whole Behaviour was visibly to give a Grace to every Charm;

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Charm; and her too eager Desire of pleasing made her even disagreeable.

The other Lady was much older than her Sister, had a Complexion very ordinary, and was a little crooked, but had an Air so easy, that it more than made up for the want of those Charms her Sister was possessed of: She appeared to have a great Degree of good Sense, but received none of those kind Glances, which were continually bestowed upon her Brother and Sister, who seemed to engross the very Souls of their Parents. She entered the Room dress'd rather like a Servant than the Sister of the other Lady, and after saluting us with a very good Grace, retired to the further End of the Room, where I could perceive her frequently blush, and seem in Confusion at her Brother's Impertinence. I was soon prepossessed in her Favour, and would have been very glad to have enjoy'd her Company, could I have hoped to obtain it without being troubled with that of her Brother and Sister.

As we rose up to go, the old Gentleman and Lady pressed us to stay Supper; but as we were so far from home, we begged to be excused; when after exchanging some Compliments, and entreating them to return our Visit at *Paris*, we took our Leave. We were no sooner seated in the Coach than Mrs. *Dawson* said, How dreadful are the Effects of a wrong Education! A Gentleman with no other Ideas than those of a Peasant, is unworthy of the Honours to which he is born. This young Man will have a great Estate, but his Happiness must be confined in a narrow Compass, while his Mind is shut to every great and noble Idea; he has no Taste for rational Pleasures, neither Wisdom; the sweet Delights of Friendship, or the God-like Pleasures of Virtue can have any Charms for him. 'Tis true, Madam, rejoined *Valentine*,
what

what a vast Difference must there be in the Happiness of the Virtuoso, who spends his Life in the Study of those Sciences, which enlarge the Mind by a continual Accession of new Ideas, and the Man whose Views and Satisfactions are all confined to the dull Round of sensual Enjoyments! Can he be happy who has no other Felicity than what his Dogs, his Horses, his Bottle gives him? His Hounds rival him in the Chace, and, perhaps, are sensible of more Pleasure in the Pursuit of their Game than their Master: While every Brook affords them a Liquor as agreeable to their Taste, and with which they can sate their Thirst with as high a Satisfaction, as he with his richest Wines. What a noble Taste must that Man have, who consents to forsake the divine Pleasures of which his Nature is capable of, to share only in the Delights of his Beagles and his Horses! They are content with being Brutes, said I, while they preserve the Outside of the Man, tho' they are as really so as if the Form was changed too; for, banish Reason, and give the Man canine Inclinations, and what is he but a Dog in Masquerade? No, no, said Mr. *Valentine* laughing, I think you carry it a little too far now, while he is conscious that he has Reason, tho' he suffer it to lie dormant, he is a Man still, tho' he makes no Use of his Intellectuals, but lets them lie by 'till they are so rusty that they can be of little Service to him; they are enough to constitute him, in some Measure, a reasonable Being. But how do you like the young Ladies, Madam? added he, addressing himself to Mrs. *Dawson*. I sincerely pity them both, said she, the Eldest, tho' shamefully disregarded by her Father and Mother, is a very deserving Woman, and wants nothing but a more favourable Outside to render her every way charming: I am sorry to see Persons of good Sense have such a Partiality for their Children, for
nothing

nothing can be of worse Consequence. The Cultivation of young Minds, added she, is a most important Task: Just Ideas ought to be instilled as soon as the Mind is capable of receiving them; when the tender Faculties begin to open and expand themselves, they should begin to feel the Force of that Truth, which ought to be the Rule of their After-conduct: And how delightful must it be for the young Soul, in Proportion as it ripens, to find itself continually entertained with the Prospect of new and pleasing Ideas. On the contrary, the Time for Improvement is commonly trifled away; the fond Parent is afraid to give his favourite Child the Trouble of thinking, lest it should damp its Vivacity; its little Follies take up all his Attention, whilst Flattery and an unjust Applause lay the Seeds of innumerable Vices, which spring up as soon as he arrives to Manhood. On the other Hand, the Stern Parent damps the aspiring Thoughts, and makes it too often averse to Improvement, since it is taught to regard the Acquisition of Knowledge as a most painful Task. It is for your Sake, Mr. *Valentine*, continued she smiling, that I make these Reflections, you may soon know what it is to be a Father, and then such Observations may be useful to you; and I know you will excuse me if I add one Word more, and that is, that we should never give Children any Ideas but such as they are capable of understanding with the greatest Ease; we should encourage their Enquiries, regard the pretty little Creatures as our Friends, and never use them with Severity, while it is possible to work upon them by the gentler Methods of Tenderness and Affection. Let us break off this Subject, said *Valentine*. I think, *Indiana*, I ought to thank you for your reproving the young Gentleman so smartly; I was extremely pleased with your Manner of doing it, tho' I was afraid

afraid he would have been affronted. It is very unbecoming a Gentleman, who ought to be acquainted with the Propriety of Characters, to use, with a wanton Freedom, the Name of that tremendous Being who supports the Fabric of the Universe; how impious for a Man to jest with Omnipotence, and call him to be a Witness of their Actions, even in the Midst of a Debauch!

When we got home we were told, that the Officer, attended by an elderly Gentleman, had waited for us for some Time, but being fatigued with their Journey were gone home, and had left Word that they would return the next Day before Dinner. I was so disturbed at our being out of the Way, that it was with Difficulty I concealed my Uneasiness: I longed to know the Success of his Journey, and what News he brought from the Village where I had spent so many Years. I longed to thank this dear Friend for all the Trouble he had given himself on my Account, to embrace him and call him my Uncle. While we were at Supper, *Valentine* observed that I was more thoughtful than usual, but ascribed it to my being fatigued with my Journey, and upon that Account soon left me, that I might be at Liberty to repose myself.

Next Morning I got up sooner than ordinary, dressed myself before Breakfast, and sent a Footman to acquaint the Officer; that we should be glad to see him, but the Servant had not been gone many Minutes when I heard my Uncle speak to Mrs. *Dawson*, whom he met coming down Stairs, and immediately after he opened the Door; I was then reading his Letter, but threw it down and arose to meet him; when advancing hastily to meet me, Oh my Niece, said he, taking me in his Arms and embracing me, thou dear Remains of my lost Brother! This tender Exclamation at first softened me to such a Degree, that I was unable

able to speak to him: At last recovering myself, Dear Sir, said I, looking upon him with a tender kind of Pleasure, you are the first, the only Person I know of my Kindred: How happy do I think myself in being related to you? While I was speaking, I heard Mrs. *Dawson* and another Person coming in, but how great, how inexpressible was my Surprise, when lifting up my Eyes and looking over my Uncle's Shoulder, I saw a Person whom I had long before thought dead, my dear Friend, my indulgent Parent Mr. *Robinson*! I started, gave a Shriek, stood motionless, while a Flood of tender Ideas flowed into my Mind. My Uncle mean while retired a few Steps, and Mr. *Robinson* held me in his Arms while Joy tied both our Tongues. At last he cried out, Oh my Child! here the Tears trickled down his aged Cheeks, and he was too full to say any more: Oh my Father! then said I, and stopp'd too, clasp'd my Arms about him, the Tears gush'd from my Eyes, which, while he kissed me, mingled with his. At last after recollecting himself, and giving me a most tender Look, Never since my Sister's Death, said he, have I hoped to see thee again; how afflicted have I been on thy Account! I have had a thousand Fears lest thou should'st be reduced to Straits dangerous to thy Virtue; I feared thou would'st be prevail'd upon to blot thy Innocence by some unworthy Action, but I thank God my Fears were vain; thou hast not disgraced the Education I have given thee. This worthy Gentleman has given me the History of thy Behaviour in Town: I heard the pleasing Story with a Father's Tenderness: I rejoice in thy Innocence, and congratulate thee upon thy present Happiness, the pleasing Fruit of it. But oh, my Dear! how could'st thou forget me, so as not to let me hear from thee all this while? indeed that was unkind, but thou didst
not

been doubly a Father to her; since without being obliged to protect her, or concern yourself in her Affairs, you have discharged all the Duties of a Parent: It is now our Turn to let you see that we acknowledge these Benefits, tho' we can never repay them. I hope, Sir, added she, you will do me the Favour to accept of my House, till *Indiana* is married, I shall esteem this as a farther Obligation. I am greatly obliged to you, Madam, returned he, for the Honour you do me, but I have already given my Word to this Gentleman. Yes Madam, returned my Uncle, I have ordered a Room to be fitted up for him; and as he is the Preserver of a noble Branch of our Family, I think I ought to take him under my Care. My dear Niece, as you say, is infinitely more obliged to this Gentleman than even to my Brother; he only brought her into Being, but this worthy Man has made that Being a Blessing to her, by embellishing her Mind with all that is great, noble and generous. Without his Care, my Niece would either have perished, or wanted those Improvements which now make us rejoice in her Alliance; I therefore think myself obliged to give him that Support which he has given you, my Dear, added he, looking at me. Sir, said I, returning him a Look full of Gratitude, I thank you; you have not only, by your industrious Zeal for my Happiness, placed me in a Rank to which my highest Ambition could never aspire, but have, as it were, raised from the Dead, a Gentleman on whom my most early Affections were placed, and for whose supposed Death I have shed many Tears: He, Sir, shall be my Care, I will still pay him all that Respect which is due from a Daughter to the most worthy of Parents; he shall live with *Valentine* and I, as with a Son and Daughter, whilst I shall ever pray that his-Life may be preserved as a Blessing to us all.

all. Ah! my Dear! cried Mr. *Robinson*, to see thee thus is a sufficient Reward for all my Concern for thee. I have no Ambition for the Honours of this Life, and must soon think of leaving it; but while I do live methinks, I should desire it should be with thee, but perhaps Mr. *Valentine* will be unwilling to admit me into his Family; young Men have little Respect for grey Hairs, and I may perhaps be looked upon as an Intruder. No, Sir, said I, interrupting him hastily, *Valentine* is already too well acquainted with your Merit not to esteem your Company as a very great Blessing; besides, his Tenderness to me must inspire him with the most grateful Sentiments for you: But I thought Sir, added I smiling, that you had too good an Opinion of my Discernment to think I would marry a Man, who could look coolly upon a Friend to whom I am under such Obligations. Indeed, Sir, returned Mrs. *Dawson*, with a frank Air, you will have no Reason to complain of Mr. *Valentine*: But must my Friend here engross all your Attention? I assure you I have a very great Desire to have a Share in your Esteem, and must expect that you would think yourself as welcome a Guest here as even *Indiana*, since it is to you that I am indebted for having her; and to you she is indebted for herself: You have transferred to her your own Goodness, your own great and generous Ideas; and in giving her yourself you have conferred, not only upon her, but upon us the greatest Benefit; a Benefit which will, I hope, be extended to Persons yet unborn. I am at a Loss, Madam, returned Mr. *Robinson*, to make a Reply to so many Compliments, all that I can say is, that I am as much charmed with your Tenderness to my dear Child (for I can't help calling her so) as I am with your Goodness to me. Pray, Sir, returned Mrs. *Dawson*, let us have no more Ceremony, Friendship is

a Stranger to it. Sir, added she, turning to my Uncle, I long to know what Success you have had in your Journey, will you favour us with a particular Recital of what passed since you honoured us with your Letter? I hope you have made some new Discovery that will effectually clear up this Affair. Yes, Madam, returned he, I have so. When I arrived at the Village where *Indiana* had spent the first Part of her Life, I made it my Business to wait upon those Gentlemen who had been Mr. *Robinson's* Friends, and from thence I hoped to get some Circumstances that might be sufficient to clear up every Doubt; but they could tell me no more than I had already been acquainted with; at last I was informed that this Gentleman, who was generally thought to have been dead, was retired to a Nobleman's House at a small Distance from thence, where he lived a private Life: I immediately went to him, told him the Situation *Indiana* was in, and the Business which brought me thither; a Piece of News which he could not receive without Rapture. He shewed me a Writing drawn by a Scrivener, which related all the Particulars of her being found in the Coach, with some Circumstances that I had not then been acquainted with; and this was dated but six Days after the Date of my Brother's Letter, which told me of his Design to retire. I made strict Enquiry after the Prebend of *Sens*, who had escaped being murdered with the Rest, and had saved himself by Flight. In short, I found him. He told me that the Gentleman and Lady were the Parents of the Child; that he had learnt from them, that they were obliged to leave the Country, and had therefore concealed their Names, and assumed those of Foreigners. This he learnt thro' the Indiscretion of one of the Footmen, who he heard inadvertently call him by his Title; the Count seemed

seemed a little angry; and to prevent his suspecting his being guilty of an unworthy Action, gave him an Account of his Reasons for concealing his Name and Quality; but however without letting him know who he was. But what puts it beyond all doubt, is, that this Account of his Reasons for his retiring, exactly corresponds with that I received from my Brother. The present Count can make no Exception to Proofs like these, and therefore proposes to give up the Estate which would have been his, had his Brother died without Issue, but he hopes that as he is obliged to support the Dignity of his Title, and I will add as he has constantly exerted himself in liberally supporting the Indigent, and been a Friend to the Distressed, by an unbounded Munificence, you will not, my dear Niece, insist upon his returning more than half of what he has received as his Brother's Heir; since he is not able to do it without involving himself into insuperable Difficulties. You will see him To-day, he comes to congratulate you, and join in the general Joy. I have provided an Entertainment for you and Mr. *Valentine*, and I hope, Madam, added he, looking at Mrs. *Dawson*, that we shall not be without your Company, for I imagine there will be a Scene that will be more than a little diverting, as I have engaged most of Mr. *Valentine's* Friends to be with us, that my Niece may triumph over their Insolence and Ill-nature. Sir, returned I, you must excuse me if I am at a Loss for Words to thank you; the Gratitude that swells my Heart is too big for Utterance. As to the Count, continued I, I rejoice that he has laid out the Produce of my Father's Estate to such great Advantage, and am sorry that he will be the poorer for knowing his Niece, I will therefore do more than he requires. But, why, Sir, will you give me the Pain of introducing

ing me into Company that hates and despises me. I can dispense with giving them any Confusion, and have not the least Inclination to triumph over their Ill-nature. Nay, my Dear, said he, it is fit they should all know their Error as soon as possible, and this will give you an Opportunity of letting them see that you can forgive the Injuries they have offered you. Besides, I long to hear how your Lover will vindicate his Choice, from your own intrinsic Excellencies, without the vain Blandishments of Wealth and Honour. This will shew that he is worthy of you, and that his Heart is fixed on those Charms, which will ever be your brightest Ornament. Well, Sir, said Mrs. *Dawson*, I can't help approving of your Reasons; Mr. *Valentine* has not the least Suspicion of this happy Discovery: But if we must go with you, it is Time to prepare for it; we shall soon be ready to wait upon you. Gentlemen, your Servant. Come, my Dear, added she, as we left the Room together, a very little Alteration in your Dress will be sufficient; I would have you appear To-day as plain as possible, and without any other Jewels than those which Nature and Education have given you. With all my Heart, Madam, returned I, and retired to my Room, when in a few Minutes I was ready to go; but as I returned to the Dining-Room I saw *Valentine* enter just before me. My Dear, said he, turning to me, I heard you was one of the Party invited to this Gentleman's House, and therefore have brought my Coach for you. Sir, I thank you, returned I; but you must know this Gentleman, 'tis Mr. *Robinson*; you have heard me mention him. What! the Person who has been such a sincere Friend to you, said he, and to whom I am obliged for many of your Charms. Yes, Sir, returned my Uncle, this is the Gentleman who has been a Father to Miss *Indiana*.
Then

Then, Sir, said *Valentine*, you must be a Father to her still ; we thought you had been dead ; but I rejoice to find that we were mistaken. This is a very happy Meeting ; for I assure you, you are very dear to *Indiana*, and I am sure will not be less so to me. I have Reason to look upon you as my best Friend, since I receive a Treasure from you, which I esteem more than my Life. After some reciprocal Protestations of Friendship, Mrs. *Dawson* being now ready, we all set out in my Uncle's Coach, and *Valentine* sent his own home.

We soon arrived at my Uncle's ; but being told that but few of the Company were come, and that they were in the Garden, we proposed to walk there too, and converse till Dinner Time. We were here entertained with several agreeable Prospects, and walked some Time before we saw any of the Persons who came before us, at last as we were rambling thro' a pleasing Kind of Labyrinth, we saw, at a small Distance, from us, the long meagre Lady who had carryed me from the Convent ; she was talking very warmly to another of our Sex, whom I had never seen before, she was much younger than the other Lady, and had a Countenance of a most satyrical Cast. When she laughed, there seemed to be a great deal of Ill-nature hid under it, and a Smile had the Appearance of a most severe Invective. *Valentine* observed them first, and turning to me, pointed to them, on which we stood still to observe their Gestures, which appeared very extraordinary ; they were so earnestly engaged in Conversation, that they had not the Leisure to look about them, and therefore did not see us, but walked slowly on, wholly taken up with their Subject. When we had viewed them for some Time, I proposed to walk on ; but we had no sooner turned our Backs, than we observed the old
Lady

Lady raise her Voice and cry out, in a haughty Tone, If she is to be here, I am resolved to affront her. Nay, Madam, replied the other, what End will that answer? I suppose she is to dine with us. Dine with us! said she; she dine with us! I hope Mr. N—— don't intend to affront us: Dine with us! I say dine with us too: What! oblige Ladies of Quality to dine with a Girl that has been a Servant at a little paltry Linnen-draper's. No, no, I will never submit to that; she shall not dine with me. Hold, Madam, said the other, she is a Lady of Quality you know; why you can't tell what an Honour her Alliance may be to your Family; she is certainly some Princess. This was spoke with a Laugh more bitter and piercing than the keenest Reproaches. However, I could not help thinking, that I should soon be revenged for the Insults they were offering me, and this Thought, in spite of myself, gave me some Pleasure, and indeed I could not help indulging it. *Valentine* seemed under some Confusion at this Discourse, but he had an Air that expressed the utmost Indignation, mixed with that noble Pride which swells the Mind at the Reflection of its having done nothing unworthy of itself. My Uncle, I observed whisper'd to Mrs. *Dawson*, and both smiled with an Air of Satisfaction, while Mr. *Robinson* seemed the only unconcerned Spectator, as he could not guess, from what was said, who was the Subject of their Satire. We now thought it Time to retire, since we found we were likely to be entertained with nothing but Invectives. And as we began to turn into another Walk, Mrs. *Dawson* came up to me, and desired me not to be concerned. Your Uncle, said she, has ordered his Servants to acquaint the Guests, who are chiefly those of Mr. *Valentine's* Friends, and your most inveterate Enemies, that you are to be here at Dinner;

Dinner, and he is pleased to think how warmly he is likely to be attacked, but I don't doubt but he will bring himself off with Honour. I am sorry, returned I, that you have resolved to give my dear *Valentine* any Uneasiness, I know he can't bear to hear me used ill without Pain, and sure it is cruel to sport with his Affection to me, and to make that Tenderness, upon which I found my Happiness, the Cause of his Inquietude. Indeed I can't help feeling for him all the Uneasiness which I believe he will feel on my Account: I wish he once knew who I am. Have a little Patience, my Dear, replied she, Mr. *Valentine* will soon be acquainted with this agreeable News, and the Proofs he will now give you of his inviolable Affection, will afford you very agreeable Reflections. We now took a Turn down another Walk, which led us to a painted Alcove, where we sat down and explained to Mr. *Robinson* the Conversation we had just heard, by giving him a particular Account of my Life at *Paris*; and after sitting some Time walked in.

We found Mrs. *Fancourt*, the old disagreeable Lady, and her Companion, whom we had just seen in the Garden, with several Gentlemen in the Dining Room, who immediately rose as we went in; but as soon as they saw me, I observed several of them turn away their Heads and whisper to each other. We were no sooner seated, than the Lady we had seen in the Garden, asked Mr. *Valentine*, with a Sneer, when he was to be married to Miss *Franky*; she is certainly, said she, a most accomplished Lady, and I hope they injure you very much, who have the Assurance to say, that you are capable of being false to a Lady of such extraordinary Merit as well as Fortune. I don't dispute Miss *Franky's* Merit, returned *Valentine*, she may perhaps deserve a more worthy Person than I

am, but she was never formed to make me happy, and was I ever so much her humble Servant, I should perhaps, never be able to obtain her, as I shall probably never see her more: I shall therefore marry a Lady that I think at least of much greater Merit, and who, in my Opinion, has not only more Charms than Miss *Franky*, but than all her Sex. A Lady! cried the old Spectre, you mean that forward Slut there, that I ordered to be carried to the Prime Minister's. Prithee, my Girl, added she, looking at me, hast thou the Vanity to think thyself a Match for a Gentleman? Don't you think yourself very happy in having such a Cull? I know you think him a Fool for having any Thoughts of marrying you, don't you now? Come, be plain, tell me what's your Opinion of him. I will, Madam, be plain, since you desire it, returned I, and must therefore tell you, I think him superior to your Malice; and that he looks with as much Contempt upon your Spleen and ridiculous Pride as I do. If I want an Estate equal to his, I don't want those Dispositions which will make me always strive to render him happy; this shall ever be the Business of my Life, and the End of every Action. How pert the little Creature is! said she, with a haughty supercilious Air, I would have you to know, that I expect to be treated with more Respect: *Valentine*, you ought to teach her to use her Superiors in a manner more becoming her: But you are a foolish young Fellow and are resolved to ruin yourself, this will be the Consequence of your marrying this little Adventurer: Remember I tell you so. Dear, Madam, returned *Valentine*, don't be so hot, it don't become you; you will never be able to make me consult you in what concerns my Happiness; you may despise my dear *Indiana* as much as you please, we shall only laugh at your ill Humours.

Here

Here a little old Gentleman at the other End of the Room, who had been looking at me very attentively thro' his Glaſs, deſired he might be permitted to ſpeak. He had a Countenance dry and formal; had hollow Jaws and no Teeth; was dreſſed in a Thread bare Velvet-Coat, that had been many Years out of Faſhion, and ſeem'd to have been made in the Days of his Anceſtors, with the Inſide of the Flap plentifully ſtuck with Pins. When, after clearing his Voice, blowing his Noſe, and taking ſome Pains to prepare himſelf, he addreſſed himſelf to Mr. *Valentine*. Young Man, ſaid he, you ought to conſider that this good Lady would not have been ſo deſirous of hindering your Marriage, did not ſhe fear that you are about to ruin yourſelf, and throw a Diſgrace upon her Family, and for this Reaſon you ought to pardon her Warmth. Pray now let me reaſon coolly with you: You are about to be guilty of an Action that I am afraid you will repent of: Conſider, the Girl, tho' ſhe is pretty, has no Money, or however but little in Compariſon of your Eſtate: Now was you prudent you might get a Lady with a Fortune of many thouſand Livres a Year; conſider that; and is not ſuch a Treafure more valuable than all the Beauty in the World? Is Beauty, or Virtue, or any of your imaginary fine romantic Qualifications an Equivalent for her Want of Money? Conſider, Sir, you may have a large Family, and then will theſe Trifles give Fortunes to your Children? No, no, when you are as old as I am, you will regard Money as the only Bleſſing of Life.

Valentine could not help ſmiling at the old Miſer's Diſcourſe. Sir, returned he, your Sentiments and mine are very different, I have no Ambition to hoard up Heaps of uſeleſs Treafure; I marry to be happy, and to be bleſſ'd in the Poſſeſſion of a Woman whole conſummate Goodneſs will ſweeten

all the unavoidable Cares of Life, and who will be to me a more valuable Purchase than all the Treasures of the Earth: I am rich enough, and have an Estate much greater than all our Wants; an Estate that will render my Children as happy as Wealth can make them, since, should I have a numerous Offspring, it will place them all above the Cares of Life; and I could only wish to have more, that I might be able to render my Fellow Creatures more happy. Of what Advantage is Wealth if I have not a Heart to make use of it? If the Poor don't bless me for tasting the Fruit of it, and the dejected honest Man has not his Anxieties removed? While I have enough to render myself and my Posterity easy, and to make the drooping Heart exult in Transports of Joy, I shall think myself rich enough. Well, Sir, said the long meagre Relation, pray how long will this generous Fit last? It won't be long before you will think all this Stuff mere Rant and extravagant Nonsense. Who do you think will own this Girl, this Disgrace to our Family, for a Relation? Have you Stupidity enough to be insensible to all the Slights that will be put upon you by your Relations, your Friends, thro' the Means of that little impertinent Huffy; that——Hold, Madam, said *Valentine*, interrupting her, don't think you have a Right thus publickly to vent your Spleen against this young Lady, and to assume Liberties equally repugnant to good Manners and common Sense. I have told you already that I shall never ask your Advice, or desire you to direct me where to fix my Heart. As to *Indiana's* being a Disgrace to our Family, I shall only say that the best Wish I can make you, is, that you may be like her; and I don't question but if I was so happy as to know her Birth, I should find myself greatly honoured by her Alliance. Had she indeed no other Charms
than

than those of a most lovely Person, I know I should soon cease to admire her; but her Mind has Beauties even more attractive than her Form. On these I build all my Hopes of Felicity, these will ever be the same, and render her charming even in old Age. As to your being ashamed to own her for a Relation, I am not at all concerned about it; and believe me, if there are any who call themselves my Friends, that behave in the same Manner, I shall look upon them with Contempt, and think they only envy our Happiness, which however neither they nor you will ever be able to disturb.

Valentine had no sooner made this tender Reply to the disagreeable old Lady, his Relation, than her Companion, with an ironical Laugh, cast her Eyes upon him. La, Sir, said she, how mighty prettily you talk! why all this is very heroic. Bleis me! I thought I had heard *Oroondates* and *Statira*; how charmingly romantic you are! Come, pray let us have some more of your Flights, for really they are very diverting; you ought now to turn to your fair Goddess, tell her, that her Divine Beauties alone could captivate your Heart; and like a true Enamorato assure her, that one Smile from her will gloriously reward you for all the Scorn, Insult and Reproach, you can suffer for her Sake, and that you will esteem yourself too happy if she will permit you to die at her Feet. This was uttered with such a comical Air, that even *Valentine* could not help smiling. Madam, returned he, you may rally me as much as you please, nothing that you can say will be able to make me think Virtue, Beauty and fine Sense ridiculous; my Tenderness is founded on Reason, since it is only a Love of what is in its own Nature most lovely. I don't raise my Expectations to any extravagant Heights, nor form any Ideas of my dear *Indiana*,

which all who know her won't allow she deserves; this Lady, these Gentlemen, added he, turning to Mrs. *Dawson*, my Uncle and Mr. *Robinson*, will do me the Justice to say, that she deserves all I have said of her, and that she has even a Mind more amiable than I have represented it. Well, enough, said the old Lady, I am sick of this fulsome Stuff, if you will ruin yourself I can't help it, I have done my Endeavour to prevent it; all that vexes me is, that your Family must be disgraced, you ought to have a Regard to that, and to consider that you have no Right to make us suffer for your Follies: Had you taken her into Keeping, and spent your whole Estate upon her, I should not have troubled myself about it; but to pretend to marry a Vagabond, I have not Patience to think of it; and no Body but such a silly Coxcomb as you would ever behave thus. While she was railing in this Manner, we were desired to walk into the next Room, and were told that Dinner was upon the Table. We all went immediately, but as we were taking our Seats, this Lady called to my Uncle, Sir, said she, leaning upon the Back of her Chair, do you propose to suffer that little impertinent Girl to dine with Persons of Quality? Who do you mean, Madam? returned he, there is no Body here that deserves that Character. Who do I mean! Who should I mean but *Indiana*? I hope you have not invited us here to affront us; I won't sit down at the same Table with her I tell you; no, I will never stoop so low as to put myself upon a Level with such a Creature. Well, Madam, returned he smiling, if you won't sit down at this Table, you shall sit where you please, my Houſe is at your Service. What! I must dine by myself then, must I? said she, in a greater Rage than ever, pray let some Body order my Servants to get the Coach ready. I thought, Sir, that you

you had known the World better than to treat Persons of my Rank with so much Rudeness

While she was speaking these last Words, the Count —— entered the Room, and after having whispered something to his Brother, who stood near the Door, came forward, saluted the Company, and embraced me with an Air equally tender and polite. I don't think, Miss, said he, as he approached me, that I can be mistaken, you must be the Lady my Brother has so well described to me, and I am glad to find I have such an amiable Niece. Let me congratulate you upon your Knowledge of the Family to which you belong; and beg, at the same Time, that you would regard me as a Man who will always have your Interest at Heart; for upon the fine Encomiums my Brother as given me of you, I am ambitious of joining the Character of your Friend to that of your Uncle. Sir, I need not tell you, returned I, how much my Vanity is flattered, at the Discovery that I spring from your noble Family; but I assure you I am more delighted at the Thoughts of your's and your Brother's Worth, than at all the Honours I can receive thro' your Alliance: You will both find that I shall constantly behave to you with all that Duty, that might have been expected from me, had I been always brought up in the Knowledge of my near Relation to you.

No one can imagine what an odd Group of Figures were formed here in a Moment; the tall meagre Lady who was got to the Door, but stepped back to make Way for the Count to enter, turned her Head, stood all this while stiffened into a Statue, her Mouth was open, and her Hands lifted up in a Posture of Amazement; her Eyes star'd wide open, and her Brows rais'd into a high Arch, crowded her shriveled Forehead into a confused Heap of Wrinkles: In short, nothing could

appear more grotesque. The old Miser leaning upon the Back of his Chair, biting the Nails of one Hand, and with the other scratching his bald Head, and thus with his Wig almost off, stood with his Eyes fixed on the Count and me. The satirical Lady was immoveable too, and, with a mortify'd Look, pressed the Extremity of her Fan against her Lips. Mrs. *Fancourt* seemed as much astonished as the rest, but appeared less confused, and had an Air that shewed she was glad she had not ventured to say any Thing against me, tho' her Silence proceeded rather from Mr. *Valentine's* being present, than from any Regard to me. In short, all who did not know of this Discovery had a Gesture which expressed their Astonishment. *Valentine*, who stood close to me, fixed his Eyes upon me, and then cast them upon the Ground, with a kind of tender Confusion, mixed with Diffidence and Surprise, while Mrs. *Dawson*, Mr. *Robinson*, and the Officer smiled in a Manner that expressed their inward Satisfaction.

While we were talking thus, my Uncle, the Officer, put us in mind that it would be more proper to defer all further Ceremony till after we had dined, since the Dinner would soon be cold. Here are more Persons, Brother, said he, that you must be acquainted with, but first let us sit down to Table. This Gentleman, added he, looking at Mr. *Robinson*, must be our Chaplain. On which he immediately said Grace, and we took our Seats.

Here the old Lady, composing her Countenance, came to us with a disordered Air, when Mrs. *Dawson*, giving her a Look full of Affability, desired her to sit down: She did so; and the rest of her Friends followed her Example. We were no sooner seated, than I ask'd how my Grand-mother, the Countess Dowager did? She is well, Miss, said the Count, but too old to undertake such a Journey;

ney; she longs to see you, and I have promised to take you with me to her To-morrow. Sir, returned I, I shall gladly attend you; and I assure you, I have at least as great a Desire to see her as she can have to see me. I shall now be informed with those dear, those social Affections of which I have hitherto been deprived. All this while *Valentine* seemed wrapped in Thought, and very uneasy, which Mrs. *Dawson* perceiving, asked him with a Smile, how he did, and added, We must beg Pardon, Sir, for concealing Circumstances from you, in which you are so nearly concerned. *Indiana* is indeed the late Count ——'s Daughter, who was leaving *France* incognito when he and the Countess was robbed and murdered; but you must not blame her for her Reserve, for she is not at all in fault, our Friend here has unravelled this Affair; and it was not 'till this Morning that we were perfectly certain of the Truth. Here *Valentine* sighed, and was going to make Answer, when Mrs. *Fancourt* cried out, Is it possible? Is this Lady indeed a Person of Quality? Bless me! how we have been mistaken! May I hope that you will forgive me, Miss, added she, had I known who you were I should have treated you with more Respect, than I did when you were at my House. Well, but how did you make this wonderful Discovery? continued she, addressing herself to Mrs. *Dawson*, I really long to know every Particular; methinks the young Lady has Charms which I never observed before? Why, Mr. *Valentine*, every Body will envy your Felicity. Very true, said the Lady, who had been so satirical upon *Valentine* and me, Miss *Franky* ought not to be brought in Competition with this lovely Creature: She is pretty indeed, but then she is a most intolerable Coquette: La! how could she be so vain as to rival Miss *Indiana*? Why, Mr. *Valentine*,
I now

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I now think your Commendations of this young Lady fell very short of what she deserves; she is infinitely more lovely than you have represented her: The Count ——'s Daughter! Well, I have upon my Word a mighty Respect for you both, and heartily wish you all imaginable Joy.

While they were running on in this Manner, I could not help seriously reflecting on the Instability of the human Mind, and the strong Prejudices which most People indulge in Favour of the glittering Advantages of Birth and Fortune. Half an Hour ago I was looked upon with Contempt, said I to myself, by these very Persons who now endeavour to court me to a good Opinion of them, by the most ridiculous Flattery. Am I better than I was then? Have I more Virtue, Beauty or Wit? No: They find I am the Daughter of a Count, there lies the Charm —— “Ye Right Honourable “ Sounds!” Ye vain Blandishments that dazzle weak Eyes! what wonderful Charm do you contain! will you render me a more worthy Friend; a better Wife; or a more tender Parent? Will ye disperse the Care from my Heart when it is oppressed with Grief? Or have you the Power to remove the slightest Head-ach? No. What art thou then but a mere Name, a Breath of Wind: And can a Breath, in a Moment, work such a mighty Change? But *Valentine's* down cast Looks tells me that all these Honours give him no Joy, and that he longs for an Opportunity to open his Heart to me. These Reflections were interrupted by the old meagre Lady's drinking to me, when, setting down her Glass, I have behaved too much like an Enemy to you, Miss, said she, ever to hope that you will forgive me; however, when you consider that all the Injuries I have offered you, have proceeded from a mistaken Opinion that you were of low Birth, and from a Regard to the Honour of
your
our

our Family, as well as a Concern for the Happiness of my Cousin *Valentine*, you may think that I might have some Reason to oppose an Alliance, which to me appeared dishonourable to us: However, I sincerely beg your Pardon, and hope you will forget what is past, since I am sorry and ashamed of my Behaviour. Nay, Madam, returned I, I don't think you have any Reason to alter your Opinion of me, and can therefore dispense with your Shame and Concern; I am the same Person as I was when you treated me with such Contempt, and can lay no greater Claim to your Esteem than I could then: However, Madam, I readily consent to forgive your Treatment of me, and all the Uneasiness you have made me suffer, on Condition that you mention it no more, and behave with the same Freedom as if you had ever been my Friend.

As soon as Dinner was over, Mr. *Robinson*, the Count, and the Officer joined in Conversation, when I retired, for a few Minutes, into another Room: Mrs. *Dawson* whispered *Valentine* to follow me; he did so with a dejected Look, took a Chair and sat down by me; when after a few Moments Silence, Ah my dear, *Indiana*, said he, with a troubled Voice, at the same Time giving me a Glance that at once expressed the Diffidence, the Anxiety and Tenderness of a Lover, suspended between Hope and Fear, what am I to expect? Have I not Reason to be apprehensive that this Discovery will ruin my Hopes, and prove fatal to the Repose of my Life? While your Birth was unknown to me I loved you: I am still the same, and must wish you had yet been ignorant of your Birth, if that Discovery can, for a Moment, make me seem less worthy of sharing your Heart. May I hope I am yet as dear to you as ever? Come, Sir, let me beg of you not to make me uneasy by these unkind Suspicions,

Suspensions, returned I, at the same Time giving him my Hand, I rejoice that it is now in my Power to offer you a Fortune that will be worth your Acceptance, and was it ever so great it should be entirely at your Disposal, since you could be so generous as to think of marrying me without any. You will now be saved from the Reproaches of your Friends: Come, resume your Gaiety, and don't be so unjust as to injure my Tenderneſs. Oh thou dear lovely Creature! said he, how can I enough admire your Goodneſs? Forgive my Suspensions——Forgive the Pain I have given myself by entertaining ſuch cruel Fears. O my dear Charmer, I will now forget them all: This Proof of your Affection is infinitely more transporting than the Conſideration of every other Advantage I can poſſibly enjoy from the Diſcovery of your Birth and Fortune. Love has left no Room for Ambition in my Soul, nor for ſordid Avarice; I am all Tenderneſs, all Delight and Admiration. While he ſpoke this his Cheeks glowed with Pleaſure, and he caſt upon me a Look the moſt tender and affectionate I ever beheld. Dear, Sir, return'd I, I don't know how to blame you for your Injuſtice to me, while the Diſcovery of it gives you ſuch Satisfaction; what a charming Thing is Love, continued I, ſmiling, ſince its very Pains are ſucceeded by ſuch pleaſing Tranſports! But I muſt thank you, Sir, for the engaging Manner in which you have vindicated your Affection to me, while my Birth was unknown to you, and while you thought me without Relations or Friends. It was indeed with ſome Reluctance that I was brought over to conſent to your ſuffering ſuch a ſevere Trial; but I can't now repent of it, ſince it has given you an Opportunity of diſcovering to the World, upon what noble and generous Principles you proceed; and I aſſure you, I ſhall never think

think of this Adventure but with Pleasure. I am happy indeed, my Dear, returned he, if I have said any Thing that gives you Pleasure on Reflection; this I could not have hoped for. What Happiness may I not expect from the Possession of a Person, who kindly considers all my Actions in the best Light! Nay, Sir, returned I, I should have been highly pleased to have heard any other Person vindicate himself in the same agreeable Manner, tho' perhaps not equally so. If a Conformity of Sentiment can render us happy, I may flatter myself that we shall enjoy as great a Degree of Felicity as is consistent with human Nature; if we don't it must be our own Faults. It is necessary, however, that we should always preserve that settled Complacency, which is needful to support a Friendship which ought never to be interrupted; and as it is impossible that we should always behave well, it is absolutely necessary that we should be sometimes a little blind too to each others Imperfections. This is a Rule, which, I am sure, you will have frequent Occasion to put in Practice, tho', I hope, upon the whole, I shall behave in such a Manner, as to gain your Approbation. Ah! my Charmer, replied he, I shall find but little need of this Caution; you are incapable of an ill Intention, and I must surely have too much Complacency in you, my Dear, or rather too much Justice, to be offended without it. I shall daily find in you fresh Subject of Admiration; your native Sweetness of Temper will sooth my Mind into an habitual Calm, and preserve me from being ruffled by the ordinary Cares of Life. One Joy, one Care, one Pleasure will employ both our Minds, while our only Contention shall be who will, with the greatest Assiduity, promote each other's Happiness. Thus when tired with the Impertinence and Folly of Mankind (for
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it is impossible that we should be always in the most agreeable Company) I shall return home to a Friend who will receive me with an open Heart; into which with an unstrained Confidence, I can pour all my Concerns; a Friend whose Gaiety will divert my Chagrin, and whose good Sense will inspire me with a delightful Tranquillity, and charm away every uneasy Thought. I wish, Sir, returned I, you would not carry your Expectations to such a visionary Height, for I am terribly afraid you will be disappointed. Methinks such exquisite Happiness is too much, my dear *Valentine*, too much to be even hoped for. Why so, my Dear, said he, what can hinder us from being completely blessed, since we shall want nothing that can render us happy in ourselves, and agreeable to each other? A Love of Virtue, and the Charms of that Union which is founded on the same Desires, Views, and Interest, must render our Conversations too agreeable for us to suffer any of those dull Intervals of Life, which are the Punishments of most of those, who from less laudable Motives enter into the Marriage State. But do you imagine, Sir, returned I, that we shall meet with no Rubs in Life, that nothing will make us forget ourselves? We are not always wise, and I am persuaded we shall not always think ourselves happy, unless we take a Resolution to be so in spite of all Opposition. A thousand little Incidents may start up and interrupt our mutual Felicity; we should therefore take a peculiar Care not to be too much affected by Trifles; for I have observed, that it is the most insignificant Things that commonly render People unhappy, and create those Disgusts which must be attended by the most fatal Consequences. Here we are apt to be off our Guard, and therefore lose ourselves before we are aware; are lost in a Labyrinth of un-

govern:

governable Passions, and involved in Inquietudes which we should never have experienced from the most reasonable Causes of Discontent. We need only, believe, attend to this Caution to render us completely bless'd, and as happy as the sincerest Friendship, the tenderest Love can make us. Your Solidity and good Sense will put a Restraint upon my Levity; and my Vivacity prevent the wiser Disposition of your Mind from degenerating into a musty and unpleasing Gravity. But come, Sir, added I rising, let us rejoin the Company, they won't thank us for being so rude as to leave them so long together. *Valentine* endeavoured to persuade me to stay a little longer, but I desired him to excuse me, and we immediately returned to them.

As we entered the Room, I observed the old Miser listening very attentively to the Count and his Brother, and found that he was asking them some Questions relating to my Fortune. They all arose as soon as they saw us, when *Mrs. Dawson* taking me by the Hand. You have been away a great while, said she, smiling, and if I had known how long you would have deprived us of your Company, I should not perhaps have sent Mr. *Valentine* after you; but however you are very excusable, and we are not over fond of Ceremony. Well, Mr. *Valentine*, added she, how do you do now? I find Miss *Indiana* has brought you to yourself, and we may hope to find you good Company again; indeed I was concerned to see you look so uneasy. Here the Count took *Valentine* by the Hand, I am glad, Sir, said he, that I am to have such a worthy Gentleman for my Kinsman; since you left us, *Mrs. Dawson* and my Brother have given me an Account of your Passion for my Niece, and such a Character of you as makes me think her very happy in having placed

placed her Affections upon a Person of so much Merit. *Valentine* returned this Compliment in a very handsome Manner, when we sat down and entered into a general Conversation; and the Evening was concluded with a Ball, which lasted till Morning. Instead of jarring Discord, Ill-humour and petulant Remarks, we were now surrounded with nothing but Mirth and Gaiety; every Thing past was forgotten; and we were in a little Time good Friends, as if we had never been Enemies; but the old Miser, who had, I fancy, drank my Health with a higher Relish and larger Draughts than the Rest, as perhaps wisely considering that it was unnecessary to use Restraint at another's Expence, was resolved to honour us with a Dance; and tho' he could hardly hobble along without his Cane, cut such Capers as gave us the greatest Diversion, which we testify'd by Applauses, that he ought rather to have looked upon as Censures than Commendations. The Lady of the satyrical Cast of Mind, was most maliciously profuse of her Praises, and extolled his Agility in such a ludicrous Manner, that thinking her in Earnest, he imagined he was as young and agreeable as ever, and therefore, in the Pride of his Heart, resolved once more to cut another Caper; but alas! how short-lived is human Glory! in the midst of his Performance, he unhappily took a false Step, overset a Side-board of Glasses and Sweetmeats, and fell with them to the Floor. The Gentlemen ran to his Assistance, whilst terrified at the dreadful Crash, he lay without Sense or Motion; they helped him up and placed him in an Elbow-Chair. Mrs. *Dawson* and I were at first really concerned for fear he had hurt himself; but that Concern was soon dissipated, for after rubbing his Shins, and making a thousand wry Faces, he recovered his Breath, when we waited to hear him

him complain of his Bruises; but how greatl
were we surprized to hear him cry out in a dismal
Tone, Oh! my poor Silk Stockings; they are
stained ——— they are entirely spoil'd ——— I
have wore them upon Occasion these forty Years.
What a Misfortune! had I but stay'd at home——
But, Sir, said Mrs. *Dawson*, interrupting him,
your Legs, your Legs, how do they do? My
Legs, said he, I should not have cared for my
Legs had not I stained my Stockings; I don't
mind bruising my Legs, they will be well again,
but my Stockings ——— Ah that confounded Cla
ret! ——— Here we stood looking at each other,
with Amazement, when the satyrical Lady, lifting
up her Hands, cryed out with a very serious
Look, What a dreadful Catastrophe! the Gentle
man has stained his poor dear Stockings with cur
sed Claret, a Loss that can never be repaired! had
it been Blood, instead of that pernicious Liquor, I
should not have car'd, then they might have been
wash'd! Oh the dear Stockings! We could con
tain ourselves no longer, but burst into a general
Laugh, at which the poor Miser was so offended,
that he took the first Opportunity to retire, after
having first desired my Uncle, the Officer, to lend
him his Coach.

I might make some very smart Reflections upon
this Adventure, were I disposed to it, since no
thing in Nature makes a more ridiculous Figure,
than a Person bending under the Weight of Years,
mimicking the sprightly Airs of Youth; but this
was not his natural Character, since all his pretty
janty Airs were owing rather to the Influence of
an enlivening Cup, than any settled Disposition.
He seemed indeed to have no Vice but an insa
turiable Avarice; or rather, his Avarice swallowed
up and contained all the other Vices ——— What
a vile Disposition must that be, which lays waste

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the Foundation of every Virtue; stifles that moral Sense which is implanted in the Heart of every good Being, and renders the Mind, that is actuated by it, the most wretched! What a sordid Pleasure to look upon Treasures that it dare not use; and to glut the Eyes with the Sight of what it can only enjoy by seeing! such a Person may hug himself with the poor Delight of enjoying what he dare not enjoy; for since Riches are of no other use than to supply us with the Necessaries and Conveniences of Life, we can only be said to enjoy them when we make use of them.

Mr. *Robinson* behaved on this Occasion in a Manner agreeable to his Character, he was chearful and yet wise; his Mirth was sober and polite, and his good Humour and Vivacity, far from making old Age appear less venerable, gave it Charms which commanded Respect, at the same Time that it inspired with Pleasure. His Joy was like the Transports of a Father exulting in the Happiness of his Child. Every paternal Affection gladdened his Heart, sparkled in his Eyes, and diffused over his whole Person a Satisfaction, a Delight, and a Gaiety, truly paternal.

The disagreeable old Lady, who now desired to appear my Friend, caressed me in a Manner peculiar to herself, she was very liberal of her Praises, and endeavoured at the same Time to insinuate herself into my Esteem, by flattering my Vanity, in letting me know the Greatness of the Family to which I was going to be united, which indeed was not much inferior to my own. She began with giving me a History of her Family, with all the Marriages and Intermarriages into those of the first Quality; and before we broke up, had informed me how many Marshals, Constables,

stables, and other great Offices it had produced ; Circumstances which Mrs. *Valentine's* Modesty had not permitted her to mention, and which her good Sense did not suffer her to lay any great Stress upon, though this Lady could not speak of them without Rapture, and betraying a ridiculous Vanity which discovered itself in every Word. Her Friend, who had been so maliciously severe upon *Valentine* and me, took another Way to ingratiate herself into my Favour, which she doubtless thought would have proved an infallible one ; she assumed all the outside Appearance of Friendship ; she conformed herself to all my Words and Actions ; she was always of my Mind ; smiled when I smiled, and when I was grave, she appeared serious ; she hung upon my Looks, watched every Motion, and even governed her Wit by my Glances, till I was heartily sick of being thus ridiculously aped. In fine, they were now both changed to Persons of the most servile Complaisance : Thus the Proud, when humbled, are the most obsequious fawning Creatures in the Universe.

The Reader can't imagine how very disagreeable those Persons made themselves ; or how much I was disgusted at their nauseous Flattery and ridiculous Attempts to please : I was always a Friend to Truth and Sincerity, and I believe should not, in my vain Moments, have thought such a Behaviour even tolerable. They that have a high Relish for the pure Delights of Friendship, can't bear to have the sacred Name of Friend usurped by those who have neither Sense nor Delicacy enough to know what it means. The very Pretence made by such a Person, is like using the Name on Purpose to betray ; besides, this polite Kind of Complaisance, as it does not spring from the Heart, loses all its winning Graces ; for

nothing can touch the Heart, that does not originally spring from it. But to proceed.

The next Day about Noon, *Valentine*, my two Uncles, Mr. *Robinson* and I set out for *Versailles*, after taking Leave of Mrs. *Dawson*, who embraced me, and gave us the usual Compliments of wishing us a good Journey. Our Conversation upon the Road was gay and sprightly, and made the Time pass away very agreeably. In the Evening we arrived at the Count's House, a magnificent Edifice near the City. When we stepped out of the Coach he gave me his Hand, led me in, and presented me to the Countess, his Lady, who I could easily perceive regarded me with a cold restrained Countenance, which she discovered in spite of herself, and which perhaps was more visible by her endeavouring to conceal it; for her very Smiles were clouded with an Air of Discontent. She was pretty fat, and tho' above Forty, had Beauty enough to render her Person agreeable, tho' she had something in her Look that shewed a Disposition selfish and a little mercenary.

While this Lady was bidding us Welcome, my Grand-Mother entered the Room, and no sooner saw me, than she cast her Arms about my Neck; My dear Child, said she, I rejoice that I have lived to see thee again before I die; thy Looks are enough to convince me that thou art indeed my Grand-Daughter; what a Resemblance there is between you and my Son's Wife! methinks I see again that dear Lady before me ——— they are both revived in thee. Here I threw my Arms about her Neck; the Tears gushed from my Eyes; while I felt some new and unknown Affections rising in my Breast, Sensations which I had not hitherto experienced or form'd an Idea of, a Tenderness very different from that of Love or Friendship.

ship. Now, said I, with a Sigh, I am happy indeed; Oh my Mother, my dear Grand-Mother! — She wept too, whilst Joy shone thro' her Tears, and all the Emotions of her Heart were visible in her Countenance. After our first Transports were over, we sat down, when the old Lady asked Mr. *Robinson* a thousand Questions concerning me, with an Eagerness which expressed all the Affection of a Parent; then called him her best Friend, the Patron of her Family, and the Father of her dear Child. At last, she desired to know if Mr. *Valentine* was not the Gentleman that was shortly to be her Grand-Son? the Count told her he was, and that we were to be married in a few Days. Well, said she, may Heaven pour down upon you both its choicest Blessings! may your Happiness exceed even your Wishes. We thanked the old Lady for her Blessing, and then insensibly entered into a general Conversation.

The next Morning the Count took *Valentine* and me aside, and telling us he wanted to have some private Conversation with us, conducted us into his Closet, where being seated, he shew'd us the Writings belonging to my Father's Estate, in which I found, that tho' a considerable Part of it went with the Title, yet I should receive a Fortune in Money and Lands greatly superior to *Valentine*. Here, Niece, said the Count to me, you see the Estate you were born to enjoy, and which you have hitherto been deprived of; I have possessed it for many Years, and therefore you may make a Demand upon me for the Produce of your Rents ever since my Brother's Decease; but I am persuaded, from the amiable Character I have heard of your Humanity and Greatness of Soul, that you will not insist upon all the Arrears which you may claim as your Due. I have lived in a Manner suitable to the Estate which I thought had
been

been my own, and therefore am unable to answer such large Demands without bringing inevitable Ruin upon myself and Family. Here he paused, and I turned my Eyes towards *Valentine*, who in the same Instant met them with a Glance, which seemed to desire me to follow the generous Sentiments he saw in my Looks. Sir, returned I, immediately, my Uncle has before mentioned this to me, and I thought he would have told you my Resolution, which is, that I will never, if I can help it, give you any Reason to repent your knowing me: I would not for the World occasion you or your Family the least Uneasiness; I readily throw up all such Claims as you mention, and am sincerely sorry that you can't know me without losing Part of your Estate, and will therefore give you an Acquittance for all the Sums you have received upon it, as soon as you are pleased to deliver it to me. What! my Dear, said he, with Amazement, sure I don't understand you! You can't mean it—— Have you consider'd what you say? Yes, Sir, returned I smiling, I don't desire any of the Arrears which are due to me; I shall have enough without them, and therefore am resolved not to accept of any Thing from you which would be a Prejudice to your Family. You have hitherto laid out the Profits of my Estate in a Manner that reflects a Glory upon yourself and Name, and it would be barbarous in me to accept of what would give you Reason to regret the Tenderness you have shewn for the Unhappy and the Miserable. My Dear, returned he, it is impossible for me to express my Surprise at your Generosity, I neither expected nor desired you to carry it so far: I can spare you fifty thousand Crowns without any Inconvenience, and this I must desire you to accept of, since it falls very short of the Sum which I am indebted to you. No, Sir, returned *Valentine*, you must

must not expect that *Indiana* will recede from her Resolution, since it is to oblige a Person for whom she has such a great Esteem: I approve of her Sentiments, and must join with her in desiring you to lay aside these Thoughts. But all our Arguments could not prevail upon him, they rather strengthened his Resolution; so that I was at last obliged to accept of Notes for the Money; this done, he went to fetch me a Box of Jewels which belonged to my Mother.

As soon as he was gone, I took the Pen and a Sheet of Paper, and wrote as follows:

THESSE Notes I present to my dear Cousins, Daughters of my honoured Uncle, the Count——, as a Testimony of my early Affection to them, which I desire may be equally divided amongst them, as they come to Age, or upon the Day of their Marriage.

INDIANA.

Valentine seemed much pleased at this Thought; but as I was sealing up the Notes in this Paper, we heard the Countess's Voice, when, listening, I heard her go with the Count into the next Room, which was only divided from that we were in by a slight Partition, so that as they talk'd pretty loud we could understand almost every Word they said. What! Sir, said she, refuse to accept of fifty thousand Crowns! 'tis hardly to be believed: I was afraid your Niece would have insisted upon having all that the Law would allow her: But how did her Lover look? Did not his Countenance shew his Discontent? No, not at all, returned he, there was nothing but Joy and Satisfaction spread over his Face, and his Eyes told me, that my Niece's Behaviour gave him an infinite Satisfaction. Well, said she, they will force me, I find, to love them

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in spite of myself, tho' I have not been able hitherto to look upon them without Uneasiness, as imagining that this Discovery would entirely ruin the Fortunes of my Children. I am glad for the poor Dears Sakes they would not accept of the Money. What do you mean? replied he; as I can very well spare that Sum, I could not help pressing my Niece to accept of it; Gratitude, Honour, and every Consideration made me resolve to take no Denial; at last I was so happy as to prevail, and have therefore given her Notes for it. How! sure you have not been so weak, said she, I am amazed at your Folly! How many of our Nobility would have sold their Country for such a Sum; but you have a greater Regard for your Niece, than for me and my Family! They knew, I suppose, who they had to deal with, and behaved accordingly. Their Generosity was only a Pretence to ingratiate themselves into your Favour, that they might accept of it with a better Grace. Madam, returned he, you use me very ill; but I can't wonder at it, since you can injure, by your unjust Suspicions, Persons to whom you are under such surprizing Obligations. I love you, you know I do, and I have the greatest Tenderneſs for my Children; but these Affections shall never corrupt my Integrity, or make me guilty of an Action unworthy a Man of my Quality. These last Words methought were delivered in a Tone that expressed a noble kind of Pride, and a Dignity of Soul truly great; but he had no sooner said this than he entered the Room to us, with some Disorder in his Looks, when after paying me some Compliments, he presented to me a Casket of Jewels, which he told me had been my Mother's: I received them without Hesitation, and returned him a great many Thanks. He then took a Chair and sat down by me, when observing the small Packet I had just
been

been making up, which I held in my Hand, he asked me what it was. It is, Sir, said I, a Present I would make to my Cousins, your Daughters, to buy them some Baubles when they come of Age, or against their Marriage; you will be so good as to keep it for them. But you must not take it ill, that I have reserved nothing for your Son; since I have not omitted the young Gentleman out of Disrespect, but only from a Consideration, that as his Fortune will be much superior to theirs, he might perhaps be above accepting of Presents from me. Well, Miss, returned he, I see you are resolved to lay us all under Obligations, and to do it too in a Manner peculiar to yourself; for you have already much obliged my Children, by your generous Behaviour to me; but may not I know what it is that you have here inclosed for them; let it be what it will, it must be a very acceptable Present as it comes from you, and I will have them called in to return you their Thanks. You are at Liberty, Sir, returned I, to satisfy your Curiosity, since I find it would be painful to you to forbear. Here he broke open the Packet, and immediately cast his Eyes upon his Notes, when turning to me with an Air of Surprise and Pleasure, he said, My dear Niece, I should be much more astonished at your Behaviour did I not know you to be my Brother's Daughter; for notwithstanding the great Resemblance between you and my amiable Sister, you are more like him than her, since you have his Soul, as well as her lovely Form; his Solidity as well as her Delicacy of Sentiment. But as it must be agreeable to you to hear the Character of this great this generous Man, I will in a few Words give you such Instances of it as must fill you with Admiration, and render his Memory still more dear to you.

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My Father, who sincerely loved his Children, took care to give us all a very liberal Education, every Way suited to the Greatness of our Family : My two Brothers and I began early to be united by the most generous Friendship ; a Friendship of greater Force than all the Ties of Blood ; as our Inclinations were the same, all our Diversions and Amusements were so too ; so that we became inseparable, and might have continued so, had not I, by the Heat and extravagant Madness of Youth, been drawn to commit such Follies as not only insensibly weaned from me the Affections of my Brothers, but at last exasperated my Father to such a Degree, that he resolved to disinherit me. Your Father used all his Endeavours to reclaim me, and with Tears in his Eyes frequently laid before me the Stupidity of my Conduct, but I was too far gone to hear Reason. One Day my Brother was sent for into my Father's Closet, when the good old Man desired him to sit down, took hold of his Hand, and gave him a Look, which he afterwards told me pierced his very Soul ; My dear Boy, said he, I am very sure thou art sensible of my Affection to thee and thy Brothers, which has been so equally divided, that I have not known who has had the greatest Share in my Heart ; I have flattered myself that you would all have been the Delight and Support of my Age ; the perfect Unanimity and Concord that have been preserved amongst you, has given me a Satisfaction which you can form no Idea of till you yourself are a Father. But alas how are all my Hopes vanished ! your Brother, Child, will bring down my grey Heirs with Sorrow to the Grave. I have done my Endeavours to reclaim him, but in vain ; his Conscience makes him fly from me, his Father, as if he thinks me his Enemy ; he fears my Re-
proaches,

proaches, but does not fear to deserve them. Oh how little does he know the Earnings of Heart that I feel for him! When I consider what he was and what he is now, all the Father rises in my Soul, and I feel my Resentment mixed with Tenderness and Pity. What a degenerate Age is this, in which Rapes and Adultery are call'd by the specious Name of Gallantry; in which every Debauch is fashionable, and Virtue represented as only fit for those queer Fellows who are unqualify'd for Society! I have now no Hopes left of reclaiming this undutiful Son, and have therefore resolved to punish him, by casting him off. I will make a new Will, and give that Part of my Estate which I intended for him, to thee; but I beg when he is in Want, thou would'st remember he is thy Brother.

Here your Father cast himself at the old Gentleman's Feet, and lifting up his Head with Tears streaming from his Eyes, Dear Sir, said he, let me on my Knees beg you would remember that he is still your Son; what can you hope for by driving him to Extremities. Arise, said he, interrupting him, and giving him his Hand, I have consider'd him in that Light till he has almost broke my Heart. Had he my whole Estate he would squander it away, and therefore what I now do, will only make him unhappy a few Months sooner than he would have rendered himself so. I have now sent for an Attorney, and will this Day reward your Affection to me, as well as let him know what it is to injure the Tenderness of a Father. Perhaps this Step may reclaim him, and then I shall gladly receive him again to my Favour. My Brother again interposed, but to no purpose; my Father was inflexible, and my Brother went

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away

away full of Grief at the Misfortune that was fallen upon me. Impatient to find me, that he might impart to me the Troubles of his Heart, he sent his Servants to seek me, and went himself to take a Walk under those tall Elms you see there behind the Garden, whose melancholy Shades were proper to sooth his Affliction. Mean while I returned home from a Debauch which had detained me all Night, was told my Brother had enquired for me, and after searching for him some Time, found him walking there in a pensive Manner, with his Arms a-crofs, and his Eyes fix'd on the Ground. I flew to him, impatient to learn the Cause of his Uneasiness; the Noise I made awaked him from his Revery; he turned, came back to meet me, related all that had passed, and represented his Grief in such lively Colours, that I began to pity him and abhor myself; but could not be prevailed upon to forsake a beautiful Creature whom I had provided for. The Will was made that Day, which excluded me from possessing any Part of my Father's Estate. And a few Weeks after the good old Man sunk under the Weight of his Uneasiness, which was too great for his Age to support.

I now began to sink into Despair; my Mistress was denied to me, and would not give me an Opportunity to see her; when stung with Shame and Grief at the Reflection of my past Conduct, I privately retired to a small Town where I was unknown, and endeavoured to get a Commission in the Army, but as I wanted Money, all my Endeavours were ineffectual, so that I was soon reduced to Want and Misery. I now looked upon myself with Horror, reflected on my Father's Tenderness, and the Pains he had taken to reclaim

me with Confusion, and continually reproached myself with being the Cause of his Death. The Friendship that had subsisted between me and my Brothers, and all their tender Admonitions, had now such an Effect upon me, that I looked back upon that virtuous Union, with Regret; wondered how I could forsake that Happiness for the mad tumultuous Joys of Vice and Folly, and was almost ready, in this last Extremity, to fly to them for Succour; but was restrained by conscious Guilt and Shame.

The young Count (my elder Brother, and your Father) had no sooner taken Possession of his Estate than he made it his Business to search for me, and at last got Information, not only of the Place of my Retreat, but of almost every Circumstance of my Repentance, and immediately sent his Servant with Orders to ride Post to me with the following Letter :

DEAR BROTHER,

“ **A**S you had Reason to believe me sincerely
“ sorry for my dear Father's Severity, you
“ ought not to have given me the Pain of hiding
“ yourself from me, at a Time when it was in my
“ Power to soften the Rigour of his Resentment.
“ I have this Moment been informed of your Si-
“ tuation, and can't help letting you immediately
“ know the Joy I feel at the delightful News of
“ your Reformation. Oh that my Father had
“ but lived to see this Change! he would then
“ have died with Comfort. I have found amongst
“ his Papers a Will that was made when our
“ Friendship, and his Affection for you, was at
“ the Height. Had he lived to see this happy
“ O o ; “ Day,

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“ Day, he doubtless would have gladly restored
 “ you to his Favour, and have given you the
 “ same Part of his Fortune, as he designed to do
 “ when you had never offended him. I therefore
 “ think myself bound to do it for him, and have
 “ accordingly sent you the Writings which your
 “ Return to Wisdom and Virtue give you a just
 “ Claim to. ——— Let me see you as soon as
 “ possible, which will be the greatest Satisfaction
 “ to

Your affectionate Brother,

De V ———.

“ P. S. I have inclosed a Note for a Sum which
 “ I hope will be sufficient to pay what Debts
 “ you have contracted, and defray the Ex-
 “ pence of your Journey, which you need
 “ not return me till it suits with your Con-
 “ veniency.”

It is impossible, my dear Niece, to give you an Idea of the Greatness of my Surprise at reading this Letter; I could hardly persuade myself but it was all a Dream: I read it over and over, while my Heart swell'd with the most warm and grateful Affections. How lovely did this noble Act make him appear! what a Superiority did it give him not only over me, but the rest of Mankind! I could hardly help persuading myself that he was some Guardian Deity. I hastened to *Versailles*, and was received with open Arms by my Brothers: But when I would have thanked your Father, my Gratitude arose too big to find Utterance in Words, I could only press his Hand, and tell him that my
 full

full Heart thank'd him, tho' my Lips refused to do it. Come, Man, replied he laughing, and giving me a Tap on the Shoulder, don't talk of Thanks which such a solemn Face, let us have no more on this Subject, my Brother and I rejoice equally to see you thus, and are resolved to shew the World, that for once Brothers can be Friends, and sincere ones too. You must now see that I have done you Justice; here are the two Wills, this gives you an Estate, and that takes it from you. Well, then cry'd your Uncle, suppose we should shew our Repentment against this last Testament, which has been so prejudicial to our Friendship as to make you fly from us, by committing it to the Flames. 'Tis generously spoken, returned the Count; you are willing then to give up the Right you now enjoy of possessing my Estate if I should happen to die without an Heir. Yes, said he, that I will most heartily, and would do much more for such a Brother. Here I embraced them both; and the last Will was accordingly, after I had read it, thrown into the Fire.

We now became better Friends than ever; my Brothers Virtues were ever before my Eyes; I aspired to be like them, and cherished the noble Seeds they had sown in my Breast. Your Father soon after this happy Meeting married a most accomplished Lady, and in less than a Twelvemonth you were born as a Pledge of their mutual Tenderness. About the same Time my younger Brother thirsting after Glory bought a Commission, and has served almost ever since with great Reputation in the Army: But alas! the Count's Joys were of short Duration, since in less than three Years after your Birth a Period was put to his Felicity in this Life, and that of his Lady's.

I have now given you, my dear Niece, continued he, a short Sketch of your Father's Virtues, and the Obligations he has laid upon me to revere his Memory: From this you may form an Idea of the Greatness of his Soul, and the Resemblance you bear to him in the divine Part of his noble Character. I am under the greatest Obligations to you both, nor can I help being surpris'd to find in you, who have never been so happy as to copy any Part of your Conduct from him, the same Dispositions which distinguished him from the rest of Mankind. But there is one Thing that I ought to add to compleat the Character I have attempted to give you of him, and that is, that his Benevolence was unconfined and diffusive, and he was looked upon as the Father of all the Miserable and Distressed.

I listened to this short History of my Father's Life, with a great Degree of Pleasure; the Repetition of these heroic Virtues, in a Person whom Nature had rendered so near to me, fir'd my Heart and filled me with a laudable kind of Vanity, and yet at the same Time I could not help lamenting his Loss, and shedding some Tears at the Reflection that this dear and valuable Man was deprived of Life before I had the Happiness to know him: Methought I should have embraced him with a Transport of Joy, as soon as I had been able to thank him for this generous Behaviour to my Uncle, and was sorry that I had never had an Opportunity of doing this.

As soon as the Count had done, and I had thanked him for this pleasing Story, *Valentine* made some very just Reflections on the Nature of true Greatness, and proved that such Godlike Dispositions

sitions render a Character more shining than that of the greatest Heroes who have only sought for Glory, however great may have been their Success. It is the Rectitude of the Heart, and the truly benevolent Disposition of the Mind, said he, that constitutes a great Character; for the Man who is so disinterested, as thus to sacrifice private Advantages to the Good of others, would doubtless, from the same Motives, give up his Life and all that is dear to him to save his Country.

The Count now proposed our joining the rest of our Friends, imagining that Mr. *Robinson* and his Brother, would not be pleased at being so long deprived of our Company, on which we arose and went to look for them, but were told that those Gentlemen were gone to take a Walk in the Garden; *Valentine* and I resolved to follow them, while the Count went to have some Discourse with his Lady. We rambled about till we got out of Sight of the House, when my dear *Valentine* looking round, and seeing no Body near enough to observe our Actions, took hold of my Hand, kissed it, and with a tender Air pressed it to his Bosom; then fixing his Eyes upon mine, said in a moving Tone, May I not prevail upon you, my Dear, to hasten my Happiness? since it is in your Power to render me completely blessed, why do you delay it any longer? I long to call thee mine, and hardly know how to wait till the six Weeks are expired. Here I happening to look up, observed the Gentlemen we came out in search of, but as I was not now so impatient to speak with them, as I was a Minute before, I whispered *Valentine* to be silent, and we both hastily turned down another Walk, and ran so fast that we soon got out of Sight again, without their observing us. When I had
recovered

recovered my Breath a little, I don't question, Sir, returned I, but you have guessed at my Reason for deferring our Marriage, you now know who I am, and are satisfied as to my Birth and Family, which makes any further Delay needless, but yet I can't think of its being near without feeling some kind of Uneasiness; my Heart flutters with some little painful Apprehensions; but however I won't let these groundless Scruples have any great Effect upon me, and will therefore refer it to you to fix on the Day of our Nuptials. Oh, my Dear, then said he, clasping me in his Arms, let it be To-morrow. No, Sir, returned I, disengaging myself, that will be too soon, I can't resolve upon being so very hasty, besides we must make some Preparations, nor am I yet fixed whether it ought to be celebrated here or at Mrs. Dawson's. It shall be where you please, my Dear, returned he, tho' I fancy the Count won't part with us till we are married; we will send for Mrs. Dawson, and whatever Friends you please to invite: And as for our Cloaths I will give Orders for them to be made with all possible Expedition. You agree to this, my Dear, don't you? Yes, Sir, returned I, but I think I should rather chuse that our Nuptials should be celebrated at Mrs. Dawson's, I shall be more at my Ease there than with the Countess; however I must be ruled by my Uncles.

After some further Conversation on this Subject, we agreed to look for our Friends, whom we had purposely avoided a little before, and therefore turned back to the Walk where we had discovered them; but not seeing them there we went in, and found them waiting for us in a Parlour facing the Garden, with the Countess Dowager, the Count, and several Persons of Quality, some of my Father's

ther's and Mother's Friends, who were now come to pay their Compliments to me. Amongst these was a Lady who, at first Sight, caressed me with an Air of much Friendship, and whose Behaviour was too engaging not to prejudice me immediately in her Favour. This was the Marchioness of R——, who had been my Mother's Bosom Friend, and the same Lady that had made me a Present of the Head-dress, which had been the Means of the Discovery of my Family.

Dinner was hardly over when I was agreeably surpris'd with the Arrival of Mrs. *Dawson*, and Miss *Fancourt*, who were too eager to share in my Happiness to stay till they were sent for. Their Company was a very high Satisfaction to me, as I wanted such Friends of my own Sex, as I could be perfectly free with, whose Advice I might ask on a hundred Occasions; for I could not help feeling a little Reserve, and being under a kind of Restraint with People, whom I had but just come to the Knowledge of; but I now began to breathe a little more freely, and really the Sight of them gave a surpris'ing Addition to my Happiness. *Valentine* put me in Mind to consult with them about my Cloaths: I did so. Several Tradesmen were sent for, and, after a long Dissertation upon Dress, in which all the Ladies bore a Part, we at last fixed upon some very fine Silks, Laces, and Cambricks, which were ordered to be made up with all Expedition.

The next Morning *Valentine* and I went out of Mourning for my dear Mother, when the Count propos'd our going to Court, which was immediately agreed upon, and as soon as Dinner was over, we dress'd as gay as possible to make our Appearance

pearance here. The Countess, who now began to look upon me with a favourable Eye, resolved to accompany us; but it was with much Difficulty that we prevailed upon Mr. *Robinson* to do so. As I entered the Palace-Gate, I felt an unusual Tremour upon my Spirits, which I found encrease upon me every Moment; however we went on, and the Chearfulness I observed in the Countenances of those about me, alleviated a little this Disorder. I found the Eyes of every one fixed upon Miss *Fancourt* and me as we passed along, in a Manner that discovered their Admiration, and even heard several Whispers from Gentlemen who passed by us, which were too agreeable to escape unobserved: But we had no sooner entered the Anti-chamber, than a plain elderly Gentleman stopp'd the Count and shook him by the Hand with a very friendly Air; they whispered something together, and then came up to me, when I was surpris'd to find that this Person was the prime Minister, who would have forced me to marry Mr. *Villars*, and who at last was so effected with my Behaviour, as to declare that he could not help approving of my Mother's Affection, and my Lover's Passion. He saluted *Valentine* and me in a frank and obliging Manner, congratulated us upon our Happiness, and the Discovery we had made, and even offered to introduce us to the Royal Presence. We thank'd him, returned his Compliment, and accepted of his obliging Proposal, on which we immediately followed him, tho' I trembled so that I was hardly able to walk. We found his Majesty talking to some Persons of Quality, and so engaged that he did not see us, when the Minister and the Count went up to him; but they had not left us many Minutes before we observed, that on a sudden all Eyes were fixed upon us, and methought their
Looks

Looks seemed to single out me : On which the Count came to us, and let us know his Majesty desired to speak with us; at this we all moved forward, and Miss *Fancourt* and I threw ourselves at his Feet, when with a gallant Air he offered us his Hand to help us up, gave us a Salute, and after some Compliments upon our Beauty, welcomed us to Court, and gave *Valentine* and Mr. *Robinson* the Honour to kiss his Hand.

I had now recovered myself so far as to be able to take Notice of the Magnificence that every where surrounded us, in this Palace. Several of the Nobility who seemed to take a Pleasure in hearing themselves say, what they thought fine Things, were continually buzzing in our Ears Discourses upon the pretended Conquest we had made of their Hearts, and a Thousand little soft, tender, silly Things, which were uttered in a Manner as gallant and fluent as if they had incessantly repeated the same smart Things, as indeed it was their Custom to do so to every Lady of tolerable Beauty. We should have been very glad to have dropped this troublesome Company, but we found it impossible; for they were resolved as Miss *Fancourt* and I had never been at Court before, to shew us every Thing worthy of Admiration, tho' we had no need of their Assistance, since my two Uncles were as well acquainted with every Thing of that Nature as they could be.

After we had viewed the curious Paintings in the Gallery, as well as the most magnificent of the Apartments, we agreed by common Consent to take a Turn in the Garden; where every Thing appeared new to Miss *Fancourt* and me, and I could not indeed restrain the Admiration that seized me, where every Thing I saw was a
new

new Subject of Wonder and Surprise. The Grotto, the triumphal Arch, so richly adorned with Marble Statues, that seemed endued with all the Powers of Intellect and Passion; the Cascades supported by Satyrs and Cupids; the Ships, Barges, and Yachts in the Canal, and among the Rest the Man of War, which I think they told me carried fifty Guns, was a very agreeable Sight to me, who had never seen any Thing of this Nature before, nor indeed was I less delighted with the Fountains, particularly that of *Neptune* and the Sea-Nymphs, and those of the Fables of *Æsop*. Struck with a Profusion of Delight at the Sight of such Triumphs of Art, I could only express my Wonder by my Silence; but *Valentine* told me, that even that had a Voice which plainly discovered all my Sentiments; he had his Eyes continually fixed upon me, and seemed more delighted at the dumb Satisfaction I discovered, than if I had given it Words. But at last my Ideas of all these harmonious Dispositions, this Scene of Wonders were disconcerted by a sudden Gust of Wind, which brought such a Whirl of Dust in our Faces, as was very troublesome to us; this gave me a Disgust against the Walks, which were so far from being ornamental, that a little Wind render'd them quite inconvenient.

But Admiration, is perhaps one of those Sensations, that is of the shortest Duration; the most wonderful and astonishing Pieces of human Art, soon grow familiar to us, and even, upon a second View lose great Part of their striking Beauties; thus I have since enjoyed the same Objects a hundred Times, without the least Part of that agreeable Astonishment which they at first occasioned.

As we now thought it Time to return home to the Count's, we took Coach, and the Gentlemen who had hitherto attended us, left us at Liberty more freely to enjoy our own Reflections. As soon as we were seated, Mr. *Robinson*, *Valentine*, Mrs. *Dawson* and I, who filled that Lady's Coach, enter'd into a general Conversation on the Beauties of the Place we had left, when after we had freely given our Opinions of all we had seen, Mr. *Robinson* made some excellent Reflections on the infinite Disproportion there is between the finest and most curious Pieces of human Art, and the common unregarded Mechanism of Nature. This introduced some pleasing Observations upon natural Philosophy, which the old Gentleman managed in such an agreeable Manner, as to render his Discourse equally entertaining and instructive to us all.

The next Morning soon after I was dressed, I heard some Body rap softly at my Chamber-Door, and upon opening it, was surprized to see my dear *Valentine* richly dressed in the Cloaths that he had ordered to be made for our Wedding. I am come, my Dear, said he, as soon as he saw me, impatient to let you see that my Taylor has been as expeditious as if he too had been spurred on by Love, and to let you know that there are several Persons below, who wait to try on your Cloaths. How! returned I secretly pleased, have you been able to prevail upon them to do Impossibilities? I did not expect that my Cloaths would be tried on these two or three Days at soonest; it was but the Day before Yesterday that we employed them. Oh! my Dear, returned he, Love and Gold can do Wonders. I then went down, and was soon dressed in a Manner more gay than I had
ever

ever yet been, and to deal ingenuously, I never in my Life appeared more agreeable in my own Opinion than I did now. I had often thought that I had conquered every Degree of my natural Vanity; but I soon found myself entirely mistaken; my Heart beat with a quicker Motion under these rich Brocades, than under a plain Silk or a sable Mourning; and this I dare say, at once made my Eyes sparkle with an additional Lustre. But who is she that can pretend perfectly to know herself? we judge of our Hearts by our present Disposition, and since these Dispositions are almost infinitely various, no Wonder that we have not always a Command over ourselves. My Afflictions and the many mortifying Circumstances I had gone through, joined to the Examples of my excellent Mother, and Mrs. *Dawson*, the Reader have perhaps imagined, had perfectly kill'd this Folly; and I should have thought so too, but alas! I found I was a mere Woman still, and far from being above the little Foibles of my Sex. A large Glass, in which I viewed myself at my Leisure from Head to Foot, conspired against me, and even said as flattering Things as the Persons about me, or at least persuaded me that all they uttered was strictly true. The Countess now said many obliging Things to me, and I was so pleased with the Justice that I thought she did my Charms, that I began to feel a real Friendship for her. For the Pleasure that attends Self-Appause, is so very sweet, that whoever inspires it by teaching us to be pleased with ourselves, gains the readiest Access to our Hearts, the surest Way to our Affections. This we find from daily Experience to be strictly true; for whether this Self-Complacency be laudable or not, whatever contributes to it, inspires the most flattering and insinuating,

ing, tho' not always the most reasonable Pleasures.

But a mere Accident soon checked my Folly, and brought me to myself; for going afterwards into my Apartment, in order to look into a Portmantua which I brought from *Paris*, for something I wanted, I happened to cast my Eyes upon a Paper which I had, by Mistake, put into it, which as soon as I opened, I found to be one of the Letters my dear Mother had sent to me while I was in the Convent. This Sight in a Moment gave a Turn to my Passions, and at once melted me into a most tender Softness; and indeed I now felt a more solid Delight in indulging my Tears, than I had before done in all that Folly which had just swelled my little proud Heart. The Reflection of her Humility and Condescension made me now blush with Shame; how ill, said I, do I imitate her lovely Example! and how far fall short of attaining to her Virtues! I amused myself for a long Time with these Thoughts; and had hardly recovered myself, when a Servant came to tell me that Dinner was on the Table, when I went down, and by Degrees resumed my usual Gaiety.

But now the Time from whence I am to date my Happiness complete approached; for not only *Valentine* and Mrs. *Dawson*, but my two Uncles, Miss *Fancourt* and the Countess join'd, while we were at Dinner, to persuade me to give my Hand to that dear Man the next Day; and as I had no material Objection, I could no longer refuse it, tho' I felt in granting this Request a painful Kind of Timidity, which struggled with my Love, and made me at the same Time with and fear the

tame Thing. I longed to call *Valentine* mine, and to reward his Tenderness with an unreserved Affection; I longed to let him see that my whole Study was to render him happy; but yet the Step I was going to take never appeared of such Importance as it did now. The Change in my Life, that I was suddenly to undergo, appeared the more surprizing the nearer it approached. However I endeavoured to overcome this Thoughtfulness, and to seem as chearful as ever all the rest of the Day, and while we were at Table, the Glafs went gaily round to our mutual Felicity. But at Night I could not close my Eyes; I no sooner laid my Head on my Pillow, than I began to revolve in my Mind the various Incidents of my Life, from the first Moment in which Reflection began to dawn; and of which Memory had retained but faint and obscure Traces. At first I considered myself as sporting amidst Silvan Scenes, endued with native Innocence, and happy amidst my Childish Amusements and rural Pleasures. Then as growing up to riper Understanding, and equally improving in Wildom and Folly, listening to the Instructions of my kind Benefactor, and attending to those who flattered my growing Vanity. Then again in that humble State, receiving the Caresses of that dear Lady Mrs. *Robinson*, or walking with her and her Brother in their Garden, or thro' the adjacent Fields, and hearing their tender Admonitions and pious Lectures, while my Imagination painted the well-known Landscapes before my Eyes, the happy Scenes of Innocence and Peace. Then I surveyed the many Calamities, Joys and Pains, the strange Vicissitudes of Misery and Felicity, that had since been my Portion. Here the most sensible Grief, there smiling Joy, here unutterable Anguish and
Despair,

Despair, there Hope and Comfort; here every mortifying Circumstance, and there exulting in Transports of Delight, or calmly blessed in a happy Tranquillity. These Reflections took me up some Hours, when at last casting a Glance forward to the rapturous Hopes that lay before me, I cried out in a low Voice, Oh my God, from what Miseries, from what Scenes of complicated Distress has thou relieved me! how often have I been sinking into Despair! Oh what Gratitude is due to thee! now I am to spend my Life with the dear Object of my tenderest Affections; may no unforeseen Accident blast our Felicity! Oh! thou most benevolent Being, render this Union propitious! bless this dear Man, and may we ever be the Objects of thy Care, thy Esteem and Approbation.

Thus did I employ my Thoughts till the Morning began to dawn, when a soft Slumber stole upon my Senses, and hush'd 'em into calm and peaceful Dreams, from which I was at last awaked by Mrs. *Dawson*, who wondering that I did not come down to Breakfast, came to tell me it was ready, and that they only waited for me. As soon as I heard her rap at my Door, and call me by my Name, I rubbed my Eyes, started out of Bed and let her in; when after merrily chiding me for my Slothfulness, she wished me Joy of the happy Morning, congratulated me on my approaching Felicity, and told me, she hoped that to the last Day of my Life, I should look back upon this with the most lively Pleasure and Satisfaction. I thanked her for this Compliment, and immediately began to dress me with all Expedition, when she told me that the Countess's Woman had been several Times to listen at my Door,

order to dress me, but hearing no Noise, they all began to fear that I was indisposed; and added, that she would ring the Bell for her to come now; but I entreated her to forbear, and desired her to stay with me till I was ready to go down, which she readily consented to.

As soon as I was ready, I went down with Mrs. Dawson into the Parlour, when all the Company saluted me, and gave me many obliging Compliments, and in particular the Countess Dowager my Grand-Mother, who clasped her feeble Arms about my Neck, call'd me her dear Child, and said such tender kind Things, that the Tears started into her Eyes. *Valentine's* Countenance at the same Time sparkled with Joy, every Feature in his Face expressed his Contentment, and when he told me that he thought himself the happiest Person upon Earth, his full Heart seemed to say so to. But nothing affected me more than Mr. *Robinson's* Behaviour, who having saluted me, and taken hold of my Hand, began a Compliment, too tender for him to utter, the soft swelling of his Heart stopped his Voice, some affectionate Drops rolled down his Cheeks, when he turned away his Head, and sat down abashed and unable to proceed.

As I desired that the Marriage should be performed as privately as possible, we invited no Body but those Friends of our Family whom I was already acquainted with; the Day, however, was spent with all imaginable Mirth and Gaiety; but it was a Mirth untainted by that Obscenity, which, upon such Occasions, is too often looked upon as the very Quintessence of Wit; for nothing was said in this polite Company, which the
purest

purest and most perfect Modesty might not bear without a Blush. Our Dinner was very grand, and indeed perfectly elegant, and while we were at Table we were entertained with a fine Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music, performed by the most skilful Masters that could be procured. When this was over, Play and Dancing were proposed, and we fixed upon the latter; but my Thoughts were so taken up with the Importance of the Engagement into which I was entering, that I hardly knew what I did; they saw my Disorder without seeming to do it, and endeavoured only to bring me to myself, by diverting me, and fixing my Attention upon other Objects. *Valentine* frequently took me aside, and endeavoured to raise my Spirits, by saying all the tender Things that Love could dictate. About Ten at Night we all went into the Count's Chapel, which was finely illuminated with Wax Candles, my Heart here fluttered afresh, I trembled, and my Concern increased to such a Degree that I hardly knew how to behave. The Ceremony was, at first, proposed to be performed by Mr. *Robinson*, but upon his declining it, we unanimously agreed, that as he had hitherto discharged the Duty of a Parent, he should stand in that Character now, and the Count's Chaplain discharge the Office of the Church. The Solemnity of this Sacrament filled me with a surprising kind of Awe, (for I was never in my Life more pious) and increased my Confusion to that Degree, that I hardly knew how to proceed; but it was no sooner over than I began to recover myself; my Heart in a Moment became less heavy, and I received the Caresses of my Friends with a pretty good Grace: A sudden kind of Joy seemed at once to diffuse itself thro' my Soul; *Valentine*, said I to myself, is now mine, forever

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forever mine; and I can have no Reason to fear being happy, since that depends entirely upon myself; entirely upon a Heart so well disposed to render him so. What Felicity may I not expect from an unreserved Conversation, from the tender Endearments of this dear amiable Man!

We now received Abundance of Congratulations and warm Wishes for the long Continuance of our mutual Joys, which lasted till we sat down to Supper, where *Valentine* and I were agreeably surpris'd to hear a very fine Epithalamium sung to soft Music, which we afterwards found was wrote upon this Occasion by Mrs. *Dawson* and Miss *Fancourt*.

After Supper the Ball continued till about Three, in the Morning, when the Gentlemen and Ladies accompanied us to our Apartment, and after the usual Ceremonies retired.

The next Morning we arose to Breakfast, and again received the Caresses of our Friends, who by a charming Vivacity and lively Conversation, endeavoured to disperse the natural Confusion, which I knew not how to disguise; but I was not in a Disposition to enter much into the Conversation, so propos'd, as it was a very fine Day, that we should remove to the Summer-house, in the Midst of the Garden, which was surrounded on all Sides by a thick Grove of Trees. We afterwards agreed to walk on the Parterre till Dinner; but we had no sooner opened the Door than we heard the Bells from several neighbouring Steeples, which made us all imagine that the Marriage was made public, and indeed this was not a groundless Supposition, for Dinner was no sooner over, than the
Porter's

Porter's Whistle informed us, that Company was at the Gate, which proved to be several Persons of Quality, who came to congratulate us on this happy Occasion. But their Conversation was far from being agreeable to me, in the present Disposition of my Mind ; however I was obliged to bear with it.

About a Week after this, we resolved to return to our Country house near *Paris*, but as we were preparing for our short Journey, a Messenger from Court came for me, and told us, that the Queen desired to see me. I was much alarmed at this Order, but immediately prepared to wait on her Majesty, and went attended by my dear Husband and the Countess. We were received with much Affability and Good Humour, and after a little Discourse on indifferent Subjects, her Majesty desired me to wait on her to her Closet, where having made me take a Seat, I have heard, Madam, said she, much Discourse concerning some remarkable Passages in your Life, the whole of which, they say, has been very singular, and, therefore, have the Curiosity to desire to hear a particular Account of it from your own Mouth. I am afraid, returned I, your Majesty will find very little Entertainment from the low Scenes in which I have been engaged ; but I think myself greatly honoured by your condescending to hear me talk to you of myself, and will therefore immediately obey you. Here I related the most remarkable Scenes of my Life, only disguising a little some Part of Mr. *Chambers's* Behaviour, and forbearing to mention *Valentine's* Infidelity. Her Majesty seemed extremely delighted with my Narration, and, as soon as I had done, made some Encomiums on my Virtue ; told me, that there were few like me at Court,

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Court, and that she would find out some Way to let me see that she had a real Esteem for me ; and then permitting me to kiss her Hand, gave me Leave to retire. *Valentine* and the Countess I found waiting full of Expectation for my Return, and after they had enquired what had passed, conducted me back to my Uncles.

Were I writing a Novel or Romance, I should, perhaps, according to Custom, have left off at our Marriage, since all the pleasing Scenes, which arise from tender Distress, are supposed there to have an End. The professed Enemies of that State, indeed will tell you, that however desirable it may appear at a Distance, a Husband and Wife are the most flat and insipid Creatures, when together, of any in the Universe, and in short, that they have nothing to expect but a dull Round, a continual Repetition of all that is disagreeable. But believe me, Reader, this is mere common Place Declamation, and has not one Word of Truth in it: The Happiness of the Marriage State is more uniform, but it is not on that Account, less exquisite: It is not often so full of Changes as the single State, but that may be because our Felicity arises nearer to Perfection ; and this may be a good Reason why I now pass swiftly over the Incidents that have happened between that Time and this. But so much for Digression, now to return to the Thread of my Story.

Our Departure was now put off for a Day or two longer, but as nothing material happened in this Interval, I shall pass it over till we came to our Villa near *Paris*, whither we were attended by several of our Friends: There we kept open House for several Days. The Morning after I arrived there,

there, I made some Excuse, as soon as we had breakfasted, to retire from the Company, that I might be at Leisure to indulge a Crowd of Reflections which forced themselves upon my Mind. I am now, said I, (as soon as I was alone) happy in the Possession of my utmost Wishes; but the Continuance of these Blessings in a great Measure depends upon myself; for that sweet Harmony of Sentiment, that Union of Soul, and all those dear tender Sensations, which unite me to my Husband, must ever render us worthy of each other: But will no Gloom ever overspread our Minds, no Clouds obscure our Joys? Ah what must I do to preserve his Affection, and keep alive that tender Friendship which is the Foundation of all my future Hopes? Beauty is but a slender Tye, and can charm only for a Moment: What then must be done? He must ever think me his Friend, and that I am most sincerely: Friendship is the most lasting Bond, and surely it is the only one that can render our Union indissoluble. While I was thus employed in endeavouring to fix upon some Principles, that might enable me to behave in such a Manner, as to render myself ever agreeable, Mrs. Dawson came to me, and desired that I would freely tell her, what employed my Thoughts. I did so without Scruple, when taking a Chair and seating herself by me, My Dear, said she, smiling, this Concern is both the highest Instance of your Affection and Prudence, for nothing can now be more worthy of your Thoughts, or of greater Consequence to yourself and Family: As all your Happiness depends on the Tenderness of your Husband, to preserve that is a Care worthy of your highest Ambition; for this you should still dress and make yourself appear as lovely as possible, that he may still admire you, and others approve his

NUMB. XX. Q Choice.

Choice. Some of our Ladies are no sooner married, than they lay aside all Attempts to please at home; if they dress it is not for their Husbands; as if they would appear to all besides gay and lovely, to him alone disagreeable: They behave as if they thought their Point was gained, and all Attempts to appear in a graceful Light to him were now unnecessary. This shocks his natural Delicacy, and it is no Wonder, that she, who once appeared almost divinely charming, to the admiring Lover, sinks in his Esteem when she thus degrades herself; for the Transition is too great to fall at once from an Angel to a Slatern. In the Marriage State there are a thousand nameless Decencies to be observed; these will even render your Wit more pleasing, give a Grace to your ordinary Behaviour, and make the most trivial Actions appear lovely. You will, my Dear, added she, forgive my saying so much on this Subject, since it is a Fault that we are apt to overlook in ourselves, tho' it be of the greatest Importance, and since so very few take Care to observe this undescribable Elegance of Behaviour.

But this, my Dear, continued she, is not all, as he has justly a very high Opinion of your Wit and fine Sense you should take great Care to preserve that too: You must read in order to retain a Fund of pleasing and judicious Ideas. This will make him ever consider you as a dear and valuable Companion; he will then hear your Voice with Transport, and always find a new Delight in your Company; you will then have none of those heavy stupid Hours, in which Life flags and seems at a Stand; for while you don't want Subjects to enliven every Moment, you can never experience that Lethargy of Being, which arises from the dull Conver-

Conversation of two Persons, whose Minds are exhausted, and who are obliged to be either silent or impertinent, for want of new Ideas to entertain each other. Oh how happy will *Valentine* find himself, when he sees you always capable of filling up the serious, as well as the gay and sprightly Hours of Life! What an inexhaustable Pleasure must he find in the Conversation of a Wife whose Charms are ever new; whose Wit is ever sparkling; whose Delicacy and Tenderness appear in her whole Behaviour, and whose Mind and Person are both employ'd to preserve his Love and Esteem! he will feel a Happiness unknown to Friendship itself; a Happiness that will exist even beyond the Charms of Youth and Beauty. The Joys you thus inspire, will reflect back upon yourself with a double Brightness; thus, my Dear, the good Sense of each, with Complaisance and Tenderness, will render you mutually charming, mutually blessed.

Here Mrs. Dawson ended, when I thanked her for her Advice, and told her that I resolv'd to follow it in every Particular. And then we agreed to rejoin the Company.

As we now became settled in our Family, we chose Mr. Robinson, our Chaplain, which was an Office that he accepted of with the utmost Pleasure. But as Mr. *Valentine* thought it would be ungenerous to lay a Gentleman under an Restraint, to whom I was under such infinite Obligations, he chose instead of a Salary, which, might be taken away at Pleasure, and implied a kind of Dependance, to settle upon him a pretty Estate, which would have maintained him in a very genteel Manner, had he been entirely at his own Expence.

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We now went frequently to Court, it being removed to *Paris*, and about three Months after our Marriage, *Valentine* was made Count —, which was an Honour conferred upon him, thro' the Interest of the Queen and the prime Minister; for her Majesty had conceived a singular Affection for me from the Time that I was first introduced into her Presence; and the Minister had a very great Esteem for us both; But this Honour could make no Addition to our Happiness, which before this arose to as great a Height as possible, and was now settled into that Calm and peaceful Tranquillity which is the Summit of all human Felicity. Innocence, Truth, a mutual Forbearance, and a reciprocal Desire to please, made our Time pass on with an unruffled Serenity. We have had no separate Desires, no contending Interests: Our Friends were such as Reason approved, Persons of a fine Taste, an excellent Understanding and perfect Enemies to Slander and Defamation; the blackest but yet the most fashionable of all Vices. My dear Husband's Humanity, Affability and tender Sense of the Sufferings of his Fellow Creatures, fills us with that Joy and inward Delight, which naturally accompanies the Exercise of those humane and generous Dispositions, when exerted upon proper Objects. What greater Happiness is human Nature capable of? What more exalted Pleasures can fill the Mind of Man?

When we had been married about a Year, I was brought to Bed of a fine Boy, a happy Pledge of our mutual Love; now new Sensations arose in my Mind, new Pleasures and new Pains; for the wider the Mind is expanded, the greater is our Capacity for Affliction and Distress. I have since this, had three Girls and a Boy; but tho' I have been

been so happy as to bury none of them, yet there are a thousand little tender Cares and Fears, as well as Pleasures, which a Parent feels that are unknown to all the World besides.

All our little Offspring have the same Place in our Hearts ; our earnest Endeavours are to inspire them with an early Love of Virtue ; to represent it to them in its own amiable and attractive Light ; to give them betimes every wise and noble Sentiment, and to direct their unexperienced Minds to a generous Love of their Country.

Thus, Reader, I have laid open my Heart before you, and discovered all its Foibles and Imperfections, without the least Fear of injuring myself in your Esteem. I am now heartily weary, and shall therefore, without Ceremony, conclude, and lay aside my Pen.

F I N I S

been so happy as to buy none of them, yet there
are a thousand little tender Cares and Pains, as well
as Pleasures, which a Parent feels that are unknown
to all the World besides.

All our little Offspring have the same Place in
our hearts; our earliest Endeavours are to inspire
them with an early Love of Virtue; to imprint
it on them in its own amiable and irresistible Light;
to give them betimes every Will and noble Sentiment,
and to direct their unexperienced Steps in
a generous Love of their Country.

Thus, Reader, I have laid open to your view
four young and disowned all its Rights and Im-
munities, without the least Fear of losing my
self in your Effusion. I am now leaving you
and shall therefore, without Ceremony, conclude
this day with my Pen.



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